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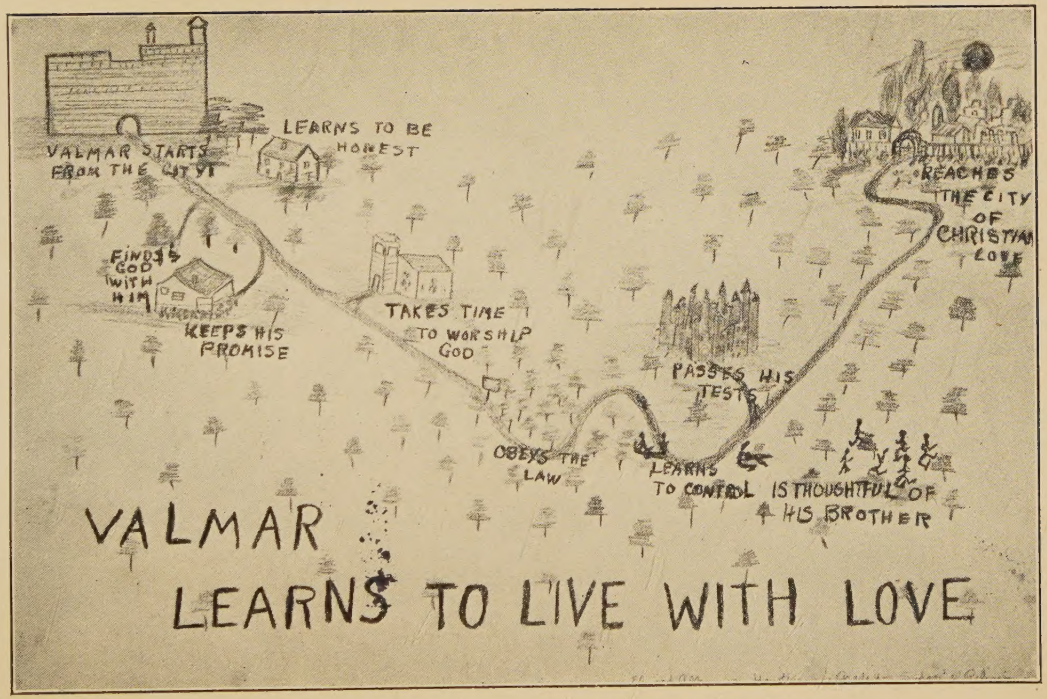

POSTER OF STORY MADE BY FOURTH-GRADE PUPIL

BUILDING A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

A Course in Religion for Grade Four or Five in the Church Schools

BY

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BUILDING A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To the Teachers
of the Week-Day Schools of Religion
of Dayton, Ohio

60320

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Alden, Raymond—Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories.
Bradshaw—Knights of Service.
Smith, H. Augustine—Hymnal for American Youth.

II. BOOKS YOU WILL ENJOY OWNING:

Lippincott & Co., Publishers—The Children's Story Garden.
Martin, John—Prayers for Little Men and Women.

III. PICTURES:

Copping, Harold—Secure set (the large size) from Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto, Ontario. Also the picture "Hope of the World."
Children of Many Lands—Set of posters from the National Council for the Prevention of War, 532 17th Street N.W., Washington, D. C.
Jessie Wilcox Smith pictures—Cosmopolitan Print Co., New York. A Child's Grace; Now I Lay Me; Goldenrod, and others which may be desired as portraying situations of children playing or working together.
W. L. Taylor pictures—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes; When I Consider

Thy Heavens; O Little Town of Bethlehem. Perry Picture Company, Malden, Mass. (All in ten-cent size except those starred, which may be secured in four-cent size):
Anderson—Chorister Boys, 1016.
Boughton—Pilgrims Going to Church, 1339.
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Make a good collection of pictures of children in various situations, from magazine covers and advertisements.

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PREFACE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COURSE

THIS course of study was developed in a rather ideal way—from the needs of the pupils and by the teachers who were teaching them. Toward the close of one school year all the teachers of the fourth grade classes in the Week-day Schools of Religion of Dayton, Ohio, gathered in the annual evaluation meeting. Here the year's course was discussed, suggestions made for revision, and new material planned.

The entire group was dissatisfied with the course being taught, and agreed that this was a difficult grade for which to plan a course. After much discussion, plans were worked out by which we might determine the actual needs of the pupils.

A request was sent to a large number of public school teachers of the fourth grade and to a few Sunday School teachers, as well as to our own. Each one was asked to make a list of the six or eight most common character problems of individual fourth grade children and the same number of group problems which they had found in particular classes.

When the responses were tabulated, the group met again. After several hours of discussion, they evolved two lists. One was an outline of the problems they had decided to take up in the new course of study, in the order in which they wished to consider them. The other was a list of suggestions of natural interests of the fourth grade child,—his story interests, music interests, writing ability, degree of spontaneity, and other factors, as a guide in plannnig the material.

At that time, the teachers of all grades gave a week of intensive work in June to the building of the curriculum. Some time was spent by the entire group in discussing the motives, concep-

tions, and philosophy for this new course. A committee then undertook the task of collecting all available material. At the close of the week, the outlines were turned over to the supervisor for final preparation for the next year.

During each of the three years in which the course has been taught in from fifty to seventy-five classes, the teachers and supervisor have made constant revisions as experience suggested. This year the teachers have felt that the course is satisfactory enough to justify its preparation in book form.

While some contributions have been made by each of the nineteen teachers who have taught the course, one of the greatest was made by Miss Eva Arnold, who wrote the first draft of each of the stories of Valmar. Since she was with the Dayton Schools only the first year in which the course was offered, many revisions have necessarily been made, but we are greatly indebted to her work.

Other teachers who have made special contributions are the Misses Margaret Forbes, Florence Martin, Grace Jones, Ruth Mistele, June Dilts, and Mildred Landwehr. The authors are grateful to several national leaders in the field who have discussed the course with the supervisor and have from time to time contributed new and helpful points of view.

PURPOSE OF THE COURSE

This is the first year of a two-year course, the other part being planned for the fifth grade. It is now in preparation and will be published under the title *Building the Kingdom of God*. Each course is planned for a full school year of 35 weeks, with each lesson consuming a period of 45 or 50 minutes. Since the course will doubtless be taught in schools where the time element varies, the lessons are not arranged separately but are grouped under chapters, indicating however, the number of lessons used in Dayton. In introducing the course in a school, it is possible to use *Building a Christian Character* in both grades for the first year. The fourth grade will then be ready for the second course the following year.

The course is based on the problems of the pupil relating to Christian conceptions, attitudes, choices and habits. In the fourth grade, the study centers about the problems of the individual in his reaction toward the situations and people about him; in the fifth grade, the problems are based on group relationships, at a time when he is unusually sensitive to the formation and standards of groups.

The fact that the themes centre about character traits may suggest to some that the lessons will necessarily be artificial and isolated. While the authors recognize that there is some question as to whether traits exist as such, they feel that there is rather wide agreement that unless there is some generalization, the pupil will make no connection between being honest with money and being honest in school work. Moreover, if study is confined to the situations which rise naturally in the school room, there will be no standard in the child's mind by which he can decide the questions that arise outside of the school. So we feel that the pupil needs to consider a number of concrete situations and then to begin to see the generalization which will be helpful to him in meeting situations not specifically discussed in this course. However, in order that the thinking may always be in the concrete, we urge the use of the adjective or the adverb rather than the noun. We speak of *being honest* or of *acting honestly* rather than of *honesty*. This should help to avoid the use of empty words and glib phrases by the pupils.

An important element in any course is the determination of the motives which will prove to be a standard for the pupil. They will serve both to inspire and to determine choices. In this course we have chosen to develop the idea of God as a loving Father who desires the very best for each of us. We see what God is like by knowing Jesus. Our picture of Jesus is so challenging that we desire to work as he did in making the world a place where each may be his best and happiest. We are so eager for this that we shall make our whole course of study together a conscious reaching out after the best ways of working with God and of becoming our best. He who lives by the best, who strives to work with God to build the Kingdom

is known as a Christian, one who tries to live and be like Jesus. We shall be trying to discover what a Christian is like. With this same motivation running throughout the course, the pupil is coming nearer and nearer to the practice of using these motives in his everyday choices and attitudes. It has been our experience that a teacher can observe a decided growth in this during the year.

Because of the interest of children in the serial story, there has been written into this course the story of Valmar. There is no attempt to imply that Valmar has reached the perfect state when he enters Avalon, but only that he has learned a few of the necessary lessons before he can think of himself as a Christian. He realizes in the last story that the Christian life is a constant process of learning and overcoming. Some of the stories of Valmar are used as a basis for discussion while others are used as worship. The teacher will be careful to tell each in the proper atmosphere. One warning needs to be given. The stories must not be over-emphasized so that the children feel that the course exists for the sake of the story. They will be eager for the next one, but the teacher can keep the story in its rightful place as a basis for discussion or inspiration as the experiences of any other character may serve to be. Neither must the motivation be drawn from the character of Valmar if the child is consciously to choose from Christian motives. The teacher will not say "If you want to be as fine as Valmar you will do so and so," though often she will ask, "Why did Valmar decide to go to church?" or "What reasons did Valmar discover for obeying the law?" or "Why was this a Christian thing for Valmar to do?"

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE TEACHER

The teacher is teaching not a course of study but a group of particular fourth grade pupils. If the study is to be valuable to them, she must first of all study them. She must learn what their own problems are at home, at school, at play, at church, in prayer. She may master the material presented in this book

but she must constantly make such adaptations as will bring the lessons very close to their own experiences. She may introduce new incidents and emphases for the discussion, new projects of service or of written work. She may change the order in which the themes are taken up. A teacher with a smaller class should be able to use pupil initiation and to spend perhaps the entire hour on one phase of a lesson which may be more valuable to her pupils than all the other material. We have supplied, doubtless, far more than is wise to use in any one class in order to give the teacher a variety from which to choose for the needs of her own boys and girls.

If the children have transferred from one building to another and are breathless or mentally confused when they enter, it is wise to have a moment of rest before beginning the class. They may put their heads on their desks or tables for a moment of silence or may listen to music played by the teacher or Victrola or to a poem spoken by the teacher. Often this may be a seasonal or general poem which has little relation to the lesson. The class may also recite a piece of memory work in concert or may use a formal call to worship, though this should be used only when the group is one that can quickly feel the sense of worship, so that the call becomes an expression of what they feel rather than a means of bringing them together in thought without real worship.

We need to use as much as possible the spontaneity and originality of the pupils. In completing the unfinished incidents, illustrating notebooks, writing original stories and poems, and suggesting conduct projects much valuable work can be done.

The teacher must guard the length of discussions and discover from experience the amount of time that proves most valuable to each group. Some classes can never profitably spend more than ten minutes, while the more thoughtful, settled groups can often spend fifteen or twenty.

The blackboard should be used freely during the discussion so that the pupils may keep each step in mind as an aid in coming to the conclusion of the whole question. A class usually does much better thinking when this is done.

The teacher will wish to make a collection of pictures that illustrate situations which will be under discussion. While a few of them may be available in the pictures to be purchased (see Appendix), many will be found in the large colored pictures used with advertisements in the popular magazines, especially those for women. Now and then the cover of a magazine is valuable. Cut the picture out so as to show no trace of the advertising, mount neatly on cover paper, purchasable in large sheets from any printing house, and file them by themes under which they are likely to be used. Often they may be used for more than one theme, and the children will delight to make original stories about them. The illustrations in this book show some that were used by our Dayton teachers.

On the tables used by the class there should be for each pupil a Bible, a notebook, pencils or pen and ink, and one hymnal for each two children. It is difficult for fourth grade pupils to find passages in the Bible, so some introductory work is found in the first lesson. However, the amount of reading from the Bible in class will be somewhat limited. The teacher may often supplement what the pupils do by reading to them from it rather than quoting without using the book. Often she will want to show them where a particular story is found in the Bible, without having them turn to it, and can encourage their finding it at home and asking their mother or father to read it to them. In the fifth grade there will be much more Bible reading, since during this time they should begin to be quite adept at locating a reference.

The amount of memory work used will depend very largely on the type of pupils in the class, but the teacher should plan the year's work as soon as she knows the children well enough. It should be planned to come at rather regular intervals and not to be crowded into one section. There should always be careful interpretation, for its value is almost entirely determined by the amount of meaning for the child in his present capacity to understand it.

Tests are suggested, but the teacher should feel free to make such changes as will be of benefit to the class. The purpose of

the tests is to help the pupils check up on their own grasp of the ideals, purposes, and methods of making choices under the situations just studied. For that reason, it is quite essential that each test be followed immediately by discussion, so that misconceptions and misjudgments may be righted at once, and the child may learn to choose the highest values.

The amount of home work at this age will also be quite limited, but an attempt is made in the pupil's book to provide a variety of suggestions developing originality, appreciation, and practice of Christian conduct as well as stimulating review and memorization. The teacher will need to check often on home work and make it as attractive as possible because of the lapse of time between lessons. Whenever the chapter covers more than one lesson, the teacher should divide the home work and make the assignment quite clear.

The course will be greatly enhanced if the teacher can have an occasional sheet of mimeographed material prepared for the pupil's notebook. For instance, under the theme of Being Self-Controlled, they need to have the words of the hymn *Kind words can never die,* the prayer to be read in class, and a few of the Proverbs or rhymes. It is also very desirable to have the tests mimeographed and later inserted in the notebooks.

The books which will prove helpful to the teacher are listed in the Appendix. The hymnal referred to throughout the course is the *Hymnal for American Youth,* by H. Augustine Smith.

The authors hope that the teaching of this course may prove to each teacher a source of joy as she adventures in living with the children in their world.

Blanche Carrier.
Amy Clowes.

Dayton, June, 1928.

LEARNING HOW TO LIVE

FIVE LESSONS

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CHAPTER I

LEARNING HOW TO LIVE

Aim:

TO HELP the pupils determine their purpose in this school or course of study and to lay the foundation for certain habits, attitudes and relationships in the life and work of the school.

Chapter Outline:

INTRODUCTORY BUSINESS
LESSON DISCUSSION
STORY—THE KING'S LESSON
DISCUSSION ABOUT THE SCHOOL
USING THE BIBLE
CLASS BUSINESS

INTRODUCTORY BUSINESS

We have found it very helpful to assign seats as is done in public schools in order to create a school atmosphere. It is well then to write your name on the board and perhaps the name of the school and make a few remarks which introduce both. Most of the business of the school can be transacted later in the hour, for the group needs as soon as possible to be unified for thinking.

LESSON DISCUSSION

The discussion should be as informal as the size of the class and the type of children permit. Draw out the responses from the experiences of the pupils and strive to have them recognize

the problem and consciously reach after the solution, so that the lesson may become the effort of teacher and pupils cooperatively to discover the best truth for their lives.

The discussion will live only if the teacher thinks it through in the light of her experiences with the particular class she is to teach, but we give here a brief outline suggesting some of the lines of thought which may profitably be taken up.

Begin by talking with the children about their public school experience. If they do not soon tell some incident about an unhappy experience, a disobedient child, a wrong attitude toward a teacher or a recent punishment, draw it out by a question as to whether everyone is always happy at school.

Question as to why one child seems always to get along nicely and another gets into trouble often. Help them to discover that the one has found a way of living in harmony with others and is strong enough to do the right, while the other may not have discovered certain things that are necessary to the happiness of the group or may be too selfish or too fond of doing his own way to do what is best for his own growth or the comfort of others.

Ask if it would be possible for such a person to learn how to live so that he became strong and could make those about him happy. Help the class to discover that it would require both knowing what is right and best and really wanting to do it. But how can such a person find out what is the best way of living? His own experience will teach him some things, but it will also help for him to know something of the experience of other people, for ever since the beginning of time people have been learning about the best way of living by seeing their mistakes and trying to find better ways.

Try to arouse in the class an expression of a desire to study together in the year's work such things as will help the members of the class to find out the best ways of living and to learn to want to do the best. When this purpose is expressed, offer to tell a story about a man of long ago, a king, in fact, who had some great lessons to learn.

THE KING'S LESSON

Hundreds of years ago, a shepherd boy sat on a green hillside watching his father's sheep. Now that the sheep were safe and were peacefully grazing, he was free to sit and think of the beautiful world about him. The great blue sky with its floating white clouds, the tiny green buds on trees and bushes, the sunshine on the water of the river, all made him feel very close to God. As he sat there, he made little poems to God, thanking him for the world and his goodness to the people. Then he took up his reed pipe and played a little tune and sang his poem to the music he had made.

Just then a messenger came hurrying across the fields and when he came near, he called, "Oh David, thy father hath sent for thee. I am to keep the sheep while thou art gone."

So David ran blithely across the fields. When he came to his father's house, he found his eight brothers and his father all standing in the great court, and with them was a dignified stranger whom his father called Samuel, the prophet. "This is the lad," said the stranger. "God has chosen him to be the next king of our nation. Some day when he is grown, the people will make him our king." And before the astonished boy could reply, he took the horn of sweet oil from his girdle, bade the boy kneel before him, and poured a few drops on his head, for this was the way in which kings were chosen. Then the prophet prayed and asked God's blessing on the lad and the family and went away.

When David went back to the fields, he was very thoughtful. If he was to be a king, he must not only be brave and strong in body, he must not only love God and worship him, but he must know the best ways for himself and his nation to live, he must know the right and be strong to do it. In the days that followed, David thought often of this, and now his songs were about the man whose life would please Jehovah God, and his prayers were that God would teach him.

So he went on being a shepherd until one day, some years later, his father sent him to visit his brothers in the king's

army. There David was so brave and strong that even the king heard of him and took him into his own palace to live. Then came the time when it was very hard to do the right, for David was so modest and fine that the people came to love him dearly, and the king, seeing it, was jealous. So jealous was he that he tried twice to kill him. But David went on doing the best he knew from day to day, so that the people loved him all the more.

Then David saw that it was best for him to go away, so he took some friends and went to live in the hills. Even here the king followed him and tried to kill him, but David was so friendly and generous that the king grew ashamed and went back to his palace. So David became known as a great and a good man, and he prayed often.

But he did not always do right. Once when he asked a farmer to give him and his friends some grain from his fields and the man refused for fear these men would run through his fields and destroy a great deal of food, David was so angry that he started toward the house to kill the man. The farmer's wife heard of it and came out to see him. As she talked to David, she reminded him how wrong it is to kill, and he grew calm and ashamed of what he had planned to do. For the best thing about David was that when he saw his wrong, he was always ready to feel sorry for it and to ask God to forgive him.

At last King Saul was killed in battle and the people did as Samuel had said. They came for David and made him king. He was a very busy king, defending his country against enemies and conquering new cities where they might live, for in those days, it was considered quite right for a general to capture a city and kill or send out all the people so that his people might have it. But even in those busy days David still took time to pray very often, to ask God to be with him in whatever he did, to thank him whenever he won a victory which he felt God helped him to win.

Then one day, he did a thing which was very wrong. He wanted to have for his wife a woman who was married to another man. So he schemed to have the man killed, and then

he had the woman brought to his palace. In those days, a king had the right to do this, so David did not realize how very wrong it was. Then a good man who taught the people about God came to the palace and said to the king, "You are like a man with a whole flock of sheep who takes from a poor man the only lamb he has. For you took from this man his life and his wife, and he had a right to them. God cannot be pleased with such things, for it is a great sin."

At that, David went away from all the people and into his room to be alone. There he prayed with great sorrow and asked God to forgive him, to give him a clean heart that would do only the wise and helpful and strong things. He prayed very earnestly, and from that day tried more than ever to live as God wants his people to live, so that each person may be safe and happy.

It is because the great king, who had power to do whatever he wanted, was ready to learn lessons about the best ways of living and to ask God often to teach him the right, that he was known ever after as the greatest king this nation ever had.

DISCUSSION ABOUT THE SCHOOL

Ask how David learned what was right. Help the children to see that none of us will ever know the right purely from studying the lives or experiences of others, but that we have to study so carefully that we shall always be able to think clearly for ourselves to find out what is right. Help them to renew the feeling that this course of study shall be a searching for the best we can know about God, about the best ways of living, and about how to pray.

Take up also the following questions:

Who established this school for these pupils? What has it cost them? Why did they do it? Why do they think it important for boys and girls to learn how to live?

What kind of a school will this be? Every school is just what the pupils make it—a busy, happy place or a careless, noisy, unpleasant place. What shall we choose to make this

school? This school can be a place to practice the best thing as well as to study and learn about it. How can we do it? Consider together:

a. How to work—coming in quietly, passing materials quickly, doing our written work neatly, keeping hands and minds free for the lesson, all pupils taking part, *et cetera.* Mention some of the kinds of work that will be done—talking things over as we are doing now, hearing stories that will help us understand and decide the best, writing in books, dramatizing, studying beautiful hymns and poems, worshipping together.

b. How to live together so that here we practice the very things we are learning—showing thoughtfulness when entering the door, hanging wraps and taking seats; being courteous in speaking, by raising hands or in any method decided upon by the group; helping neighbours when it is possible without disturbing others, *et cetera.*

c. How to live outside, for many will judge our school by the conduct of the pupils on the street, in the public school and the home,—how to make the transfer from school to church in such a way that we are making ourselves strong and others happy. If the class is held on Sunday, what to do before the school begins, how to leave the church; how teacher or mother can tell that we are trying to learn the best way of living; studying the lesson at home. Announce the pupil's book, show a copy, urge that the best possible care be taken of it.

d. What can you do if you sometimes forget or want to do the wrong things because others do? Show that talking with God, asking him to make us strong does help. A sentence we could say, a kind of pledge might help also. Develop the following sentence which the class may repeat together at the opening of each period to remind them of their purpose.

Today and every day I shall do my best to study and live so as to make this class helpful to all.

USING THE BIBLE

Remark that there is no book in the world which tells us so many stories of people who tried to learn the best way of living

and to have God help them as the Bible. It has stories of many of their mistakes and sins as well as of some of the beautiful and good things they did. It has poems and wise sayings which they wrote after they had learned their lessons. So we will need to know how to use the Bible and to find the stories.

Find the book of Psalms in the middle, and the book of Proverbs following it. Tell them that we shall often turn to this *poetry* and to the *wise sayings* of men who had learned much about living.

Talk about the Old and New Testaments and the difference between them. Find the index to the Old Testament showing the list of books. Open to the New Testament and look at the index.

Tell how to find a place and give practice in finding two New Testament references in the following manner.

Have the pupils name together the first four books, which tell the story of Jesus, about whom we shall study most.

Write a reference or two on the board and have the children read them together, as Matt. 5:8 means Matthew the fifth chapter and the eighth verse. John 3:16 means the fourth book, the third chapter and the sixteenth verse.

Show the class now how to find the chapter number and the verse number of the first reference, having them take each step with you in their own Bibles. Help them to find the second reference. Let them read each of the two verses.

Practice having the Bible replaced in position on the table or passed to the end to be collected.

CLASS BUSINESS

If looseleaf notebooks are to be used, this is a good time to have the pupils put them together and write their names in pencil on the cover. Registration cards may be given out, slips signed with their names to be left at their places at the table, announcements made, or any other necessary business. Close the session with a sentence or two of prayer, asking that we may remember our purpose in coming and may indeed learn the best way of living.

CHAPTER II

JESUS MAKING LIFE BEAUTIFUL

Aim:

TO HELP the pupils discover that Jesus lived and taught more about the best ways of living than anyone who ever lived; to help them see in what ways he made life more beautiful so that people have ever since tried to live like him.

Chapter Outline:

LESSON DISCUSSION, WITH BIBLE READINGS
STORY—ZACCHEUS LEARNING HOW TO LIVE
POEM—FAR AWAY IN OLD JUDEA
PRAYER
NOTEBOOK WORK

LESSON DISCUSSION

Review the discussion of last week, the story of David, the desire of the group to find the best ways of living, the opportunities in this school for practicing as well as learning the best ways. Suggest that the class read some of the beautiful prayers that King David made as he tried to learn from God. Supervise the finding of references until they have had enough experience to find them alone. Have the references written on the blackboard.

Psalm 25:4-7 A prayer which asks God to teach him.
" 19:14 A prayer for good thoughts and words.
" 15 What David thought a good man should be like.
" 51:1-4a, 10-12. His great prayer for forgiveness.

Have these read sometimes with the class reading in concert, sometimes with teacher reading and class watching in their Bibles. Stop to make clear the meaning of difficult words or phrases and sum up at the close of each passage the meaning of the whole. Sometimes the pupils can make the summary.

Say that though the Bible is full of the experiences of men in finding the best ways of living, it has the story of one person who taught more about living than anyone else. Who was he? Ask them to recall any story they know about Jesus which shows a good way of living or of being strong. After a few responses, use pictures to recall still others. Then suggest finding others in the Bible. Turn to the gospels before trying to find the references listed on the board.

Luke 7:36-40, 48. Jesus was a friend to anyone who wanted to find a better way of living, even if it was someone whom others disliked. This woman had really done wrong, but he could see that she wanted to do better.

John 13:4-17. Jesus was willing to do even the commonest little things to help others, to make them comfortable and happy. What everyday things about the home can be done by boys and girls to make others comfortable? Does this story make it easier to wash dishes cheerfully?

Luke 6:27-36 (read by the teacher). Jesus was naming some of the ways of living which he had discovered make life happier for everyone.

The people in all the hundreds of years since who have tried to live in this way have been called Christians. Do you know why? What is Jesus sometimes called? What do we mean when we say one has a Christian character? Why, then, is our course named as it is on the pupils' books?

The teacher will want now to tell a story about one man who knew Jesus.

Story—ZACCHEUS LEARNING HOW TO LIVE

In the city of Jericho, years ago, there lived a rich man named Zaccheus. He was a collector of the king's taxes and

he was rich because he was not honest. When he went to the homes of the people, he always demanded more money than the taxes really were, so that he could keep a part of it for himself. All tax-collectors did this, so Zaccheus did not think it so very wrong. He spent the money to build himself a beautiful big home, to hire a great many servants, to buy the best of food and clothing. But with all this he was not happy. He had very few friends and when he walked down the streets of the city the people turned away and would not talk with him.

One bright spring morning Zaccheus left his beautiful home and walked to the market-place. He found the streets of the city crowded with people, and he heard them talking excitedly about some one who was coming. He listened to one group and then another. He heard one man say, "Jesus is coming. He will tell us some of his stories," and a woman who carried a sickly, crying baby replied, "They say he makes sick people well. Perhaps he will heal my baby." "He is such a wonderful friend and teacher. It is no wonder that everyone loves him," said another woman.

Just then there was a stir among the people and one cried out, "Jesus has entered the city gate." Instantly they crowded toward the road. Zaccheus went, too, but the crowd was so thick and he was so far back, that he could not see over their heads. He moved up a little farther, but still he could not see. Just then he saw a sycamore tree not far away. Its trunk was crooked, and it would be very easy to step up into the crotch and look over the heads of the crowd. He ran ahead a little and raised himself to look down the road. Sure enough, there was Jesus walking toward them with a few of his special friends. He was talking with them as they made their way down the street.

Then a very astonishing thing happened. When he came near the tree, Jesus looked about. He smiled at the crowd and greeted them pleasantly. Then he looked straight at Zaccheus and said, "Zaccheus, make haste and step down. I should like to have dinner at your house today."

Zaccheus was amazed and flattered to think that this famous

man whom everyone loved should offer to come to his home. He was proud that he had a fine home where he could take such an honoured guest. So he quickly stepped down and started toward home with Jesus. He could see that the crowd was displeased and he heard some of them say, "Why should Jesus eat with such a wicked man? He should come to our home." And friends of Jesus said to him, "If you will excuse us, Jesus, we will have dinner with some of our friends."

"Yes," said Jesus quietly, "You may go, but I shall eat with Zaccheus."

As the two walked down the beautiful streets of Jericho Jesus said, "This is a beautiful city, Zaccheus."

"Yes," answered Zaccheus proudly, "It is a beautiful city. There are some wonderful houses. But mine is the very finest of all."

"That is a very lovely house over there," said Jesus.

"That is mine and the finest in Jericho," boasted Zaccheus, "Would you like to see the grounds before we go inside?"

Jesus agreed and they walked around the mansion.

"These great pillars are the finest the country produces," explained Zaccheus. "The fountain is of pure marble. It cost me a great deal of money. It was a long, long time before I could get these lovely trees to grow and these beautiful flowers. I spent much money on the garden."

"Beautiful," whispered Jesus. "How thankful you must be."

"Let us go inside," suggested the host. "It is lovelier within."

So they climbed the great stone steps. All over the beautiful home they went with Zaccheus explaining. "That piece of statuary came from Greece. I am very careful and proud of it. You cannot find another piece like it in all the land."

Finally they came to the library. The place was lined with scrolls, which was the kind of books they had in that day. Very few people owned books, but here was a man with many, many of them.

"Books!" exclaimed Jesus. "Books!"

"Yes, I got most of them from Rome. I love books. I have

spent a small fortune for these," said Zaccheus. "But come in to dinner, for you must be hungry."

They were seated at the long table and servants came hurrying in with trays of rich foods. As they began their meal, Zaccheus said to Jesus, "Tell me about some of your friends."

Jesus' face lighted up with happiness, and he began to tell of one and another in whose homes he had been. But as Jesus talked, the face of Zaccheus became sadder and sadder.

Jesus paused and said, "You have this beautiful home where you may bring your friends. Are you not happy?"

"No," said Zaccheus slowly, "I am not happy. I have almost no friends. I think I have not learned the way to be happy as you have. Tell me what to do."

"Love people, Zaccheus," explained Jesus. "Try to help them. Sympathize with them when they are sad. Give to them when they are poor. Love them all. Tell them about the heavenly Father. Then they know someone is near who cares."

"I wish I could do that, Master. I make people sad instead of glad. I make them unhappy. They love you. They hate me. Show me how to make them happy," pleaded Zaccheus.

"Zaccheus," answered the Master, "God the Father is the Father of us all. He wants all his children to be happy. They cannot all be happy if some rob others of what they need. God loves all people, not just a few. The only way for anyone to be happy is to love and help others."

"I never knew that before," said Zaccheus, sadly, "I thought the only way to be happy was to be rich and have fine things. I am a tax-gatherer. I have made poor people pay too much, and then I have kept it. I am sorry."

"I know that you are sorry, Zaccheus," replied Jesus, "but you do not have to continue making them unhappy."

"Why, no!" cried Zaccheus, a happy light coming into his eyes. "I know what I can do. I can give back what I have stolen. I will give back to every person four times as much as I took. I will take some of my money and give to those who need it. Yes, I can make people happy."

"Do not forget to give sympathy and love as well as money, Zaccheus," cautioned the Master. "Only so can you serve your heavenly Father."

"I won't forget," promised Zaccheus. "I will start today. This is a great day in my life, Master, for you have shown me the way to be happy."

POEM AND PRAYER

Ask if the class would like to hear one of the many poems that have been written about Jesus. Use the poem *Far away in old Judea.*[1] As you repeat it, have them close their eyes and make mental pictures. You may then repeat it again, allowing them to find a picture on the screen which tells the same story. Explain before beginning that Judea is the name of the country where he lived.

Close this part of the lesson with a brief prayer, asking that God may help us as he helped David and so many others to learn the best way of living, that we may live strong and beautiful lives as Jesus did. Thank him for the school in which we may study God's way for us to live, and ask his help that we may remember this when we go to our homes, so that we may live beautifully there.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Direct the children in drawing a simple illustration of the house of Zaccheus—a square, flat-roofed oriental house. It may be on a hill with a road leading to it and a palm tree near. On the road may be two robed figures walking toward the house. This may cover about half the page.

At this time in the year, it is difficult for the fourth grade pupils to formulate their own sentences, so the class may work out two that will be satisfactory and then copy them from the board. If used with older pupils, the teacher should formulate questions which they can answer by some such sentences as these.

[1] Found in "Song and Play for Children," by Danielson and Conant.

Zaccheus was not happy because he took everything for himself. Jesus showed a better way of living. He learned to love and help people and share what he had with them.

Discuss again the use of the pupil's book and arouse enthusiasm for doing the work suggested under Chapter II in the coming week.

CHAPTER III

JESUS TEACHING WHAT GOD IS LIKE

Aim:

TO BUILD for the child such a conception of God as will provide the strongest motive for Christian character and for working with God. To do this it will also be necessary to dispel his superstitions, for often these, growing from the home or church environment or his own fancy, will not be obvious to the teacher but will prevent any real love for the Father in the mind of the pupil.

Chapter Outline:

LESSON DISCUSSION WITH BIBLE READING
STORY—THE BROKEN-HEARTED FATHER
PRAYER BY TEACHER
INTERPRETATION OF PSALM 121 AND HYMN, HOW STRONG AND SWEET
DRAMATIZATION OF STORY
CALL TO WORSHIP

LESSON DISCUSSION

Review the Zaccheus story. Ask why they think Jesus was always loving and helping people and Zaccheus was not. A sentence in the story will help them. Have them turn then to Matt. 7:7-12 and 6:31, 32 and through careful questioning help them to discover for themselves that it was because Jesus thought of God as a loving Father eager to help his children that Jesus wanted to help him by helping the people. When Zaccheus began sharing his money with those whom he had

cheated, how would this help the people in addition to giving them more money?

Carry the discussion further by considering the following questions. In our city there are some very poor families and some very rich and some that have just as much as they need and others that are not rich but have a great many things to make life pleasant. Is this because God wishes it to be so? Thinking of what has just been read, how would God wish it to be? Why can he not have it so? What does he expect us to do about it?

If God is really a very loving Father who wants us all to have what we need to make us safe and comfortable, how does it happen that so many people are hurt or killed in accidents or die from sicknesses, even little babies and fathers of families? How do you think Jesus would say that God feels about these things? Read together Matt. 10:29-31. Then we can certainly talk to God for comfort, for he must feel as sorry about such things as we do.

When people do wrong to others or to themselves, how do you suppose God feels about it? Let the children discuss this for a time, but soon they will need to remember that Jesus himself said that he was living in such a way that the people might know what God is like. Have them look up John 14:7 or 9b. How did Jesus feel about wrong-doing and about people who harmed others? Recall the home readings. Help the class to find the two attitudes Jesus had: from the story of the cleansing of the temple, his quickness to speak and act against the wrong, so that people would see how wrong it was; from the story of the sinful woman at the banquet, his quickness to see how one who has done wrong can find a better way of living and his gladness in encouraging her to try again.

Encourage here as much informal conversation about God as the class is ready to have, so as to clear up any misconceptions, for many Old Testament conceptions are still generally accepted, rather than the higher one in harmony with the nature of the Father-God whom Jesus knew and taught. Throughout the discussion make it not only the gaining of an intellectual

concept that is Christian, but the development of a love and admiration for such a God, a love which will want to express itself in loving his other children and in working with him to give everyone the best.

If there is time, this last conception can be carried further by these questions: Does God send punishment whenever one does wrong? We know that when people do wrong, they usually do suffer, but does God send this suffering? When a child touches a hot stove, he suffers. Perhaps it is his fault or perhaps it is an accident, but the hot stove was meant to help us. When we use it in the wrong way, it cannot help but hurt us. How does the baby's mother feel when this happens? How do you think God feels when we do wrong and get into trouble? So we must always expect punishment, but we must not blame it on God. The thing that hurts him more than anything else is that he hoped we would be fine and strong and helpful, and we have chosen not to be. This hurts not only ourselves but the others we might have helped and keeps God from having the kind of world that would be best for everyone and would make him happy.

Tell now in a worshipful manner the story that will sum up these conceptions, and develop the best attitudes toward God.

Story—THE BROKEN-HEARTED FATHER

Long ago, in a far-away country, there lived a man who owned a big farm. He was very rich, for he had a large house and many servants. But the thing which made him happiest was his two sons. Many times when they were little boys, he thought about the time when they would be old enough to help him plan his farm, to hire the servants and sell the cattle and work with him. At last they were grown young men, and he planned what each could do. He decided that he would call them in and talk it over. The older of the two, he thought, would be a good manager for the servants, for he was a quiet, steady worker who kept his mind on his work. The younger

boy was a lively lad, with dreams of doing great things and seeing the world. "He will be good to send to the great markets to sell our wool and our cattle," thought the father. "It will be a great adventure for him."

But one day, before the father had told them his plans, the younger son came to his father. "I am so tired of staying here all the time," he said, "I want to go out and have adventures and see the world. I am sick of home. If you will give me the share of money which you promised we should have when we were grown, I shall go to live in the city."

The father's heart was sad. He loved the home and the farm so much that he wanted the boy to love it and work for it, too. He saw what the boy wanted, but he said, "Son, stay with me and help. You will find happiness here if you try."

"No," said the boy impatiently, "I hate it here. I can stay here no longer." "But you are too young to spend your money wisely in the city," said the father. "You will be cheated and lose it all. Stay here a year more." "No," said the boy, "I have determined to go. Please give me the money."

So the father called in the other son, and divided the money between them. Then the younger son packed his clothes and set out for the city. The father put his arms around him and kissed him good-bye, but as the boy went down the path and away over the road, the father's heart was breaking. The boy looked back once or twice, and once he called, "Some day I will come back rich and full of adventures." But the father knew more about the city than he, so he only waved and turned away sadly.

The days and months went by and the father was so anxious. Every day he watched the road. One day a traveller passed who knew the father, and he said, "I saw your son in the city some days ago." "Oh, tell me," cried the father, "was he well?" "Yes," laughed the traveller, "but he is having a very gay time. He is not working. He made some gay friends, and they are only spending money at banquets and parties." Then the father was sad.

More days and months went by, and one day another traveller passed who knew the father. The father begged him to come in, and when they had eaten, he said, "Have you seen anything of my son?" "Yes," answered the man slowly, "I am sorry to tell you what has happened to him, for I know it will grieve you. I saw him one day in the market, asking farmers and shepherds for work. He had an old dirty robe on, and he looked hungry. "Why, what are you doing?" I asked. "My money is gone," he said. "I have been foolish and wrong, and now I must get any kind of work I can. I am ashamed to go home to my father."

In the days that followed, the father could scarcely eat or sleep. All day long, he sat on the great porch, and looked down the road. Whenever he saw a traveller coming, he ran to the road to see if it might be his son. "If he could only know how I love him," he often thought, "he would come home to me."

At last one day, he saw a tired traveller coming. He was alone and he had no pack. The father looked eagerly and at last he cried out with joy. It was his son! He ran to the road and then down the road until he came to the boy. But the boy was so ashamed that he could not look at the father. He knelt down on the ground and touched his father's robe, as servants did, and said, "Oh, father, I have learned how foolish and wrong I was. But I have sinned against you and my home, and wasted the time and money I should have spent here. Now I am not fit to be called your son. But I know now that I love you and my home more than anything else, and I want to live here. Let me come back as a servant. You can give me the hardest or the dirtiest work on the farm, and I will gladly do it."

Then the father stooped over and put his arms about the boy. He lifted him up and kissed him, and said, "My son, I have always loved you. My heart was broken over your wrong-doing. But if you see the right and have come home to do the right, you are my son, and you shall share all the joy I have." And they went together into the house.

PRAYER BY THE TEACHER

Lead the class in a short prayer which will express their love and worship and their desire to work with God by being strong and helpful. Make the prayer as concrete as possible.

INTERPRETATION OF PSALM AND HYMN

In connection with this lesson on the loving, suffering Father-God whom Jesus loved, the class will find inspiration in thinking of him also as the great, protecting, powerful Father and of the thousands of people through all the ages who have worshipped him and looked to him for help and strength. The interpretation of a psalm and a hymn for later worship will be helpful.

Ask the class if they would enjoy hearing a poem written by someone who lived long ago and worshipped God as we do now. Tell a little about the kind of country in which he lived—mountainous and so hot that people dared not go out into the sunshine during the middle of the day but had to find shade and to rest. Perhaps the man who wrote this poem was travelling from one city to another and as he rested at noonday, he looked at the tall mountains beyond with their cool green trees, and thought about God. Or perhaps he lived in the hot city and one day he slipped away into the hills and lay down on the ground to think about God.

Read the poem through with expression, having the children listen and tell at the close what they think the idea of the psalm as a whole is. Then have them turn to it and read it together, taking it by parts and getting the meaning clear.

Vs. 1-2. Why would the mountain remind the man of God's helping him? The class may mention that the mountain is so great and strong, or that God created the mountain, or that the mountain was resting him.

Vs. 3, 4, 5. How does it help for a man to feel that God is caring for him all the time, both day and night?

Vs. 5-8. Why did he think of saying that God is like a shade? What are some of the ways in which God can keep us

from evil? He can make us careful, he can send others to help or protect us, and certainly sometimes, he must bring things about so that we are spared something that might have harmed us.

Have them read through again to get the meaning and beauty of the whole, thinking as they read. Have a brief memory period. Give perhaps three minutes for studying the first four verses, then have them recited in concert. Have them read through silently once more and recite again. Do the same with the last four. Urge that some studying be done during the week, unless the version used in the school is different from that they have at home. The teacher might have mimeographed copies in that case.

Suggest the learning of a hymn that will help us to worship this great Father-God, to feel how wonderful he is. Repeat for them the first stanza of *How strong and sweet,* page 17 in the Orders of Worship of the hymnal. They will get the meaning better by listening than by reading, as they are not yet quite accustomed to reading words and music together.

Ask a few questions. Why does it say his care is strong and sweet? Why does the song say that God's care is round about us like the air? Turn to the books and read through in concert. What kind of music would such a song have? How would it be sung? Play it through once while the children listen. During a second time, have them hum. They can then sing it together once or twice so that it will be familiar when used in the next lesson for worship. This procedure can be used generally in the teaching of hymns.

DRAMATIZATION OF STORY

This is not a simple story to dramatize, in that the part of the father demands a depth of feeling which a fourth grade child could not show. Without it, the story would be a meaningless incident. It is suggested that if the story is dramatized, the teacher take the part of the father.

The other characters will be the older brother, the visitors to

the home bringing tidings of the boy, and the son himself.

It must be done very delicately to hold the meaning it should have for the group. It may be possible for a group to rehearse it with the teacher after school and give it at a later worship service, so that the class may get a beautiful conception from it.

CALL TO WORSHIP

It is well to have a formal call to worship with which the worship services can be opened. Develop one which has meaning and beauty for the pupils and use it for about two months; then choose a different one. A good one for the early part of the year is Psalm 92:1, 2, 4a. Help them to feel the beauty of the words—"O Most High, loving kindness, faithfulness." Read verse 3 and imagine the old psalmists singing a worship hymn in the morning in the temple courts and in the evening at their windows. What are some of the works of Jehovah that make us glad? Make clear that Jehovah means "the living God." Read the entire passage and give time for memorizing it.

At the close of the hour talk about the work in the pupil's book for the coming week.

CHAPTER IV

JESUS AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Aim:

TO DEVELOP an understanding of the Kingdom of God as Jesus talked about it, and to impart such a vision of the spiritual beauty of life in the Kingdom that it will arouse a desire in each pupil to live a strong and beautiful life, to be a part of it. Love for neighbours is especially considered. This chapter covers two lessons.

Chapter Outline:

REVIEW CONVERSATION
STORY—A NEW KIND OF KING.
DISCUSSION ON THE KINGDOM, WITH ZIMMERMAN PICTURE, CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN
HYMN—THY KINGDOM COME
STORY—VALMAR STARTS A JOURNEY
NOTEBOOK WORK
HOME WORK
REVIEW OF THE THEME WITH INTERPRETATION OF MEMORY WORK
STORY—JACOB FINDS A FRIEND
HYMN—FAR OUT ON THE DESOLATE BILLOW
NOTEBOOK WORK
WORSHIP SERVICE, WITH STORY OF VALMAR

REVIEW CONVERSATION

Open with the hymn *How strong and sweet* and, if the class has learned it, Psalm 121. Have a few pictures of Jesus before them and let them recite, *Far away in old Judea.*

An interesting way to start the discussion is to have the class choose one child as teacher. Have him call upon members of the class to answer the four questions whose answers were to be written during the week and brought to class. If the child feels an answer is not correct, he may call upon two or three to get various replies.

From that point the teacher may direct the discussion into deeper channels by asking further questions, such as: How does punishment come when we do wrong? How does God feel about it? In some classes the pupils will bring up a number of other questions, but some will not be mature enough to do so. Let each class discuss just what it is ready for.

Say that wherever Jesus went great crowds came about him, for he was different from anyone these people had ever known. He talked about God and to God with so much joy and love that it made people want to know God as he did. And then he treated other people so lovingly, so beautifully that it made everyone love him and want to live like him. They had been taught to punish wrong-doers very severely, to get all they could for themselves, even if they cheated, to take revenge on anyone who harmed them. Their laws gave them a right to do these things. But Jesus was different.

Read to the class John 8:2-11. Ask why Jesus was willing to help the woman to try again instead of having her stoned to death. Have the class read Matt. 22:35-40, Luke 6:27-35, and John 15:12.

Discuss briefly what it means for one to love his neighbour, how it is much more than not hurting him, it is an active helpfulness and friendliness. Let them illustrate by mentioning such things as sharing toys, being glad when others have nice things or happy times, forgiving when others hurt us. The class is then ready for the story.

Story—A NEW KIND OF KING

It was a beautiful day by the blue waters of the sea of Galilee. All day long Jesus had been near the sea and about him had gathered great crowds of people. Some came to bring

the sick and lame and blind that he might make them well. Some came to see the strange things they had heard he could do. Some wanted to hear the stories and teachings about God which he was constantly telling. And some believed that he could tell them more about God and the best way of living than anyone else and were hungry to learn. With all of them, Jesus was patient and loving and helpful. At last he grew very tired and said to his friends, "Let us go across the lake in your fishing boat. There on the mountain we can rest."

So he stepped into the boat and they rowed out and crossed the lake. Then he and his friends climbed the mountain to a great grassy place and there they sat down to rest. But after a time, Peter, one of the friends said, "See, the people are coming. They have followed us, walking around the lake. What a great crowd there is! They should not come when you are so tired."

"Never mind, Peter," smiled Jesus tenderly. "They are like sheep without a shepherd. I must help them while I can."

So when they had all come up, they sat down on the grass and looked at Jesus, waiting for him to speak. There were hundreds of them—men, women, and children. And Jesus taught them again, until the sun began to set and the wind sprang up.

Then, seeing they were tired and hungry and a long way from the city, he did a very lovely thing. He took a few pieces of bread and fish which a little boy had offered him and sent it out among all the people, for in some strange way there was enough for all. And his disciples, who took the food out and distributed it, came back in much excitement.

"You cannot imagine what they are saying, Jesus," one said. "All the people are saying, 'Let us make him our king. We are poor and helpless and he could do wonderful things for us. He has a strange power. He could give us food, he could make a great army and drive out our enemies that come to our little country and make us pay heavy taxes. He will be a great king.' What shall we tell them, Master?"

Jesus shook his head. "Tell them that I cannot be their king. I came to teach them things about God and the best ways of living so that they might be strong and fine, no matter who comes into their country. They must listen to what I say and live what I have taught, and then they will belong to a greater kingdom than ever a king with a crown and throne could give them."

So the disciples went out and told the people. But the men began to get together in little groups to talk about it, and Jesus saw that they wanted to force him to be their king, so he slipped away to be alone.

The next morning he went into the city again, and at once the crowd gathered about him and began pleading with him to be their king. Patiently he tried to explain. "Yesterday I gave you bread. It helped you then, but today you will need more. If I were your king it might help you today, but as soon as I was gone, you would need another. What I am telling you is like bread that lasts forever, for you will always know how to live if you listen to me. Let me be the king of your lives, and you will belong to the Kingdom of God. Those who belong to this Kingdom of Heaven are the pure in heart, those who are hungry and thirsty to know the right, those who stand for the right even if others harm them for it. All these shall know the greatest happiness."

But the people did not understand. They only turned away sadly, and after that the crowds did not follow him so much. But Jesus went on teaching his friends about the Kingdom of God, and because they remembered it and told it to others and wrote it down, we are still learning wonderful things about it today and thousands of people are trying to live as members of God's Kingdom.

DISCUSSION ON THE KINGDOM

Jesus was eager to have everyone belong to the Kingdom of God, yet so many did not understand him. Many today do

not understand, and so they miss the joy of belonging to it. Arouse in the class a desire to know just what this means.

Have them read the following passages, stopping for discussion:

Luke 17:20, 21. The Pharisees were some of the people who didn't understand him. They thought he meant to be a king with an army and a throne. What does "cometh not with observation" mean? How could the kingdom be "within you"? Help the class to see that the kingdom is within any person or group of persons who love God and love their neighbours as Jesus did and taught. The only way we can see the kingdom, then, is to watch the life of such a person. The only way we can belong is for each of us to build a Christian character—that is, to be as much like Jesus as possible.

Matt. 13:33. Often Jesus told stories about things everyone knew to help them understand. Have the children tell you what the dough looks like when it is first kneaded before rising, and what it looks like afterwards. Help them see how this love does the same thing to a life. A person who doesn't love God and his people is hard and unlovely, but when he begins to love he becomes lovely and full of new life. Perhaps they know a story of someone like Heidi's grandfather, which illustrates this.

Matt. 5:6-9. Jesus was making a list of some of the things that will be true of people who belong to the kingdom. They will be what? Add from a previous reading of Luke 6:27, "they will love their enemies."

Matt. 6:9, 10. When Jesus was telling people how to talk with God, one of the first things he said was that we should tell him that we want to help this kingdom come, until everywhere on earth people are living with that love for the Father and for his children.

Use the picture, *Christ and the fishermen* by Zimmerman. Tell them that this is what one artist thought Jesus looked like as he talked with men about the kingdom. Let them tell what they think each man is like and is thinking about. The young men have caught the idea and are eager to go out and begin living in this wonderful way, but it is not clear to the older

man, and Jesus patiently explains to him. His love for each one is apparent.

Sum up the thoughts of the discussion by asking a few questions such as the following:

When we pray, "Thy kingdom come," where do we expect it to come? What are some of the things you would expect to see in a schoolroom that was a part of the kingdom? In a home? In a ten-year-old boy or girl? How can we help to build the kingdom?

Close the discussion with a brief prayer expressing what the children have felt.

Hymn—THY KINGDOM COME

Introduce for interpretation the hymn, *Thy kingdom come.* It will be found in the pupil's book. Have it written on the board. Have them read it through first, then ask that some pupil put the thought in each stanza into his own words. Use to the tune of *Holy Cross,* of *Lambeth,* or any other 8, 6, 8, 6 metre. Other hymns of this metre are *Jesus, the very thought of Thee* and *Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.*

Help the class to see that when we are selfish, we do not feel near to God,—that is, the word "near" is used not in a physical sense, but in that of friendship. Let them tell of some classes or groups of people who are our near neighbours, some who are far neighbours. We need to learn how to be loving and helpful to them all if the kingdom is to come in all the earth. When we do that we are working with God.

Take some time to have the class copy the hymn on the next page in their notebooks. Then help them to learn the melody you select and sing it once or twice.

Story—VALMAR STARTS A JOURNEY

This is the first chapter of the serial story which runs throughout the course. It may be found on page 211. See the preface for some suggestions concerning the use of the story.

NOTEBOOK WORK

A good page on the kingdom lesson will help the children to remember. They may write, "The kingdom of heaven is within you. I think that means——." Below can be a simple drawing of a child—a stick figure such as you may find in some of the illustrations of this book—doing something at home in the spirit of the kingdom. This should bear an explanatory title or sentence. Whenever a Bible verse is copied in the notebook, be sure to have the reference written under it.

HOME WORK

For the next week, the new hymn is printed for their appreciation. Develop the suggestion that they try to see how many times at home they can feel themselves members of the Kingdom of God. Let them suggest a few things that may be done and a few attitudes that will be helpful, for the spirit in which things are done is most important. If they like, they may keep a confidential list of these for the teacher, and bring it next week. There are some homes where it would not be wise to have the child discuss it, and showing it to other children would develop a spirit of bragging.

REVIEW CONVERSATION AND MEMORY WORK

An interesting way in which to start the review is to give out slips of paper on each of which is one question. Have each child holding a paper rise, read his question, and call upon another child to answer.

1. What did Jesus mean when he said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you?"
2. What do we call a person who is working with God to build the kingdom?
3. If a home belongs to the Kingdom of God, what will it be like?
4. If a schoolroom belongs to the Kingdom of God, what will it be like?

5. Before a home or school or playmates can belong to the Kingdom, what would each member have to be?

6. If you were one of three or four children in your schoolroom who very much wanted the room to be a part of the Kingdom, what are some of the things you would do?

7. If you find it very hard and discouraging to work for the Kingdom of God, how can you get help?

Have the pupils turn to Luke 6:27-35. Later in the year a detailed interpretation will be taken up, but this should be used only to give a general idea of what one who belongs to the kingdom is like. Perhaps the teacher should read it, stopping to explain difficult passages. Have the pupils put these ideas into their own words and read the passage in concert once.

Some questions to ask: What does "despitefully use you" mean? Do not the next few sentences mean that Jesus wants us to be always ready to help everyone, no matter how much they do what we dislike? Why does Jesus think we should do these things about which so many people say, "I don't have to do that"? What kind of a reward do you think he expects us to get? I wonder if the reward is "ye shall be sons of the Most High"? What would such a person be like? Would it be enough reward if we could be people with strong, beautiful lives, busy at helping God, rather than the selfish, unkind people who think only of themselves?

It may help the children to appreciate the beauty and worth of the passage if you tell them that it is said that if no other part of the Bible had been saved from the olden days except the sermon of which this is a part, the life of the world could have become Christian and beautiful to all those who try to practice it. Arouse a desire to learn this passage and assign it for home study.

At the close of this discussion, deepen the desire of the group to spend a year studying how each pupil can build a Christian character so as to be a member of the Kingdom. Close by singing the Kingdom hymn and, if the pupils are in the spirit of it, have a brief prayer.

Story—JACOB FINDS A FRIEND

There was once a boy named Jacob who had to take a long journey. He had cheated his brother out of some of the land their father was to give them, and had lied to his sick father to get the promise of the land. His brother Esau was so angry at this that Jacob was afraid to stay. Now he was going from his home to a far-away country to see if he could make his home with his uncle. One morning very early, he started. His mother gave him a package of lunch, and stood in the door to watch him start down the road. Jacob wore his heaviest sandals, so his feet would not get tired. He carried his leather lunch bag on a strap over his shoulder, and in his hand he carried a long walking stick to help him over the hard places. As he went down the road, he turned again and again to wave good-bye to his mother, for his journey was such a long one that he might not come again for several years. At last he could see his home no longer, so on he walked, down into a valley, across a high hill, and over wide fields.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining, the green grass was cool and fresh, the birds were singing, and sometimes Jacob passed a trickling brook, running over little stones on its way down the hill. At noon, when the sun was high, Jacob stopped to eat his lunch. As he sat there in the warm sunshine, he thought what a lovely thing it was to take a long journey, and he was very happy.

When he had eaten, he put the rest of his lunch into his bag again, and started on. On and on he walked all afternoon, until the sun began to go down in the west. The sky was filled with beautiful sunset clouds, clouds of orange and purple and rose and blue. When the last bit of colour was gone, Jacob knew that it would soon be night. He wondered where he would stay all night, for there was not a house in sight.

"I guess I will have to sleep on the ground" thought Jacob, and he began to look around for a soft place to use for a bed. He found a round, flat stone for a pillow, and thought of his soft pillow at home. Then he lay down on the ground, with

his head on the stone and his walking stick on the ground beside him.

Jacob had never been away from home at night before, and now he was all alone. He thought that long journeys were not so nice at night as in the daytime. He felt very lonely and a little afraid as he lay there all alone and looked about at the trees and the sky. For a few moments, Jacob looked straight up into the dark blue sky with its twinkling stars. Then he must have fallen asleep, for he had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that he saw a ladder which came straight out of the sky and reached down to the ground. On the ladder there were ever so many shining white angels, and at the top he thought he saw God himself. And God spoke to him and said, "I am thy God. I am with thee and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest." The dream was very beautiful.

In the morning, Jacob awoke. He looked around to see where he was, and then he remembered that he had been out alone all night. He remembered his dream too. Then somehow he was not frightened or lonely any more, but very happy. "Surely God is with me, and I did not know it," he said. And he rose and set up the stone on which he had slept, so that it would be a kind of monument. "Some day," he said, "I shall come back to this land and this stone will remind me of how God is caring for me." And he went on his journey more happily because he knew that God would be with him and take care of him, wherever he went.

If the class is familiar with the hymn *Nearer, my God, to Thee,* let them turn to it in the hymnals and sing the first three stanzas. They cannot understand the analogy concerning our spiritual lives, but it may be helpful merely to connect the story with the hymn. Do not spend time on it.

Hymn—FAR OUT ON THE DESOLATE BILLOW

The first two stanzas of this hymn may deepen the feeling of God's presence with us. Interpret them, learn to sing them,

and have the chorus, or the last two lines, learned so that the class can sing it without the books.

Clear up first the difficult words, then have a pupil describe the mental picture which each stanza gives him. Ask a pupil to put the thought of each stanza in his own words. The questions follow:

"What does 'desolate' mean? Billow? What countless dangers are there for a sailor? It may be that harm will come, but whether it does or not, what comforts him?

"What does 'earth's dark bosom' mean? What is ore? What is the great danger before a miner? What comforts him?

This thought has comforted so many thousands of people that it is worth learning.

NOTEBOOK WORK

In a frame 3 by 4 inches, or larger if desired, have the class draw a picture of a ship at sea. They will enjoy doing this with crayola. One teacher found that the quickest way of getting the frame for the picture is by having a set of cardboards of the size desired. Pass one for each table, and let each child, as it comes to him, lay it on his notebook page and mark around it with pencil or with black crayola. Under the picture, have the children copy the lines, "Oh never alone is the Christian," etc.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Let this be a rather formal worship service, but make it as meaningful as possible by a sentence before each element, a sentence which will bring back to the minds of the pupil the thought and feeling he had when first studying it. The service should be planned somewhat as follows:

Call to worship—*Psalm 92:1-4a.*

Poem recited in concert—*Far away in old Judea.* Have two pictures of Jesus before the group as they speak.

Hymn—*Thy kingdom come.* It was Jesus who taught us of the kingdom, so the poem-story makes us want to sing this hymn.

Psalm 121 read or recited by all. Though this was written so long before Jesus lived, it reminds us of the care of the Father-God as he taught it.

Hymn—*How strong and sweet.* This hymn gives us the same thought.

Story—*Valmar discovers that God is a friend.*

Prayer by the teacher.

Prayer response, sung softly—*Oh never alone is the Christian.*

It is possible that in some classes the children may be ready at this time in the year to make their own spontaneous prayers. The method will depend on the amount of similar training which this class may have had in previous years.

The teacher may have had paper passed before the service, so that when the time for prayer comes, she can say, "Each one of us has something we would like to say to God about his care of us. Instead of my making a prayer for us all, let us each take a pencil and write a prayer. It may begin 'Our Father' or 'Dear Father-God' or in any way you like. Let us write quietly, as we think our prayers." As the class writes, the teacher may move quietly among them, helping or merely noting those who seem to express themselves easily. Let there be no anxiety about spelling, but let each spell as best he can, so that his mind will not be diverted from the prayer. When most of them have finished, call upon three or four to read their prayers, having the others bow their heads and close their eyes. The teacher may close with a sentence of prayer.

The class may be ready for spontaneous oral prayer if they have had previous experience or are in a small group that expresses itself well. In that case, it is well to give a moment for silent prayer first, then ask for three or four volunteers who would like to pray aloud so that all the class may worship together. Be sure that before the heads are bowed, the children realize the order in which they are to speak. It is well for the teacher to close with a sentence prayer.

If the class is not ready for this, keep it in mind and begin whenever they are.

LEARNING TO BE TRUSTED

SIX LESSONS

CHAPTER V

BEING HONEST

Aim:

TO HELP the child find the underlying reasons for each person to be honest in every relation of community and individual life. To provide such a careful study of the natural results of being dishonest and such a sense of the relation of God to our conduct that it will prove an effective motivation of Christian character. This chapter covers two lessons.

Chapter Outline:

PROBLEM DISCUSSION, WITH STORY OF JACOB
HYMN—GOD OF OUR FRIENDS
ASSIGNMENT OF HOME WORK
DRAMATIZATION OF HOME WORK PBOBLEMS
WORSHIP SERVICE, WITH VALMAR STORY
NOTEBOOK WORK

PROBLEM DISCUSSION

Since it is not far from Hallowe'en, a problem like the following but based on some custom in the community should be presented for discussion. Out of it, the class should come to feel that it is very important that they find out just what is honest and what is not, and why it is necessary for everyone to be honest.

I know a group of boys who went out last year on Hallowe'en to have some fun. They marked a few windows with soap and did a few other tricks, but one big boy said, "This isn't exciting enough. I know something good." He went

near a porch where a row of milk bottles waited for the milkman. Taking up a few stones from a gravel pile near, he began throwing to see how soon he could break a bottle. Soon one bottle crashed. The boys shouted with excitement and ran from one house to another, joining in the game. The next morning, there were complaints from many neighbours and the milk company had to replace all the bottles with new ones. Since the boys had thought it so much fun, they played the game for a few minutes on other evenings now and then during the winter, so that a pile of glass was sometimes found by the milkman and the housewife in the morning.

Ask what they think of the game. Let the discussion be guided by their point of view, but take up in some way the following questions: Whose bottles were they? Would it mean an actual loss of money to the milk company? Is that the same as if the boys had broken into their office and stolen? What will the milk company probably do? Tell about the hotels, who lose hundreds of dollars worth of property every year because guests steal things which they think "won't make much difference to such a big place." Let them see that the hotel then has to raise its prices to cover that loss, so that not only the people who take the things, but the honest people as well have to pay for what these others took.

Begin a list on the board of the results of being dishonest, being sure that the points come from the pupils as a result of the questions of the teacher.

What is the effect on the boys themselves?

1. If they are not found out, they cast suspicion on every boy in the class, honest and dishonest.

2. If they are discovered, they cannot expect people to trust them. They will always be suspected of every trouble that arises. They will always have to be explaining.

3. If they know they are not trusted, they will not feel very comfortable with other people, cannot look them in the face.

What effect does this have on the housewives?

4. They feel that now they will have to watch everything

MAGAZINE PICTURES USED BY TEACHERS

they own. They cannot feel easy about anything. The whole neighbourhood will be watching for thieves and hiding things. Will that help to make it a happy neighbourhood?

5. In order to help the class to see how thoroughly our communities are organized on our being able to trust each other, have them name as many places as possible where this is true. The library giving out books, the banks accepting checks, the stores with charge accounts, the teachers sending report cards home, the boxes holding newspapers.

If a community is made up of Christians what will each member have to feel about this matter of trusting and being trusted? How does God feel, then, when any person does things that cause people to stop trusting each other? People who lived long ago had discovered this and felt that God cannot be happy if his people are dishonest.

Have the pupils look up the following references:

Exodus 20:5. This was one of the laws that were first given to the Hebrew people who tried thousands of years ago to live as God wanted them to.

Deut. 25:13-16. Explain the old system of weights and measures by drawing a pair of scales and a box like a peck measure. When the people did not care whether they gave the right measure, what could they do? Show how a weight used in one side could be made to weigh less than it should and how a measure could have a curved or false bottom. This law told the people how wrong it was, but these things were still done by dishonest people until a few years ago. Ask if the children know about the laws and inspections we have now to help people to get an honest amount of what they pay for. Read again verse 16.

Eph. 4:28 and Heb. 13:18. These are sentences taken from letters written by Paul, the great Christian preacher who established so many of the first Christian churches. "Honourably" means, "so that we can trust each other." What reason did the first verse give for being honest? Why did these first Christians want to live together honestly?

Story—JACOB LEARNS A LESSON

Now Jacob, who had left his own home because of the anger of his brother whom he had cheated, was living with his uncle Laban in a far-off land. And Laban had made him welcome and given him work to do. So Jacob became a shepherd, and he was so skillful in caring for the flocks that Laban made him shepherd over all his flocks and herds.

It was not long before the old desire to own everything for himself came over Jacob. He planned and schemed until he thought of a bargain that he could make with Laban. The bargain sounded fair, but it would give Jacob the very best and strongest of all the new-born lambs and calves each year. Laban made the bargain, and year after year Jacob grew richer and richer and Laban grew poorer and poorer.

When Laban found out how Jacob was cheating him, he was very angry. So again Jacob saw that he must leave his home because he could not be trusted. He had come alone, but now he took all his flocks and herds, his wives and children, and with a great caravan started back toward his old home.

It was a long journey, but after many days, they came to a brook and camped there at night. On the other side of the brook lay his old home. Jacob lay in his tent thinking of the old days. He wondered if he would see his brother again. He was afraid Esau might still be angry and want to kill him. The more he thought of it, the more it troubled him.

All night he lay awake thinking. He looked back over his whole life. He had expected God to care for him and make him rich, yet he had become rich by cheating other people whom God cared for as much as for him. He had no friends and no home because of his cheating and selfishness. How could he expect God to help such a man?

All night he struggled with these thoughts that God had sent him; he said afterwards that he struggled with an angel of God. When morning came he had conquered, for he made up his mind that from that day he would be honest in his dealings. He even prayed that God would change his name so that people

would know that he wanted to be different. So from that day he was called not Jacob, which means "cheater," but Israel, which means "the father of many."

In the morning he sent a present to his brother Esau. Servants of Jacob went with many sheep and cattle. And Esau received the gift and came to him and forgave him. So Jacob entered the land of his old home and lived happily there for many years.

Hymn—GOD OF OUR FRIENDS

A good hymn for general prayer on this theme is *To the God of All,* found in *A First Book of Hymns and Worship* by Edith Lovell Thomas. If this book is not available, teach the hymn *Father, lead me day by day,* found in chapter XII of this book. If you have the first hymn, proceed with this interpretation.

Ask who are some of the friends of long ago who worshipped God and tried to find the best ways of living. They may suggest Moses and David and Paul. It is wonderful to think that the same God who helped them is helping us. What are the things we want him to teach us? How can we get help from God? How can we give help to others? Learn to sing the hymn.

HOME WORK

The pupils will thoroughly enjoy the home work. There are five unfinished stories which they are to read and decide how they would finish, both as to what the child did and why. Choose groups from the class. Each will be responsible for getting together to discuss the story assigned them and decide how to dramatize the finished story before the class next week. Following the dramatizations, the class will discuss whether they chose the best possible conclusion. If the Hallowe'en discussion seemed valuable, the rest of the class might be asked to make a list of things which boys could do on that night which would be fun and yet be honest with property.

DRAMATIZATION OF INCIDENTS

Most of the hour can be spent on the discussion because it will be so varied and so full of activity. Begin with a dramatization of the unfinished incidents. Follow each with conversation such as the following: Did this group finish the story in the best way? What might have been a better way, or another way? Why did the boy (or girl) decide this? Is that the best reason he could have had? Try in each case to get a thoroughly Christian motive, not a selfish or temporary one. Perhaps some of the Bible verses read last week can be used to illustrate the point.

Story 3 needs careful discrimination. The woman who tasted of cheese was right because the clerk gave it to her and because she really intended to buy. The others were wrong, even the clerk, because he does not own the store.

Story 4 is intended to raise the whole question of playing "for keeps." Be sure to handle these points through questions and entirely in concrete form as applied to the marble game, though they may be encouraged to ask about its application to other games they play or have seen others play. The object should be, however, not so much to discriminate against certain games as to get certain principles understood and accepted.

This story takes up only one phase—it is not right when one cheats to win. The discussion should lead further into the problem. Is it right to play for a prize when you do not cheat? In the case of a prize for tennis or baseball, when the prize is offered for skill and is offered by an outside person and does not involve taking from a person something he has paid for, it would seem right. However, in this game of marbles as in any form of gambling, the harm comes in three ways,—in taking from another what he has paid for, in giving the player an appetite to keep winning for the sake of possessing, and in providing a powerful temptation to cheat.

If the class is interested in the discussion of some good things to do on Hallowe'en, it would be quite worth while to make

a list on the board as the suggestions made by the pupils are evaluated in the discussion.

Close the discussion by having them sum up the ideas of how important it is for each person to be able to be trusted, and therefore to be always honest. Help them to recognize that it is not always easy, and that then we need to ask God to help us. Direct them in forming a prayer which will be written on the board for later use. It may be somewhat like this:

Dear Father, help me to be always honest in everything I do. I do want to be trusted, because I want to be a Christian. Amen.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Let each child choose one of the five unfinished stories and illustrate it in his notebook with stick pictures. See illustration on page 110. He should write below one sentence which will explain the pictures. Then he may copy the prayer from the board. Usually such a picture may take half the page.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Again make the entire service into a connected whole by making a sentence of comment between each two elements, so that the thoughts of the pupils are being led naturally throughout.

Call to worship.

Hymn—*How strong and sweet.*

Reciting together the description of those who are working with the Father-God to build his kingdom.—*Luke 6:27–35.*

Hymn—to remind us of our desire to work with God—*Thy kingdom come.*

Story—*An experience in being honest.* (Valmar.)

Prayer Song—*God of our friends.*

Closing Prayer—by the teacher or by pupils.

CHAPTER VI

BEING TRUTHFUL AND KEEPING PROMISES

Aim:

TO CONSIDER carefully the importance of telling the truth and keeping promises and to discover their relation to Christian character. The silent or acted lie is considered as well as the spoken lie. It is planned to include only two lessons.

Chapter Outline:

STORY—BEN'S ARITHMETIC PAPER
LESSON DISCUSSION
ORIGINAL STORY PERIOD
NOTEBOOK WORK
WORSHIP SERVICE, WITH STORY—AARON'S LIE
DISCUSSION ON KEEPING PROMISES
STORY—VALMAR KEEPS HIS PROMISE
NOTEBOOK WORK
WORSHIP, WITH STORY—A FRIEND WHO COULD BE TRUSTED

STORY—BEN'S ARITHMETIC PAPER[1]

If you had peeped into the library window of the Smith home on that hot Saturday evening in early June, you would have seen a most unusual sight. At first glance you might have thought you were seeing nothing unusual and said to yourself. "Why, that's only a boy getting his arithmetic lesson for Monday." But when his sister came hurrying down the stairs on her way to join some friends and saw Ben, she stopped and opened her eyes wide in amazement. She would have called out to him but her mother shook her head, so she went on,

[1] Adapted from story by Anna Georgia Paddock, published by Pilgrim Press and used by permission.

saying to herself, "It's pretty late in the year for Ben to begin paying attention to what Dad said to him about his going camping this summer."

For a long time after his sister left, it was very quiet. His mother continued mending in the living-room, and Ben continued studying in the library. The only sounds were Ben's sighs and the crackling of paper when he wadded up the sheets on which he had made mistakes. His mother's wonder grew as the minutes passed. At last at nine-thirty she could stand it no longer. She said something that had never before been said in that family. Many times had Mrs. Smith had occasion to say, "Son, hadn't you better do your studying now?" but now she said, "Son, haven't you studied long enough?"

Ben looked up with a deep sigh and said, "Mother, I have all my examples except the last one. I have worked and worked on that one and I always get the same answer, but it is not the answer the teacher gave us and I've just got to get it. We're reviewing now and she gives us ten examples every day. She has them written out on a mimeograph. In class we report how many we get right, and she writes our grades down in her book and then helps us with the ones we can't get."

"But why must you have all your examples?" asked Mrs. Smith in surprise, for she remembered the many times he had said, "I have all my problems but one or two, and that's good enough."

"You see," explained Ben, "father said I could not go camping this summer unless I kept my average up to eighty in arithmetic, and mowed the lawn regularly, and learned to swim. You know I have been careful about mowing the lawn and last Saturday father and I went swimming. He said I did fine. I thought surely my average in arithmetic was as much as eighty, but when we got home Aunt Mary was here, so I had her figure out my average from my report cards. At first she said I couldn't possibly make it, and then she figured some more and said if I got one hundred every day these last two weeks, I would just about make it. I did get one hundred all last

week, and now if I could only get that last example, I would stand a chance."

"Let me look at your work," said his mother. "No, I don't see any mistakes either. Are you sure you copied it correctly?"

Just then the telephone rang and as she turned to answer it she said, "Go on to bed, Ben, and maybe you can get that example Monday morning when you are rested."

Ben gathered up his work and went wearily to his room. He stood looking out of his window awhile, thinking what fun they would have at camp on nights like this. Was he going to miss all that just because one figure in the tenth example would not come right? It didn't seem fair. Suddenly a thought came to him. He did not believe the teacher looked over the papers now that they were reviewing. Anyway she wrote down their grades right there in class. It was not likely she changed them later. Would he dare? It was not much just to say, "All right" instead of "nine right" and the one hundred would go down in the book. It made him feel queer even to think about doing such a thing, but he kept arguing with himself. "It isn't as if I didn't know how to do that kind of examples, or as if I hadn't tried."

He hadn't decided what he would do, when he fell asleep. He hadn't decided when he went to Sunday School the next morning. Before class all the fellows were talking about camping. Ben, still trying to decide about that tenth example, did not pay much attention to the lesson. The teacher gave each of the boys a reference to look up. Ben's was Psalm 139:4 and he read, "For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Jehovah, thou knowest it altogether." This did not interest him much until Jack, the next boy, read Proverbs 6:16, 17. "There are six things which Jehovah hateth; haughty eyes, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood."

Ben didn't enjoy the rest of the day. He could not think of anything except what he should say the next morning when the teacher asked him how many examples he had. When he went to bed he had not decided, and when he got up he had not decided. Before breakfast he tried the tenth example

again, but got the same result that he had before. He went dejectedly on his way to school. "God knows every word I say," he kept thinking. "God hates liars and murderers," the Bible said. It seemed to Ben as if he could not give up that camping trip, but he thought, "God has been so good to me—I've had so many good times. It wouldn't be fair to hurt him by telling a lie just to get one more good time." Somehow, he could not feel happy whichever way he decided, so he slipped quietly into school.

The time dragged that morning until they were called to arithmetic class. Then the teacher said, "Ben Smith, how many?" And Ben heard a voice that did not sound like his own say, "Nine right." That night Bob said to his father, "I guess I can't go camping, Father. I didn't work hard enough the first of the year, and now I have to get 100 on every lesson. Today I got only 90."

His father looked up sympathetically from his paper. "That's too bad, son," he said. "I'm sorry. I'll make the same offer for next year."

The boy tried to smile, but a lump in his throat made it very difficult. "That's all right, dad. I guess it will make me get to work harder in September next year." But as he turned away, there were two tears that would slide down his cheeks.

On the last day of school Bob came home silently. The boys had talked about camp all the way home. At dinner he was still silent. When the meal was over his father took him aside and said, "I saw your teacher today and asked what your average was. When she told me it was not quite 80 and I told her you were missing a camp trip because of it, she said, 'Then you must have a son that can be trusted, Mr. Smith. For days I took the grades from the reports given me by the pupils, and Ben could have reported more than he had. You can be proud of him for this, at least, and he promises to study harder next year.' I am proud of you, son."

Bob looked at the pride in his father's face and then looked away, happy over his decision. Then his father said, "Though the camping trip is postponed, I have something to suggest.

Once a month all summer I need to send reports of our firm directly to our main office in the city, and to have them checked and returned the same day. I have been thinking that some day you would be old enough to trust with this important errand but I believe you could do it now."

"Oh, yes, dad, you can trust me," cried Bob eagerly.

"You have proved it by doing the right thing when no one would know whether you were square or not," said the father, putting his hand on Bob's shoulder, and together they planned the exciting trip to the city.

LESSON DISCUSSION

Lead the pupils in discussion as to when Ben decided as he did, whether he did wisely, why his father was so proud of him, whether in later years Ben would feel that the reward of being sent to the city brought him as much happiness as the camp would have if he had cheated to go. What would have been the effect on Ben if he had cheated to go, even if no one had ever known? A Christian will then not only be honest, but what else? Why? Suggest that the class read the wise sayings of some men of long ago who had discovered from experience how true this always is. Proverbs 12:19, 22 and Ephesians 4:25. Interpret by questions: What does verse 19 mean? Give some illustration from something you have seen that proves that truth helps more and lasts longer than lies. What does "abomination" mean? We know that God does hate such wrong-doing, for Jesus spoke sternly against the Pharisees because they were people who could not be trusted. God hates the wrong though he loves the person and wants to help him to do right. What does "members one of another" mean? It is because this is true that when anyone of us does wrong, it harms others, but when we can be depended upon to do right, it helps to build a strong and happy community.

A matter that deserves to be carefully thought through is that of the silent or acted lie, for so many children consider that this is not a lie. Introduce the discussion by some incidents from which you can get the frank reaction of the pupils, and

discuss them carefully. Be sure that the children see that in them is the same basis of building a character that cannot be trusted and that this always makes for unhappiness.

1. Two brothers had just gone to bed. Mother had told them to be sure to take their cough medicine. It was bitter medicine, so it was easy to forget to take it. When mother came up she looked in and said, "Boys, did you take your medicine?" One boy said, "Yes, mother," and the other boy was very still. When she was gone, one boy said, "I'm glad I kept still, for I wouldn't tell her a lie." But the other said, "I think it was the same as telling a lie to pretend you were asleep." "Oh, no it wasn't," said the other. What do you think?

2. The teacher was out of the room. The children knew they were to behave just as if she were there, but five or six in one corner began to have a pretty merry time, throwing a bean-bag from one to another. They heard the teacher coming, so when she stepped in the door, they were busily studying. "I was sure I heard a noise," she said. "Will those who were out of order stand?" No one stood. Were those who were out of order untruthful? How will the teacher feel now toward the whole class? How will those who were in order feel toward those who refused to tell? What effect will this have on the school? What would a Christian do?

3. There is a very old-fashioned poem which the children enjoy. Read it to them and let them discuss it briefly. Encourage them, too, to quote any memory gems they may have learned at school that have to do with being honest or being truthful.

REBECCA'S AFTERTHOUGHT

Yesterday Rebecca Mason in the parlour by herself
Broke a handsome china basin placed upon the mantel shelf.
Quite alarmed, she thought of going very quietly away,
Not a single person knowing of her being there that day.
But Rebecca recollected she was taught deceit to shun,
And the moment she reflected, told her mother what was done
Who commended her behaviour, loved her better and forgave her.

ELIZA TURNER.

If the class is ready for it, have a brief discussion on whether

there are times when it is not wise to tell all the truth. An immature fourth grade will not be ready for it, but other classes may. Help them to see that courtesy and kindness may sometimes make it unnecessary for us to tell all that we think or feel in case the truth is not the most important thing. Be sure that this is discussed in the light of concrete instances such as the following:

A little girl has a new dress which makes her very happy. She asks her girl friend if she thinks it pretty, but the friend does not. Shall she tell a lie? Decide that since it would spoil her pleasure in the dress if the friend said something unkind, and since it is not important whether she likes it or not, she can find some nice thing to say about it. She may like the colour or she may admire the buttons.

A boy is visiting in another home. Before dinner he plays with the dog and has fun on the lawn. But after dinner the host suggests a ride. The boy would so much rather stay there and play with the dog, but he knows that it will inconvenience the family, that they would stay at home from their ride if the guest does not want to go. The host says, "Do you want to go?" If he says "yes," in order to be courteous, is he telling a lie? Decide that he shall learn to want to do the thing which is courteous more than he wants to please himself, and then he can truly answer it. The child should distinguish between such cases as this and those in which his companions ask him if he will do a thing or approve of a thing which is really a matter of right and wrong. If for instance, he were asked if he would like to go swimming on a picnic if his mother has told him not to go, it would not be discourteous for him to put obedience to his mother first. Remember that this is a puzzling question and will prove confusing unless the class is mature enough to think it through. It is suggested here because classes vary so much in maturity.

ORIGINAL STORY PERIOD

Use pictures cut from advertisements showing children in various activities, and let the children make original stories

about them, introducing problems of being honest or truthful. Encourage them to have the characters decide to do the right, but make the story show why they decided as they did. This gives the children practice in making decisions. The pictures need not in themselves suggest the problem, for often the best stories are made about pictures that do not—for instance, children playing under a tree, or children looking into a refrigerator.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Copy Eph. 4:25, 28. Leave one line blank and write the sentence—

A Christian in the Kingdom of God is always
honest in all things
truthful in word and act

because he wants to be trusted and knows that we must trust each other.

Story—AARON'S LIE

Aaron was the brother of Moses and priest of the Hebrew people. Now Moses came to Egypt, where the people were being treated so cruelly, and told them that God would help them to escape and to go far away to find a country where they could make their own homes and be happy. Moses needed a helper, so he chose Aaron his brother. And Aaron was with him when they went before the king and when they talked to the people, and at last it was all over and the people were free.

Across the desert sands they travelled, hundreds of them, with their tents and bundles of clothing and sheep. And Aaron was glad to help Moses.

Often quarrels arose among the people and Aaron watched them bring their troubles to Moses, who always listened to the whole story and decided what was right. At last one day as they camped by a tall mountain, Moses said to the people, "You must have some laws to help you know the right from the

wrong. I shall go up on this mountain to be alone and to talk with God. You must camp here until I return."

So they stayed, and after several days Moses came back and spoke to all the people, telling them some great laws which would help them. Then he said, "I must go again, for there are still many things we must know. Camp here until I return, and if you need help, go to Aaron. He will take care of you." Then he climbed again up the mountain side so high that they could not see where he was.

Aaron was proud to be the leader of the people. He was sure that he could do anything that was needed. But the days went on and on, and Moses did not return. At last the people were frightened. They came to Aaron and said, "What shall we do if Moses does not come back? We shall die here in the desert, and it will be worse than if we had stayed in Egypt." Aaron comforted them by telling them that Moses would surely come soon, so they returned to their tents.

But the days went on and still he did not come. Even Aaron was frightened now. What if Moses did not come? He would not know how to lead the people into a new land, and he could not take them back to Egypt. They would all surely die. It seemed as if the God they had been worshipping had gone away and was not helping them any longer.

That very day the people came again to Aaron and said, "We know not what has become of Moses. He and the God he taught us to worship are not helping us. Perhaps if we could worship the gods of the Egyptians, they would help us. Let us make a great golden calf such as our masters worshipped there, and perhaps the calf will show us what to do."

Aaron knew that the God they had worshipped was the one who had helped them in all their troubles, but now he felt very much alone and very helpless. So he said, "Give me all your gold bracelets and necklaces, and we will melt them up and make a god like the god of the Egyptians." So the people, the hundreds of people, took their gold ornaments and gave them to Aaron. And he built a great fire and melted the gold and

out of it he made a great calf such as they had seen in Egypt.

Then the people began singing and dancing as they had seen the people of Egypt do. They began doing many things which they knew Moses had taught them not to do. And Aaron let them do these things, though he felt very uncomfortable about it. One day as they were in the midst of it, someone pointed to the mountainside and shouted, and the people looked up and saw Moses. And the face of Moses was filled with anger as he thought how these people had so soon forgotten the God who had been helping them.

Aaron was more frightened than ever now. He knew that the people were doing wrong because he had allowed them to do it. He knew that he had made the golden calf. He knew that Moses had often told them that every wrong act would be punished, and he was afraid.

Then Moses came down and said to Aaron, "I left you in charge of these people. See now what you have done. They have sinned and done wrong. Did you tell the people to build this calf? Did you lead them in worshipping it?" And Aaron looked down to the ground, for he could not answer Moses, and he said, "The people wanted to do it and I could not stop them. So I told them to give me their gold and I put it into the fire and there came out this calf."

Moses looked at his brother scornfully because of the lie that he had told. "You have all sinned and you must all suffer. You must ask God to forgive you, and must bear whatever punishment comes."

And Aaron asked God to forgive him, for he saw that if he was to be the priest of the people, he must stand firmly and be worthy of trust.

Comment briefly on the bravery that is needed to tell the truth, for often it is because a child is frightened that he tells a lie. If we are building a Christian character, we shall choose to be brave to acknowledge a wrong that we have done rather than to be weak and tell a lie about it.

Have this prayer read by the children from the board, closing with prayer by the teacher, using the same thought.

Keep thou the door of my lips, O Lord,[2]
For this I ask today,
Let me be brave to speak the truth
In all the words I say.

DISCUSSION ON KEEPING PROMISES

Discuss the following situation: The teacher had asked the class if anyone had a book containing a certain poem. Frederick said he had. The teacher asked if he would bring it to school not later than Wednesday morning, and he promised he would. The next day he forgot it, and one Tuesday after school he asked his mother about it. She reminded him that he had loaned it to a friend who lived across the city and he would have to go over and get it. He had planned to play ball with his friends that afternoon. They were going to let him be pitcher. He had to choose between getting the book and playing with them. He tried to think it out. Perhaps the teacher wouldn't use the book the next day or perhaps she had found a copy somewhere else. His friends were expecting him. What should he do?

Ask what the pupils would do and why. Suppose she found that she couldn't use the book the next day, would that make any difference? Should he wish then that he had played ball? What will the teacher always know about Frederick? If everyone could be trusted to keep a promise, what difference would it make in the way we live together?

Two other incidents are given for discussion.

Bessie, a fourth grade girl, had promised to play with two little children on Friday after school. But just as they started to play, a girl chum, who used to be her best friend but had moved away from the neighbourhood, came running by. "Come over to my aunt's and see my new books," she called. "I am

[2] By Effie C. Hill. Published in *Melodies* by Leyda Publishing Company and used by permission.

here just for today, so we can play together for awhile." Bessie looked at the little children. "Would you mind if I played with you tomorrow instead of today?" she asked. They looked disappointed. "You promised to show us how to make hollyhock dolls," they said. Tomorrow seemed a long way off. Bessie could not give up her old chum. What could she do?

Help the class to think of things she might do. The two older girls might start the little ones at a game and then look at their books. They might decide to have fun playing with the little ones. What would the little ones think if Bessie did not play with them?

A Sunday School teacher asked how many of her pupils could come to church on Thursday after school to help decorate for the department party. Only three girls could come, and Nettie was one of them. She loved to decorate. But on Thursday just before school was dismissed the principal sent a note to each room saying that at three o'clock a special educational movie would be shown lasting until four, and that she wanted every pupil who possibly could to stay throughout because the subject of the picture would be used for that week's language work. Nettie tried to think what was best. What are some of the things she might do? Which is the best for a Christian to do?

The class may suggest that she might telephone the teacher and ask if she could get along without her. If she could not get her, she has an obligation to be there. Why?

Make the assignment of home work, discussing the writing of the original story, and announce that several will be read in a review lesson soon.

Story—VALMAR KEEPS HIS PROMISE

NOTEBOOK WORK

Let the children draw with crayola the picture of the story of Valmar. It may cover half the page. Underneath have them write in their own words two sentences, such as: Valmar

kept his promise to the little girl. He was glad she could trust him.

On the previous page add to the list started last week the phrase, "to be depended on in keeping his promises."

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship.
Hymn—*Thy kingdom come.*
Bible verses—read in concert the two from the notebooks.
Story—*The friend who could be trusted.*
Hymn—sung as a prayer—*God of our friends.*
Prayer by the teacher.

STORY—THE FRIEND WHO COULD BE TRUSTED

In the land of Greece many centuries ago there lived a king, Dionysius, who was so cruel that everyone called him a tyrant. A young man named Pythias had done something which the tyrant did not like. For this offense he was dragged to prison, and a day was set when he should be put to death. His home was far away, and he wanted very much to see his father and mother and friends before he died.

"Only give me leave to go home and say good-bye to those whom I love," he said, "and then I will come back and give up my life."

The tyrant laughed at him.

"How can I know that you will keep your promise?" he said. "You only want to cheat me and save yourself."

Then a young man whose name was Damon spoke and said:

"Oh king! put me in prison in place of my friend Pythias, and let him go to his own country to put his affairs in order and to bid his friends farewell. I know that he will come back as he promised, for he is a man who has never broken his word. But if he is not here on the day which you have set, then I will die in his place."

The tyrant was surprised that anybody should make such an

offer. He at last agreed to let Pythias go and gave orders that the young man Damon should be shut up in prison.

Time passed, and by and by the day drew near which had been set for Pythias to die, and he had not come back. The tyrant ordered the jailer to keep close watch upon Damon, and not to let him escape. But Damon did not try to escape. He still had faith in the truth and honor of his friend. He said, "If Pythias does not come back in time, it will not be his fault. It will be because he is hindered against his will."

At last the day came, and the very hour. Damon was ready to die. His trust in his friend was as firm as ever; and he said that he did not grieve at having to suffer for one whom he loved so much.

Then the jailer came to lead him to his death; but at the same moment Pythias stood in the door. He had been delayed by storms and shipwreck, and he had feared that he was too late. He greeted Damon kindly, and then gave himself into the hands of the jailer. He was glad that he had come in time, even though it was at the last moment.

The tyrant was not so bad but that he could see good in others. "Any man who will keep his word as faithfully as that ought to be free," he said. And he set the two young men free. And the story has been told ever since because of one man whose word could be trusted and another who knew that he could depend on his friend.

CHAPTER VII

CHOOSING TO DO THE RIGHT AND REVIEW LESSON

Aim:

TO GIVE the class inspiration for and practice in making decisions to do what they know is right when parent, teacher or other authority is not there to advise or compel. This chapter covers two lessons, the second being a review of the entire theme.

Chapter Outline:

STORY—DANIEL CHOOSING THE RIGHT
DISCUSSION WITH SITUATIONS
INTERPRETATION OF HYMN—DARE TO BE BRAVE
NOTEBOOK WORK
HOME WORK
DRAMATIZATION
REVIEW CONVERSATION
TEST
WORSHIP SERVICE WITH STORY—JIMMY STANDBY
NOTEBOOK WORK

STORY—DANIEL CHOOSING THE RIGHT[1]

Hundreds of years ago, in the city of Jerusalem, there lived a boy named Daniel. Now Daniel lived in a beautiful palace, for his father was a prince in the kingdom. He had some boy friends, too, who lived in palaces near his home, and whose

[1] Adapted from two stories written by Charlotte Anderson and Marcille Early in a class on Story-Telling at the Grace A. Greene Normal School, Dayton, with Miss Carrier as teacher.

fathers were also princes and nobles. Every morning the boys studied with their teacher. They learned to read and write. They learned the history of their country, and the stories of their beautiful city. At home and at school they learned to eat simple, plain food, drink clear water, and exercise their bodies so that they might become strong young men. They were eager to grow wise and strong, for one day their teacher had said to them, "Our country is very small. Some day enemies may come to conquer us, and then we shall need brave and strong young men."

On the Sabbath day and on holidays the boys loved to go to the great temple of God and worship there. As they walked through the great rooms and halls and porches with the hundreds of worshipping people, Daniel would say to his friends, "We must study hard and make ourselves strong, so that some day we may work for God and our country."

One day a sad thing happened. The king from another country came with his soldiers to Jerusalem and fought against it. Daniel's people tried to defend their homes, but they were not strong enough. There was a long battle and many of the princes were killed. At last the king captured the city. Then he said to his soldiers, "Go into the temple and take the golden dishes and candlesticks. Take from the palaces of the princes some strong young boys."

And so it was that Daniel and many other boys were taken by the soldiers on a long weary journey to the far-away land of Babylon. Three of Daniel's own best friends were in the group, so these four boys stayed together. When they came to Babylon they were taken to the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, the king. They were given beautiful rooms with floors of marble and furniture of gold. Beautiful silken hangings covered the walls. The next morning they were called together, and an officer of the king came to speak to them, for the king had given him the important task of caring for these princes from another land. When they were before him he said, "Young men, you have been brought to the palace because you are of the noble families of Jerusalem. The king will choose those of you who

shall live here with him. For three years you shall prepare for that choice. Then the king will select those who are the strongest, the fairest, and the wisest."

The next day the training for the king's choice began. The finest teachers in Babylon came to teach Daniel and all of the other boys of the wisdom of the land. Other teachers taught them how they might be strong, how to run swiftly, hurl a disc great distances, and shoot their arrows farther than they had ever shot them before. So Daniel and the boys were not unhappy, though sometimes they grew homesick for their beautiful Jerusalem and its great temple and palaces.

At dinner they gathered around a long table on which was heaped the richest of foods, meats, and wines—food from the king's own table. These foods looked good to the boys. It seemed to them as if they had never had as many sweets as they would like. But as Daniel thought it over he said to his three friends, "We were taught what foods are best for us. Let us not eat these things which the king has sent."

"But," said one of the boys, "we cannot refuse to eat this food. It would make the king very angry. This is what he thinks is good for us, so let us eat it."

"We were taught in our temple not to eat these meats and in our homes not to drink wine," replied Daniel. "We shall not be serving God and honouring our parents if we break their commands because we are so far from home."

"That is true," said another boy, "but the king is our ruler. We will have to do what he tells us."

Daniel lifted his head proudly. "I have decided that no one shall make me do what I think is wrong, no matter where I live. I shall speak to the king's officer about it. If you will stand with me, declare yourselves."

Then the boys answered Daniel and said, "We will be with you in standing for the right."

So Daniel spoke to the king's officer and said, "Oh listen to our request and take it to the king. For in our own land we were taught what we should eat that we might have strong bodies. We would honour our God and our parents even in this far-off

land. Therefore, we ask that thou wilt bring us the food we were taught to eat, that we may do what is right."

But the man replied, "I cannot ask this of the king, for I fear that he will be angry. He is sending the food which he thinks will make you strong, and if you should not become strong he will blame me."

Then Daniel said, "Let us try our own food for ten days. At least that would be a fair trial. And then thou canst look upon us and try us out, and if we are not as strong as the other boys from our land who eat of the king's food, then we will say no more."

"Yea," said the three friends of Daniel, "let us try for ten days," and the man agreed.

At the end of the time the king's officer came into the room where all the boys were studying. He called Daniel and his three friends to him. All of the other boys stood by their chairs. Their teacher said these four boys were doing better work in their lessons than all the rest. Then the king's officer saw that Daniel and the three princes stood straighter than the others. Their eyes were brighter and their faces fairer. So he said to them, "Your plan is the best. You and your three friends may eat vegetables and drink water for the three years."

The days and months and years went by, and the boys had grown to be strong, wise young men, who had finished the studies which the king had planned for them. Then one day an order went out from the king. "Bring all the young men from Jerusalem before me," he said, "and I will try them. Those who are strongest and wisest shall be chosen to be rulers over a part of my land and to share my work."

The boys anxiously awaited the day when they should appear before the great king. At last the day came. Each of the boys had beautiful new clothes. They marched through long halls to the magnificent throne room, Daniel and his friends marching straighter and with a firmer step than any of the rest. King Nebuchadnezzar was seated on a golden throne, surrounded by his guards dressed in silver armour. Many tapers burned in shining brass standards. They cast a golden light on the purple

silken hangings. The soldiers made a path for the boys as they marched in. They bowed low before the king and stood at attention. The wise men of Babylon came forward and asked them many deep questions. Always Daniel and his three friends answered first. Often the other boys could not answer at all. Then the king and his guards and all of the boys went into the great court. There were contests in running, disc throwing, shooting and hurdling. Always Daniel and the three princes stood first.

At last the king was ready to choose those who were to live with him. He pointed with his sceptre to Daniel and his three friends and said, "I shall choose these four young men because they are the strongest, wisest, and fairest."

And Daniel said to his friends, "I was sure that if we would do what is right, God would be with us, as he was in this matter. We shall not be sorry that we stood for the right."

DISCUSSION

Be very careful not to give this lesson merely the emphasis of choosing proper foods. It has a far greater purpose; it should help the child to be strong enough to choose the right when there is no one to command, advise or reprove him. That is one of the great tests of Christian character.

Ask questions about the story of Daniel. Why did he insist on the plain food when the other would have been more pleasant? Why did he feel it to be right? Why was it harder to make the choice in Babylonia than it would have been in his own country? Do you know anything about Daniel's later life that tells you whether he was strong?

Introduce some situations for discussion:

1. Bobby was spending a week with his cousins in another city. Every day they had such good times playing together. When Sunday came the cousin suggested that they spend the afternoon at a good movie. Now Bobbie had lived always in a home that felt that amusements like the movie belong to other days in the week, and they spent Sunday together in very happy

but quiet ways. Bobby was afraid it would be discourteous to change their plans, but he felt he would be much happier not to go. He wanted to keep his Sunday worshipful. He thought of several plans. What were they and which was best?

The class may suggest that he went with them to the movie, or that he urged them to go and leave him at home to read a book he liked, or that he suggested a quiet walk in the woods or one of the Sunday occupations he was used to. Put these ideas on the board and discuss which is best.

2. It had been raining all morning and yet the children were eager for an outdoor recess. There was a rule that on rainy days they must have indoor recess because of their bringing in mud from the playground. On this day the teacher was called from the room ten minutes before recess, and when the bell rang an older pupil came and dismissed them. When they reached the basement they looked anxiously outdoors. It was not raining. They fell into an argument as to whether it was right for them to take an outdoor recess. Some said that the rule was only for rainy days, and, since the rain had stopped, they should go out. Others said that the rule was made because of the mud, so it would be all right for them to go out if they stayed on the sidewalk. Others said that some children would be sure to get off the walk, and that since it was a muddy day, they felt the teacher would have told them not to go out. What should a Christian have done and why?

Let the children ask questions or tell incidents from their own or others' lives which suggest problems of this kind. Often they have to make decisions in which they should follow the spirit rather than the letter of a command. They will be able to bring up several such puzzling problems.

Hymn—DARE TO BE BRAVE

Take up the hymn on page 175 and interpret somewhat like this:

Sometimes you hear a boy say, "I dare you to fight—you're afraid to fight." When someone has made you very angry, is

it hard to fight? What takes more courage? Isn't it strange that some people think that only weak people are good, when it takes more strength to do the fine, strong things than to do the wrong or silly things?

When one really does want to do what is right and does not feel strong enough, what are some of the things that will help? Praying to the Father is one thing. Singing about the right is another. Did you ever hear of a boy whistling to keep his courage up? Perhaps a song about being brave to do right will help you sometime.

What does "strive" mean? Why are we to work for the right? What is the only thing to be afraid of? What does "quails" mean? "grace"? How does God's strength "never fail"? What would you need to be like if the oppressed would find in you a strong friend? Why does it call you a soldier? How do you fight against wrong? What kind of music would this hymn have?

NOTEBOOK WORK

Draw a picture of the story of Daniel showing the king's officer bringing the food to the boys. In another scene show Daniel and the friends standing before the king on the throne. This may be done in stick figures or in simple robed figures. Write two or three sentences underneath which explain the picture and bring out the point, such as:

Daniel chose to do what he knew was right, even though he was far away from home. By eating the food he had been taught to eat and by always doing the right, he became a great leader in the kingdom.

Below this write another sentence that has been formulated by the class, such as—

One who wants to be a Christian will always
keep his promises
choose to do the right when not watched
because all members of God's kingdom can be trusted.

Call in the stories which may be read for the next lesson.

HOME WORK

For the first week, motivate the memorizing of the prayer hymn and have them read the story of *Scotch Granite* for appreciation only. The second week's work is looking up the three references and making the motto or chart.

DRAMATIZATION

Choose characters for the story and play it through, being sure that in the conversation there are all the comments that give us the reasons for action. At the conclusion, be sure that the emphasis of the story is made. If there is time, this dramatization will bear further work, trying several children in each part and eventually working it up for public presentation.

REVIEW CONVERSATION

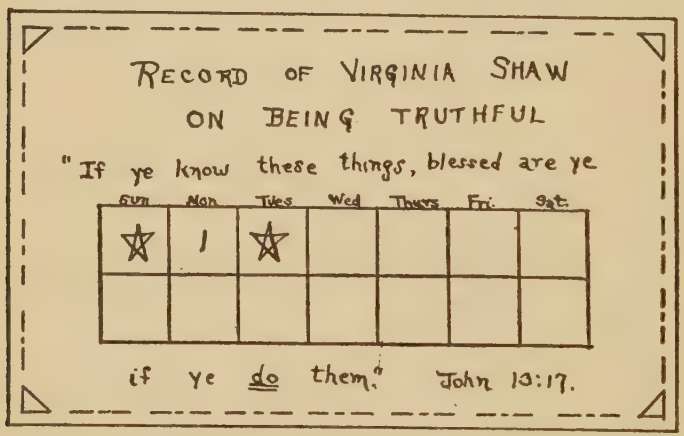
Have a rather careful review of the main points of the first four chapters. Be sure that they have a rather concrete idea of things which Jesus did, a clear conception of the discussion on what God is like, and a definite idea of what we mean by the Kingdom of God on earth and Christian character.

Choose six or eight of the original stories written by the pupils and have them read. Let the class comment in a kind way on them, telling other ways in which each might have been finished or the thing they liked best about each.

Recall by means of the lesson stories, of the situations discussed, or of the pictures that have been used, the four concrete ways of living which we have studied. Strengthen the motive of our being trusted and being able to trust each other in order that all may be Christians, living together in the finest way. Throughout the conversation weave in the memory work and have it recited in concert. This conversation can be really interesting to the class if it is well-planned, using their interests and responses and yet arriving at conclusions by means of the materials that have been made meaningful in these past weeks.

Suggest that this study will be most helpful to each pupil if he will think over his own experience and decide in what way

or place it is most difficult for him to be worthy of trust—whether in telling the truth, in being honest, in keeping promises, in choosing to do the right when alone; whether at home or school or play. Have a moment of silent thought with heads on tables, and suggest that each make a resolution that for one week he will try hard every day to improve in that one thing. If the class is really interested, suggest that each may make a chart at home to be hung in his own room. This may provide a place for checking at the end of each day their progress on the problem. Sketch such a chart on the board. The pupil's book suggests a motto or chart, but make the assignment clear at the time.



Close by showing Zimmerman's picture of *Christ and the fishermen,* and reading together *Far away in old Judea,* reminding us of the beautiful life that Jesus lived and the things he taught.

TEST

This test is designed to help the pupil test himself on his understanding of the first two themes. Have it mimeographed if possible. We have found the best method for the fourth grade to be as follows: Read to the class the first question

and give a moment for writing the answer. Because it is so easy to see a neighbour's answer, they should help to minimize the temptation by placing their papers so that they are not easily seen.

Before reading the second question, be sure that all pencils are lifted and all eyes following the question. This is as necessary as in giving mental tests, so that no one gets behind and loses a question.

Either collect the pencils and discuss the answers or have the papers exchanged and discussed. The first is probably better because some of the sentences express opinion rather than fact. Or if the time is short, collect and grade, with comments on mistakes. Return the papers the next week and have a little discussion of each question at the time. This discussion is quite important in order that the wrong answers will not become fixed in the child's mind.

1. Why is it important to make a study of the best ways of living?
2. Name two or three things that Jesus did that made his life so beautiful.
3. What did Jesus say that God is like?
4. Name two ways that God feels toward people who do wrong.
5. What do we mean when we pray, "Thy kingdom come on earth"?
6. Finish this sentence in the best way. Virginia says, "I try always to keep my promises because——"
7. Alice was on the way to the grocery to buy butter for her mother. Grace met her and said, "I know a grocery where butter is cheaper than where you go. Buy it there and you will have some pennies left for candy. Your mother won't care." What should Alice do? Why?
8. John's teacher gave him a letter to mail. On the way to the mail box he lost it. What should he do? Check the best answer.

   Not say anything about it?
   Tell the teacher he lost it?
   Stay out of school that day?
   When the teacher thanks him, act as if he did not hear?

9. Why does God want us to be the kind of people who can be trusted?

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship.

Hymn—*Thy kingdom come.*

Story—*Jimmy Standby.*

Poem—*A gentleman.*[2] Speak of the highest ideal which a boy or girl can have for his character. Some speak of it as being a Christian, others, who are thinking of the old days of knights, call it being a real gentleman or a real lady fair. This poem was written by a man who loves children, to help them think what they would like to be. Interpret the phrases "better than his bond" and "modest in accomplishment." Spend little time on interpretation, however, as a delicate treatment will give them the beauty of the poem more than a detailed one.

Hymn—*Dare to be brave.* The only way in which we can grow into a beautiful Christian character, a real gentleman or lady, is to ask God every day to help us in being our best.

Prayers by the teacher or by the pupils.

STORY—JIMMY STANDBY[3]

It was a bitter cold day, and the sun was already fast sinking over the frozen plains of Labrador when Jimmy started out on a run to the low building which served as a hospital for miles and miles around.

"I wonder if he'll come," said Jimmy to himself. "He's always so busy." But when Dr. Grenfell heard Jimmy's message he did come, and it was not many days before Jimmy's sick mother was getting better again.

How Jimmy loved the kind-hearted doctor! And how he wished he could always stay there in the hospital and work near him! At last he summoned enough courage to ask about it.

"But what can you do, Jimmy?" said Dr. Grenfell. "You

[2] Found in John Martin's "Prayers for Little Men and Women."
[3] Told by Charlotte C. Jones from memory and used by permission.

are so young to be working. I do need somebody to drive my dog team when I go out to visit the sick, but I'm afraid that would have to be a man; the dogs are pretty strong, you know."

"Oh, but I can drive four dogs now!" replied Jimmy proudly, "and I'll soon be able to drive six. I'll try so hard, if you'll only give me a chance."

"Well, I've a good mind to try you anyway," said the doctor at last. "But you'll have to stand by, Jimmy; you'll have to stand by. We have some pretty close calls at times."

"I'll do my best, sir," replied Jimmy, "and whatever happens, I'll stand by."

So that is the way Jimmy first came to work for Dr. Grenfell, and to be sure, he tried so hard that it was not long before the doctor felt he could depend upon Jimmy more than any of the others who worked for him. One day they were returning from a trip over the snow, when Dr. Grenfell caught sight of tracks in the snow.

"It must be a moose, Jimmy," he explained. "Here, you stay by the sled while I take my gun over that ridge and see if I can't get him."

The doctor was soon out of sight, and Jimmy settled himself on the sled to wait for him to come back. He waited, and waited, but not a sign of Dr. Grenfell did he see. It was growing dark now and the dogs were becoming restless.

"They must be hungry," thought Jimmy.

So he took out some of the meat stored on the back of the sled and gave each one as much as he dared. They snapped at it ravenously, for after all they were half-wolf and grew very savage when they were hungry. Then Jimmy wrapped himself up on the sled again and waited. Why didn't Dr. Grenfell come back? Surely something must have happened or he would have been here long before this!

All night long Jimmy watched, speaking to the dogs to keep them quiet and rubbing his hands together to keep them from freezing. Should he give up and go back to the hospital? But no, he had promised the doctor he would stay by him, no matter what happened, and perhaps even now he was on his way back

to the sled. He again fed the dogs. But soon the meat was all gone and they were still hungry. Then taking off his heavy leather boots, he cut them in pieces and threw the pieces to the snarling animals. At last it was morning, but still no one came. Jimmy was too numb to move now, and he was just making up his mind he would have to freeze to death there, when suddenly he heard a faint "halloo" away off in the distance. He tried to answer, but was so hoarse he could scarcely utter a sound. What if they passed right by without knowing he was there at all? The thought was too terrifying. Summoning all his remaining strength, he managed to utter a feeble call. He wondered how far off they were, and if it were possible that they could hear him. There was silence for a moment, then the sound of voices came from just over the hill and sounded very near. Yes, they were actually coming toward him; they had heard, after all!

In no time he was back again at the hospital, where he found that the doctor had been lost in the snow until at last men from his hospital had searched for him. As soon as they had found Dr. Grenfell he told them where Jimmy was.

"Well, my boy," said the doctor when they were together again, "you kept your word all right; you certainly did stand by."

And if you should go to visit that hospital at Labrador today you would still find Jimmy working with Dr. Grenfell as his right-hand man. Only they don't call him just Jimmy now. For everybody for miles around thinks of him proudly as their own village boy, "Jimmy Stand-by," whose help means so much to the great doctor, because he had learned to stand by him.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Give the children crayolas with which to draw a picture of the story. Underneath the picture have them write a sentence about how Jimmy Standby could always be trusted. Have them copy either John 13:17 or Jas. 1:22.

Suggest that they also read in the pupil's book, chapter 8, the story of Little Trot.

LEARNING TO LOVE AND WORSHIP GOD

FIVE LESSONS

CHAPTER VIII

TALKING WITH GOD THE FATHER

Aim:

TO HELP the children to understand some of the spiritual laws connected with prayer; to make prayer natural and desirable to them; and to arouse the desire for a regular habit of prayer. This chapter is planned for two lessons.

Chapter Outline:

DISCUSSION ON PRAYER
STORY—MARY JANE'S VICTORY
DISCUSSION ON GOD'S ANSWERS
HYMN STUDY
MAKING A BOOK OF PRAYERS
INTERPRETATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER WITH PICTURES
HYMN PERIOD
WORSHIP STORY

DISCUSSION ON PRAYER

Since many of the pupils may come from homes where there is no prayer and where the bedtime verse is all that they know, the matter of prayer cannot be taken for granted. One teacher found it helpful to talk about a family who lived together, ate at the same table, slept in adjoining rooms, yet never talked to each other. They loved each other, but never spoke. When the children smiled at the strangeness of it, she helped them see how strange it is that although we cannot see God as they could see each other, we do not take time to talk often and

naturally with him, since we say that we love him and expect him to love and care for us.

Ask what are some of the times when we may pray often or regularly, and make a list on the board. As each is suggested, have a brief discussion, using pictures, poems, and other materials. The list may include:

1. Bedtime. Use the picture *Now I lay me,* by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Hang the pictures on the screen after using, so that they provide an atmosphere of worship. What are some of the things it is good to pray about at bedtime? They will mention several things, but stress thanking God for all he has done for us and given to us, and asking his forgiveness for the wrong things we have done. The class will enjoy learning a new bedtime prayer that is more wholesome than the old one.

God our Father, now I thank thee
For the gladness of today,
For my health and all my blessings,
For my home and school and play.
Please forgive if I've been careless,
Help me find a better way
To live helpfully to-morrow
And to learn just how to pray. Amen.

BLANCHE CARRIER.

2. Mealtime. Use one of the Jessie Wilcox Smith pictures of *Grace at meals.* When we look at the food, in what way do we think of God giving it to us? When we think of fields and trees full of food, of farmers and grocers and fathers working, we see God helping us all. The class will want to read together a table prayer.

Father of all, to thee we bring[1]
Our loving thanks this day,
For home and food and all good things,
O bless us, Lord, we pray.

[1] Author of words unknown to writers.

3. Morning. Use the Taylor picture, *I will lift up mine eyes.* Remind them of Ps. 121, which they learned, and imagine that this mother and child have gone up on the housetop in the morning to pray. Think what a lovely time the morning is to talk to God. What kind of things would we want to be sure to talk about then? We shall be thinking about the lovely fresh day and all that we may do and be. We shall want to be asking God to help us make the day our very best, a day in which we are truly Christian in every way.

4. Any time, anywhere. Use Millet's picture, *The Angelus.* Let the children tell why the people are praying and what they are probably saying. Read the following poem and then let them make a list of other places and times when we may want to pray.

I need not wait for special times[2]
To speak to God in prayer,
Nor do I always have to kneel
To feel that he is there.
No matter what the time or place,
I only need to see
That God with all His perfect love
Is here to care for me.

JOHN MARTIN.

The list will include: at school, at play, alone—whenever we need God's help, or want to tell him how happy or how thankful we are, or need to ask his forgiveness.

Suggest that it is especially lovely when a whole family prays together. Some do this at the close of the morning or evening meal, some at bedtime. If the pupils can have any influence in getting the family to start this habit, it will be greatly worth while. They can see that it helps the family to live together in the Christian spirit. If they do not have table grace and want to begin using one, urge the children to suggest that either the family say the prayer together or the various members take

[2] From *Prayers for Little Men and Women,* and used by permission of John Martin's Bookhouse.

turns in leading, since this so often degenerates into showing off the children or giving them the impression that it is a habit only for a child.

Story—MARY JANE'S VICTORY[3]

It was cotton-picking season in a little village in southern Alabama. The fields, stretching in all directions, were snowy white, dotted here and there with pretty pink and yellow blossoms. The sun was shining so brightly it seemed to make the coloured people very happy, for they were singing merrily as they worked up and down the rows picking the white balls and putting them into great bags.

One little child in a faded homespun dress looked very unhappy, and often her ragged sleeve was drawn across her eyes to wipe away the tears, "Almost noon, and I haven't even picked twenty-five pounds yet," she said in startled tones. "Mary Jane," called her mother from across the field. "Come, eat your lunch." Mary Jane reluctantly left her place in the field and joined her mother. The tin bucket containing her lunch was opened. Ordinarily its contents would have brought a gleam of delight to Mary Jane's eyes, but to-day she did not even smile. She ate hurriedly and as soon as she was through said, "Let me go now, please, mother, I've eaten plenty. I must pick a hundred pounds so I can earn forty cents."

The truth of the matter was this. Mary Jane was trying to earn enough money to buy a dress. The next day would be Sunday and Mary Jane had nothing to wear to Sunday School, for yesterday a terrible thing had happened. Her best dress, the only one fit to wear to Sunday School, had been washed and hung on the line to dry. But Spottie, their little black and white puppy, had pulled the dress from the line and made short work of it. Her mother was so poor that there was no way by which Mary Jane might have a new dress except to earn it herself. Sally Smith, a little neighbour girl, had a dress which

[3] Adapted from story by Edith Taylor, published in *Everyland Magazine*, Sept., 1927, and used by permission.

she had outgrown. She offered to sell it to Mary Jane for forty cents, which was just what the owner of the field paid for picking a hundred pounds of cotton. Many of Mary Jane's little friends could easily have picked a hundred pounds in a day. But Mary Jane had not been in the fields before that year and to her it was a hard task.

Shadows were beginning to fall as she emptied her last bag of cotton. She looked at the pile before her, and the tears which had been waiting to fall all day began to trickle down her cheeks. She realized that she had not picked the one hundred pounds. She looked quickly around her. Many of the pickers were already leaving the field, but Caroline, the little girl near her and the best picker in the field, kept at her work. Winking back her tears, Mary Jane looked at Caroline's pile and then at her own. Caroline's pile was so much higher. Mary Jane drew a great sigh. Then a sudden thought came to her. "I might change some of Caroline's cotton to my own pile," thought Mary Jane. "She will never know, for I can take it from different places." She stooped over, her heart beating fast. Suppose Caroline should come up suddenly. No, she was still picking. Mary Jane could hear her singing.

Then another question came to her—her heart almost stopped beating. "This isn't mine. It would be stealing if I took it. Stealing!"

"Oh," she said, "suppose I had done it." With a little cry, she dropped on her knees. "Oh God," she prayed. "I nearly stole, and I'm afraid I will do it yet if you don't help me. Please make me strong enough to leave the cotton alone until Caroline comes back. Amen."

"Mary Jane!" It was Caroline's voice so near that Mary Jane jumped up afraid. Suppose Caroline had heard the prayer. But Caroline only said, "I just wanted to see how much you have." "I'm afraid I haven't a hundred pounds," she said wearily. Caroline looked at her for a minute. Then a queer look came into her face. "Run and see if your mother is ready," she said. "I'll tie your bundle for you." Mary Jane obeyed, and soon the three were on their way to the platform

where the scales were. Mary Jane's cotton was weighed last. She stood by watching, first with hope, then with anxiety on her face. She could scarcely believe her ears had heard rightly, for the man was saying, "One hundred pounds exactly," as he put forty cents in her hand. Mary Jane's eyes sparkled and her voice trembled with happiness as she said, "Oh, Mother, I can have the dress—I can go to Sunday School to-morrow."

As they disappeared into the night Caroline said softly to herself, "I'm awfully glad I did it."

DISCUSSION ON GOD'S ANSWERS

One of the most difficult phases of prayer is our understanding of the answer. This discussion will suggest several questions which are common to children, but the teacher should be sure to encourage the pupils to bring in their own questions on the matter. All of these discussions are most valuable only if they really touch the problems in the lives of the class members.

Discuss the story of Mary Jane. When she found it very hard to do what she knew was right, what did she do? How did God answer her prayer? Does God always give us the strength we need—I know a girl who prayed every day that God would take away her temper and she found that she still got angry just as easily. What was the matter? Help the class to see that we must work hard to help God answer our prayers and that perhaps this girl was not determined enough to make her stop the first angry word. God can help us but he cannot do it alone.

Suppose that a person does not know what is right but wants to do right. If he prays asking God to help him decide or choose wisely, does God answer? Lead the class in thinking over some of the stories we have had, to discover the answer. How did he help Jacob in his tent that night, Daniel when he felt he should not eat the king's food, Valmar when he stole his breakfast? So he helps us often by using our minds to make us think of the best thing to do.

Mary Jane was praying for a dress. Did she have a right to

ask God for that? Through the discussion, help the pupils to discover that God is interested in our physical needs. However, if a child who had several dresses wanted a new one because all her friends had new ones, it would be a selfish prayer. Why would God not want us to be selfish and think only of how many nice things we have? Use the incident from the childhood of Jane Addams. She had a new red cloak which she had planned to wear to Sunday School. When she came to the door to join her father, he looked at it gravely and said, "It is a very pretty coat, but you will not want to wear it this morning. Some little girl who was happy to be at church might be unhappy if she saw your new cloak."

But Mary Jane was in need of a dress. Suppose she had prayed that God send her a dress and she was willing to do her share of working for it. We believe, then, that God would help her. How did God help to get her a dress? Let the class discover that when we have done our best, God sends help just as he does when we need strength to do the right or wisdom to decide the right. Often he puts the thought of helping us into the mind of someone else who loves him, and so he has answered our prayer. Have a pupil retell the story about Trot from the pupil's book and discuss it to bring out God's interest in our real needs, his answer by having someone else think to help us, and our need of trying to help God answer the prayers of others by helping them.

Continue the discussion by taking up any question which the children have about prayers. They will be quite different in each class.

Have the children turn to Matt. 7:7-11 and discuss it briefly. Help the children to see that the first part tells us that God is eager to give us what we need. Why does he want us to ask for it? Why does he not give without our asking? Of course, we shall appreciate and use in a better way what we have asked for and worked for. But we must be careful not to ask for a thing unless we think it is really best for us. What makes us know that God wants to give us what is best? This is such a beautiful thing to remember about God that we shall want

to learn it. Suggest that it be learned at home this week. Close the discussion by using the following poem:

The Lord is ever near,[4]
He bids his children pray;
While they are speaking he will hear,
And bless them day by day.

Our Father's love is sure
And very wise his care;
He gives us what he knows is best,
And hears our every prayer.

Author ANONYMOUS.

HYMN STUDY

Suggest the reading of several hymns of prayer or about prayer. Recall the two prayer hymns we have used this year and see what each asks. Read the following hymns for comment:

Hymn 34, *Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him.* Use the Taylor picture *When I consider thy heavens.* Before turning to the hymn build up a sense of wonder over the beauty and vastness of the worlds God made. Get the sense of wonder and awe without a sense of fear, the feeling of adoration. Let them tell briefly what they know about the worlds that move in their own orbits and the laws that govern them. It makes us know that God is very wonderful. Read to them the first stanza of this hymn.

Hymn 36, *Come thou almighty King.* With the sense of wonder still fresh in their minds, have the class read the first stanza together and put the ideas into their own words, as: Oh God, help us as we sing to feel how wonderful and mighty you are. Since the ancient days, hundreds of years ago, our God has always been a great king ruling in love over the people.

Hymn 265, *Send thou, O Lord.* This is a hymn that will bring out our need of praying for others beside ourselves. We

[4] Copyright by Mary L. Butler and used by permission.

shall not be ready to help God answer the prayers of others unless we think of them. Here we are praying that heralds or speakers for God will go to every place in the world to help the people understand God. Read the first stanza only and have them say it in their own words.

Hymn 23, *Hear us, our Father,* stanzas 1, 2. A hymn of worship that helps us feel that God is very near and ready to help us. What does "attend" mean? What "proofs of his infinite kindness" do we have?

A quiet, mature class will have enjoyed all these hymns. For others you may find it wise to use fewer. Have the class sing hymn 23. Substitute the melody of hymn 87. Have them turn to 87 and hum the music as you play until they are familiar with it, then have them turn to the words and sing as you play the melody. Either of these may be used for the close of worship services.

MAKING A BOOK OF PRAYERS

The class will find it helpful to make a book of prayers to take home. We made the books 3 by 8½, making the cover of red construction paper. On it we printed with black crayola MY BOOK OF PRAYERS. For inside sheets we took the large double sheets of foolscap paper with wide lines and cut it into 3-inch strips. Each strip thus made four pages. On the first page we pasted a one-cent copy of a picture of people at prayer, such as the *Angelus* by Millet. Beside it we copied Psalm 92:1. On the two inside pages we pasted a mimeographed copy of the bedtime prayer, because it is too long to copy on one page, and wrote the table prayer. On the fourth page, we wrote a prayer of our very own, saying to God whatever we wanted to. We fastened the double sheet into the cover with black embroidery silk, tied in a bow. Begin the work in this lesson and use the first part of the second lesson to finish them, thus giving a change from the usual way of beginning a class. Urge the children to read the book through with their mothers.

INTERPRETATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

The Lord's Prayer has probably been taught to the children long before they had any idea of its meaning, and the purpose of this discussion is to invest each phrase with meaning and the entire prayer with purpose. Collect a set of pictures which will illustrate the seven phrases, and be sure that the children discover the meaning of each for themselves. The desire to understand the prayer should be aroused first.

We have talked of the beautiful life that Jesus lived, full of helping those who needed him, of teaching about God, of being strong and brave. His friends who saw all this wanted to learn to be like him and as they watched him they saw one thing which he often did that they thought must have helped him a great deal.

Have the class read from their Bibles the incidents in Mark 1:32–35; John 6:15, recalling the story of his being with the multitude; Luke 6:12, 13 in which he talks with God the Father when he needs wisdom to choose the right men to help him. It is not strange then that his friends asked him to teach them to pray. Have the class read Luke 11:1-4, and see the longer version in Matt. 6:9–13. If there is not time for all this reading, the teacher may read one or two to the class.

Help the children to feel how sad it is that prayer, which meant so much to Jesus, is often only a lot of words that we may say without thinking. Let them see how prayer could never help us unless we know what it means and say it because we really mean it. Through this, get them to express a desire to study the prayer and discover its meaning. Then take the phrases one by one. Have the prayer written on the board with each phrase on a different line, so that the children may see them as separate ideas.

Our Father. Think how glad we are that we can think of God as a Father rather than of someone to be afraid of. What were some of the things Jesus said God is like? Use Copping's *Hope of the world.* Talk about how an artist painted it to show what he thought Jesus would have done if the children from

all those countries had lived in Palestine, for Jesus did make friends with people from other countries. When we say this phrase in the prayer, then, we are saying, "We think of thee as Father of all people, loving them all alike. I must love them, too, because we are all children of one Father." There are sometimes people of our own race that are hard to love, but this prayer should help us to feel that love, every time we say it.

Try to get the children to put the other phrases into their own words as you did on this one.

Hallowed be thy name. The word "hallowed" means "holy." What makes us feel that God is holy? Are there any people who do not feel so? Why? How can we make his name holy to people in our own neighbourhood? to people in far-away lands? It is because his name has not been made holy to some people that they use his name in the wrong way. What then are we saying when we pray that prayer—"I will help to make thy name holy by"—doing what? Have a picture of children studying religion in America, another in some foreign land.

Thy kingdom come. From the chapter on the kingdom, they will recall what it means to live in such a way that the kingdom of God may come on the earth. This prayer means that we want to help build the kingdom. Use a picture of children playing together happily or of any situation which suggests the kingdom.

Give us this day. Recall the story of Trot and the discussion that brought out God's interest in our physical needs, his way of providing for them, and our thankfulness for his care. The picture may be of a farmer working in a field, of children saying grace, or of people giving baskets of food to poor people. The discussion should not, however, be limited to food.

Forgive us—as we forgive. Tell the following incident:

Genevieve was playing with her little sister when the little girl let her biggest doll fall and break its head. Genevieve was so angry that she scolded the little girl until she cried. All the rest of the day she would not play with her. Just before supper Genevieve herself did something so naughty that mother had to scold and Genevieve had such a lump in her

throat that supper did not taste good. When she went to bed, she wondered if mother would remember to come in to say good-night. She hoped mother had forgiven her for being so naughty. It seemed so long before mother came that the tears came, too. "Did you forgive me?" sobbed Genevieve. "Yes," said mother. But she added, "I think there is another little girl in the house who feels sad because she is not forgiven." In one minute, Genevieve was over at sister's bed with her arms around her neck.

Of what part of the prayer that Jesus taught does that remind us? Why cannot we expect God to forgive people who will not forgive others? When we pray this, we are saying that we will try to live together in this way. Use a picture of children playing together, of boys playing ball perhaps.

Lead us not into temptation. Show a picture of a child doing something wrong,—perhaps getting into the jam. Let the children tell where he is, why he is doing this. Perhaps mother told him to play outdoors until she came home from town. The boy thought of the jam and grew so hungry for it. He knew mother would not want him to eat so soon before supper. The more he thought about it, the closer he went to the kitchen. He looked at the cupboard and wondered how he could climb up *if* he were going to have some jam. We do not think that God sent the temptation to this little boy but it came because he loved jam and mother was away. What does God want him to do? Why? What can the little boy do to help God to keep him away from temptation? What does "deliver us from evil" mean? When we pray this prayer, we mean that we will work with God to keep ourselves from temptation and strong enough not to do wrong.

Thine is the Kingdom. When we have tried to live in the strong, fine way of a Christian and have succeeded, who should get the credit? When we see our food and think where it came from, whom do we thank? When we see the beautiful world with all that makes our lives happy,—the smell of rain, the sight of flowers, the warmth of sun, whom do we praise? Why has

the church added this closing sentence to the prayer? What does it mean?

Review by having seven children come to the front. Let each hold one picture, give the phrase we studied with that picture and tell what it means.

Have the class put their heads on their tables and softly and very slowly pray the entire prayer. Impress upon them that every line is to be a real prayer to them.

Sing, *Thy Kingdom Come* as a response.

Talk about the suggestion in the pupil's book.

HYMN PERIOD

Have the class stand and sing the hymn learned in this lesson and one or two others they may especially like.

WORSHIP STORY

Tell the story given below, then close the period with prayers by the pupils. As a closing response, have the first stanza of hymn 23 read or sung.

HOW EDNA'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED[5]

Far away from here, in a country across the ocean, there lived a little girl named Edna. Her father had gone to that country to teach the people there about God, their loving Heavenly Father and about how to be Christians.

Edna often went with her mother to the homes of the people. She helped carry food to those who were poor. She played with children who were so often frightened at rain and wind and things of which Edna was not afraid. Edna was glad that her father was teaching them about God so that they would not be frightened any more.

A few weeks before Christmas she said to her father, "I wish we could have the children come to our house on Christ-

[5] Adapted from story by Laura E. Cragin in *Sunday story hour*, published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, and used by permission.

mas and could give them gifts. Then they would begin to celebrate the birthday of Jesus just as Christians do. They would see how he taught people to love each other."

"I wish we could, too, daughter," said her father. "I have so little money to spend that I must use it to buy food and clothing for those who are poor."

"Then I shall pray to God that he will send us some presents for the children," said Edna, and her father smiled tenderly at her. Every night after that Edna added this sentence to her prayer, "Dear God, send us some Christmas presents for the children, so that they may know you love them."

When it was only a few days before Christmas, a big box came for Edna's father. She and mother looked it over and mother said it had come from America. Edna could hardly wait until her father came home. She danced out to meet him. "Father, father, the box has come," she cried. "I think it is the presents God sent for the children."

When the box was opened, Edna danced about more excitedly than ever. There were many dolls, dressed in American clothes. There were toys and scrapbooks and pictures. Most of the pictures were about Jesus. With the box a letter came saying that a class of girls in an American Sunday School had prayed that they might find someone to help as Jesus did, and that their preacher had given them the name of Edna's father.

On Christmas the children all came to Edna's home. When they were given their dolls and toys, they were so surprised and happy. They thought they were the loveliest things they had ever seen. Then while they sat with their arms about their gifts, Edna's father told them about Jesus and how he showed the people the love of God for them. It was a day that neither Edna nor the children ever forgot.

That night her father wrote a letter to the class of girls in America. "You not only gave these children a happy time and taught them the love that Christians have for each other," he said, "but you helped God to answer a little girl's prayers."

CHAPTER IX

WORSHIPPING IN GOD'S HOUSE

Aim:

TO HELP the pupils feel the beauty, purpose, and value of the church in the life of the individual. To arouse a desire to attend the services of worship and to prepare the pupils to understand and participate in them.

Chapter Outline:

DISCUSSION ON WORSHIP
STORY—THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST CHURCH
DISCUSSION ON THE CHURCH
SINGING OF CHURCH HYMNS
NOTEBOOK WORK
DISCUSSION ON THE CHURCH SERVICE
STORY—VALMAR AND CEDRIC GO TO CHURCH
NOTEBOOK WORK
PLAN FOR A WORSHIP SERVICE AND A SERVICE PROJECT

DISCUSSION ON WORSHIP

Have a brief review of what the children have learned about prayer in the two lessons, particularly the principles in the first lesson. Ask how many have followed the suggestion in the pupil's book for last week. Then tell the following story:

Alice was the only member of her family who was a Christian. In her home they had never talked about prayer or God or church. When she was nine years old her chum persuaded her to go to Sunday School with her. There she had learned about being a Christian and often her teacher had talked with her. From her teacher she learned to pray every day and to try to live as Christians would. Before the year was over,

her family moved to another town. She knew she would miss her lovely teacher very much, but she said to herself, "I can keep praying every day and trying to be a Christian just the same."

After several months in the new town, Alice became sick and while she was in bed, she had a great deal of time to think. She began to realize that her temper had been getting the best of her lately. Then she realized that she had forgotten to pray every day. She had almost forgotten many of the things her teacher had taught her. As she lay there, she said over to herself all the verses she used to know, and they made her feel happy, as if God were near her, loving and helping her. Then and there she made a decision. What do you suppose it was?

In the discussion following, list on the board the reasons why people need to go to church. They should be able to suggest the following reasons:

It is easier to remember God and prayer during the week if we attend church on Sunday.

It helps us to think about God's love for others and makes us more careful to help others all we can.

We cannot learn everything by ourselves, so we need to learn from others.

Perhaps the children would be interested in hearing the story of the very first time that people built a place where they could come together to worship Jehovah God.

Story—THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST CHURCH

In the long-ago days when the Hebrew people had escaped from Egypt and were travelling to find a new home, they often camped to rest for a day or two. Every seventh day they were sure to camp, for their leader, Moses, had taught them that God wanted his people to rest and to think of him on this day. Even then, they forgot sometimes to pray to God and then they grew cross or frightened or angry with their neighbours, and before long there was trouble among them.

Now Moses saw all this and he went away from them on

the mountain to think and to talk with God, so that he might know what he should do to help his people. For days and days he was gone, and when he returned, he was so happy that his face shone. He called all the people together in a great crowd and talked with them, and this is what he told them.

"I have seen the troubles of my people and I have talked with God. And God has told me what to do. Now therefore, listen to the plan. We must have a place of meeting where on the Sabbath day and on special days of thanks we can come together to worship God." He paused and all the people murmured their agreement.

"We are a travelling people, and we cannot build a great temple such as we saw in Egypt," went on Moses. "But we can build a tent which we can fold up and take with us. It can be such a beautiful tabernacle that it will make us think of God and come before him with silence and praise."

"We should have such a tabernacle," said the people. "Tell us how it will be built."

So Moses told them how to build. There would be a great tent with no roof, with the four walls made of beautiful curtains finely woven and embroidered with gold. The curtains would hang on poles covered with gold so that they shone in the sun. The great open place inside would be the place where the people would stand. Toward the front, a little covered tent made of the most beautiful curtains they could weave would hold all of the holy things they owned, and no one would enter but the priest.

When the people had heard all of this, they shouted with joy and clapped their hands. Then Moses said, "This is a great piece of work. Every man and every woman will have to help. You will need to give all your gold to be melted and used. Each one will need to weave or sew or carve or whatever he can do. We will all share in the work."

And again the people shouted with joy. They took off their gold ornaments and threw them before him. They divided into groups for the task. They worked and worked until it was all finished.

When the great tabernacle was finished, they came together to worship and to tell God that this was the house they had made for him. Quietly and reverently they came into the great open space. Silently they waited for Aaron the priest and Moses their leader to come from the little holy place and talk to them. Quietly they bowed their heads while Moses prayed a beautiful prayer. Happily they returned to their tents, knowing that on every Sabbath they would have a place to come together for their worship of God. And they felt that Jehovah God, who had cared for them on their journey, would be pleased and would help them to worship him with love.

DISCUSSION ON THE CHURCH

Read to the children Exodus 35:20-29 and 39:32-43 and 40:34-38. The descriptions will prove interesting only if the teacher will read lightly and fairly rapidly, emphasizing words which give color and feeling to the children so that they get a sense of atmosphere from it.

Discuss the tabernacle a little, asking why the people needed such a place. Later, when they settled in a country, one of their kings built a beautiful big temple. Always their people loved their church and wrote beautiful songs about the happiness they found in worshipping God there. Suggest that they read a part of one such song. Read together Psalm 84:1, 2, 10-12. If the Standard version is used substitute the word "lovely" for "amiable." The courts were the great open places where the people stood while they worshipped.

How did the man who wrote this song feel when he sang verses 1, 2, 10? Why did he call God a sun and a shield? Read the entire passage again to get the beauty of the feeling.

Discuss now what our churches should be like if we are to worship in them. Have some pictures of great cathedrals and let them get a sense of their beauty and majesty. Our own churches are different—ask why some are big and some small. Help them to see that each church was built by a group of people who were hungry for a place of worship, and that they

had to build one just as large as they could afford to pay for. Even then it took them years and years to save enough money to pay. But even a small church can be made beautiful and even a simple room can seem like a very special place to worship God. Make a list of the things that we put into churches that make them different from other buildings and see if they can see the reasons for them. They are

the colored windows, so that the light is soft and pretty;
the pulpit and altar, where the preacher stands to teach about God;
the pipe organ, to make music that is unusually beautiful;
some churches have spires and bells, some have the vested choir. Use Anderson's picture of *Choir boys.*

All these are to help us feel quiet and reverent, ready for talking to God and thinking about him. But what must the people do to help? Discuss the problem of reverence in the church auditorium. The talking of adults before the service is probably the greatest hindrance to a worshipful quiet; but children can learn to help by being silent from the time they enter the auditorium. Tell of the eastern custom of bowing the heads upon entering the pew, and praying a sentence prayer. Why would it be a good custom for a whole church to have? Encourage the children to begin it themselves.

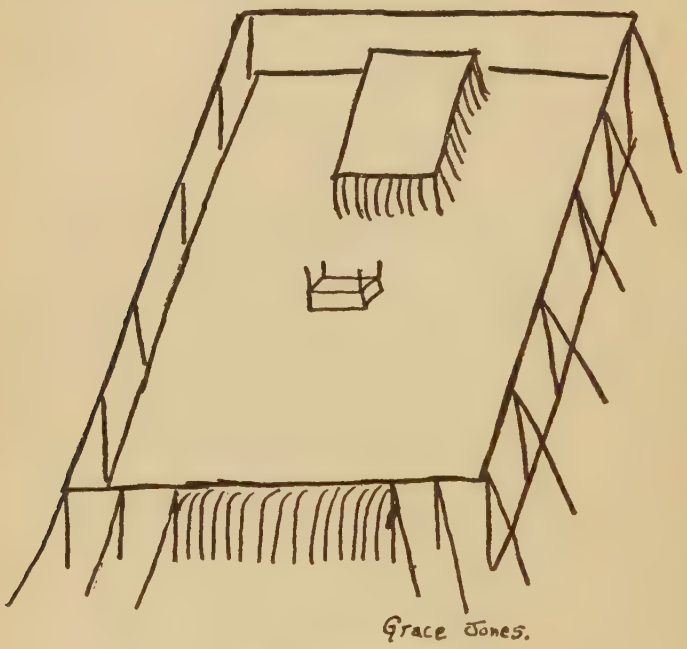
Tell them that the next lesson is to be about the church service and urge all to attend the morning worship on Sunday so that they can discuss it. Suggest that they notice what hymns are sung and all that is done. If the church has a printed calendar, they may bring a copy to class.

SINGING OF CHURCH HYMNS

Sing one or two of the formal type of hymns sung in church services. We would suggest, *Come thou almighty King* and *Saviour, again to thy dear name we praise,* the first stanza of each. The meaning is clear, but ask for the thought of each so that they will sing with the thought in mind. Ask what kind of music each will have. In the latter substitute "still delaying" for "lowly kneeling."

NOTEBOOK WORK

They will enjoy drawing with crayola a tabernacle such as is sketched below. The outlines should be done lightly in black, the curtains in red and blue. Direct the children in making the first four lines with a ruler, then sketching the rest. Below the drawing, write Psalm 84:1, 2, 10. Urge the pupils to read at home the Bible readings suggested in the pupil's book.



THE TABERNACLE

DISCUSSION ON THE CHURCH SERVICE

Have the pupils tell about their experiences in church last Sunday and try to get an expression on what made them feel that the people were worshipping God. From the church calen-

dars they have brought let them contribute to a list on the board, working out the order of service, in an attempt to find out how people worship.

Discuss briefly each phase of the service to discover its contribution to the worship. What are the hymns about? From hymns which they name have them discover that they are praising or thanking God, telling him how much we need his help, thinking of all the people he has helped. All the people sing together. The choir is for what purpose? When they sing alone, what are they trying to do for us? Sometimes there is a call to worship by the preacher or the choir and that is very worshipful.

"What is the offering for? Where does the money go? We are truly giving to God whether we are paying the preacher and the janitor and the coal-bill or our own church or are sending it to a missionary who teaches about God in a far country. Bring out that in this as in the singing, the best worship comes when each one takes part and does his share.

What is the purpose of the prayer by the preacher? Suppose that you were the preacher and wanted to make a prayer that would be speaking for all the people in the church that morning. What are some of the things you would pray for? Listen to this prayer carefully next time and see why the preacher speaks of each different thing.

What is the sermon for? How do you suppose the preacher chooses what he will preach about? Listen to the sermons and see if you can tell what he means to teach the people.

Have a picture of a family sitting together in church or singing together. Ask why it is a lovely and helpful thing for families to worship together at church. How does it help the family? the preacher? the church? the children? Urge the children to try to start the custom for their own families if they possibly can.

Story—VALMAR AND CEDRIC GO TO CHURCH

The emphasis on using God's name in the reverent way need not be stressed in a class where there is no problem on it, but

it gives worthwhile something for everyone to think about. The main truth is the value of attending the worship service.

NOTEBOOK WORK

In order to build a habit of church-going, suggest that we prepare a page in our notebooks and keep a record of our church attendance for the next two months. Have a picture of a church at the top of the page. If they can, have them get a picture of their own church from the church calendar. Or they can find a picture in a Sunday School paper. If neither is possible, let them draw a church with crayola, but have a good picture before them or give some directions.

Below this, draw a block of eight squares in which they can put stars when they attend. Sometimes it is helpful to have them write the reason for their not going, as they come to see how trivial some excuses are.

PLANS FOR NEXT LESSON

Arouse an interest in holding a formal worship service so as to practice participating in a church service. Teach a new call to worship to be used:

Repeat in concert:

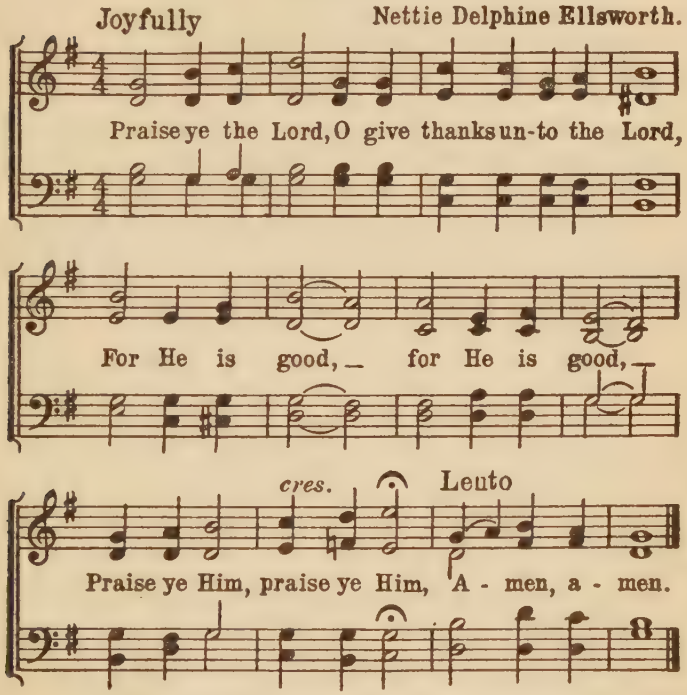
I will bless Jehovah at all times.
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
—*Psalm 34:1.*

Sing together: *Praise ye the Lord.*[1]

Talk over the plans for the next week. Arrange to take the class to the church auditorium and if possible have the organist there. Take up whatever needs to be planned concerning the entering, seating, leaving or parts of the service. If it is practical to have a preacher there for a brief sermon planned for the children, it may be worth spending the entire hour on it. Unless it can be done very carefully, however, the teacher should tell a story in the place of the sermon. We liked to

[1] Published in *Carols* by Leyda and used by permission.

have the class enter together and be seated by rows, but to leave informally to get practice in an orderly and reverent way of leaving.

Praise

Joyfully
Nettie Delphine Ellsworth.
Praise ye the Lord, O give thanks un-to the Lord,
For He is good, for He is good,
cres.
Lento
Praise ye Him, praise ye Him, A - men, a - men.

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Another plan that may be carried through for the review is a bit of service to some struggling church. If the class is interdenominational in make-up, some person such as Dr. Grenfell or the little mountain schools of Kentucky could be helped. If not, get in touch with one through the Home Mission Board of your denomination. The purpose would be to provide some-

thing that would help them in their worship. It may be a beautiful framed picture for the walls of the children's room or the church auditorium, purchased with money saved by the children; it may be a series of large (Perry-10-cent size) pictures mounted on cover paper and sent to the children's room; it may be a group of songs which have been mimeographed by the teacher and with which each child will write a letter to send, telling which song he likes best and why. It may be used for the church in which the class is held if they need it quite badly.

Develop the whole in an informal conversation and when they have decided what to do, have them choose a child or a group to do whatever needs to be done before the next week. To write a letter asking if a certain gift would be acceptable, or asking for literature about the church to which the gift is to be made, to collect the money from the children, to make arrangements to purchase a gift or to secure materials.

CHAPTER X

REVIEW AND TEST

Aim:

TO ADD beauty, meaning and purpose to the lessons on prayer and the church. The best way of working out this lesson will be determined by the type of class, the time it meets, and other local conditions. Three things are suggested, and the teacher should work out whatever is most effective for each class.

Chapter Outline:

REVIEW CONVERSATION WITH NOTEBOOK
SERVICE PROJECT
WORSHIP SERVICE IN THE CHURCH
STORY—WHEN THE CHURCH BELLS RANG

REVIEW CONVERSATION

Conduct a review conversation covering most of the points of the two chapters. Use pictures, songs, and other materials to make it interesting and meaningful. Have the children sit with open notebooks before them and during the conversation on "times to pray" let them work out a page, putting in one step at a time, with conversation after each step.

The page may consist of small illustrations at the side,—a bed with a kneeling child, a table with two or three figures, a child sitting at a school desk, a group of children playing, a child seeing a beautiful flower. At the side of each, one sentence may tell what we pray about at that time. The drawings, done very simply in crayola, will take only a few minutes.

To close the review, sing one of the hymns learned recently. Consider the suggestion in the pupil's book.

SERVICE PROJECT

Spend the time on whatever is needed on the service project. It may be on a report from children who have found out about the place to which the gift is to go, or about the cost and place of purchasing it, or the actual work of mounting pictures or of writing letters to accompany the gift.

WORSHIP SERVICE

The service given below may be followed. Have a mimeographed order of service for the use of the pupils. Conduct the service with as much dignity as possible.

Call to worship.

Recite—*It is a good thing*—or
I will bless Jehovah—

Sing—*Praise ye the Lord.*

Hymn—*Come thou almighty King.*

Responsive reading—Use one in the church hymnals which the children will understand and which will give them practice in reading from a book. Or have them recite Luke 5:27–35 or Matt. 7:7–11.

Prayer—By the teacher, praying for many of the more general things than is usual in the class,—for missionaries everywhere, for the country in which we live to be truly Christian, et cetera.

Hymn—*How strong and sweet.*

Offering—This may be taken to help in the service project. Have the boys who are to do this prepared by a previous visit to the auditorium and a definite planning.

Sermon—Story told by the teacher—*When the church bells rang.*

Brief prayer in closing, concerning our own worship life and our habit of going to church on Sunday.

Closing Hymn—*Saviour, again to thy dear name.*

Benediction.

WHEN THE CHURCH BELLS RANG[1]

Heidi was a little girl who ever since she was five years old had lived with her grandfather in the mountains of Switzerland. Her father and mother were dead, so her aunt had brought her to the little hut on the mountain where the old man lived alone. For several years Heidi was very happy. She played out-of-doors all day long with the mountain goats and with Peter the goatherd. At twilight she always went to see Peter's kind old grandmother and make her cheerful by the stories she told her of all she had seen that day. In the evening she drank her mug of goat's milk, ate her bread and cheese, and climbed up into the loft to her soft bed of hay.

Often Heidi wished they might go down into the little village which lay at the foot of the mountain, but they never did. Peter had told her that he would have nothing to do with people and had not been known to speak a word with any villager for years and years. He was always kind to Heidi, though, so she said nothing about it.

When Heidi was eight years old her aunt came for her. "Heidi is old enough to go to school and learn to read," she told the grandfather. "I have found a place for her to live in the city not far away, and you must let her spend the winter there and learn." The grandfather was very angry, for by this time he had found the little girl such good company that he did not want to live alone again. After a long argument, the aunt did take the little girl, promising to let her return in the summer.

When summer came, it was a very happy little girl who came back to her mountain home. She had often been homesick in the city, longing for the beautiful trees and grass, the goats and Peter, and her snug little bed of hay. It was on a Saturday afternoon that her grandfather met her and together they climbed the mountain. Heidi ran and jumped with joy at being again in her old home.

When supper was over, Heidi said, "I am sleepy now, grand-

[1] Adapted from *Heidi* by Johanna Spyri, published by J. N. Sears Company, and used by permission.

father, but to-morrow I must tell you all I have learned. I not only learned to read, but on Sunday I went to church and sang the hymns and listened to the sermon. I love to go to church, and the grandmother who lived where I was said that we must never forget the dear Lord, because he loves us and does so much for us."

"And what if we have forgotten, Heidi?" asked the old man. "Can we go back to him?"

"Oh yes," said the little girl. "The grandmother told me of the boy who ran away from home and of the father that was so sad over him and welcomed him again. She said God was like that."

"Perhaps that is true," said the old man quietly. "I had forgotten."

"Then we must pray every day, grandfather," said Heidi. "And we must go to church. To-morrow is Sunday, and we could go to the village church."

The grandfather said nothing for a long time, and his face was so cross when he thought of the village that Heidi did not know what he would decide. Finally he said, "Well, little Heidi, go to bed, and in the morning I will go with you."

Heidi put her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him; then she hurried to bed.

In the morning the church bells were ringing when Heidi awoke. She dressed in a hurry, and after their simple breakfast she took a Bible from her little trunk and read to her grandfather the story of the runaway boy which last night she had told him. The old man's eyes were wet when she finished, and he said, "Come, we will go to the church."

So together they went down the hillside in the warm sunshine. The leaves were waving in the breeze, the flowers were just beginning to bloom, and they felt very happy as they went through the streets of the village and came to the little white church. The door was open and they went in and sat down. The music and the colored windows and the preacher's voice made them feel very peaceful inside. People around them looked at them in great surprise and whispered to each other,

"The old man has come to church with the little girl. Perhaps he wants to be friendly again."

They listened to the sermon and sang the hymns. When the service was over the old man took Heidi by the hand and went straight to the preacher, at whom he had been angry for years. The preacher was glad to welcome him, and they decided to be as good friends as before. Then the old man and the little girl left the church, but outside all the people were waiting to shake hands with them and to be neighbourly. "We are glad that you have come back to us again," they said. And they walked with the two to the end of the village and watched them as they started to climb the steep path.

"I am so happy, aren't you, grandfather?" asked the child.

"Yes, I am happy, Heidi," said the grandfather. "To be loving again with God and my neighbours does me good. The dear Lord has been good to me."

So it was with light hearts that they climbed the hill to their little home.

LEARNING TO BE OBEDIENT AND SELF-CONTROLLED

FOUR LESSONS

CHAPTER XI

BEING OBEDIENT

Aim:

TO HELP the pupils to see that being obedient is a necessary element in the life of a community as we live together. We want them to realize that adults as well as children must obey both civic laws and those spiritual laws which are inherent in the universe if life is to be harmonious. The child will feel quite different about obeying if he sees it as a part of the scheme of living for the good of all. This chapter covers two lessons.

Chapter Outline:

DISCUSSION ON BEING OBEDIENT
STORY—A LESSON IN OBEYING THE LAWS (VALMAR)
INTERPRETATION OF HYMN—TRUST AND OBEY
NOTEBOOK WORK
HOME WORK
DISCUSSION ON LAWS WE DISLIKE
READING OF BIBLE VERSES
WORSHIP WITH STORY—KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD
NOTEBOOK WORK
HOME WORK

DISCUSSION ON BEING OBEDIENT

Discuss the following situation: Ted and his parents were visiting his cousin Burke and his parents. They played hard all day, and after dinner they were working some puzzles. When eight o'clock came, Ted's mother said, "It is your bedtime, Ted." At home, Ted always went to bed on time, but he found now that Burke never did. "Mother always lets me stay up as long as I want," he said. "Yes," said his mother. "I guess I haven't been as strict as I should be. But it doesn't seem to hurt him." Ted's mother did not change her mind.

"You must go now, whether Burke does or not," she said, and it was a very sulky boy who went to bed. He was sure his mother didn't love him, that she didn't care whether he was having a good time.

A few months later Ted's mother read a letter from Burke's mother. "We have had to take Burke out of school," she said. "He got so nervous that the doctor said we must send him to a sanitarium to rest. He says that Burke has not had the right amount of sleep and the right kind of food to make him strong. I guess you were right."

Ask which mother was kinder in making a rule and insisting on being obeyed. Help the class to see that mother was obeying an unwritten law about little boys' minds and bodies which was true whether she made a rule or not. Is there a law about sleep and food which grown folks need to obey? What would happen to father and mother if they didn't sleep enough?

Can we always see at once the results of broken laws? What should Ted do if he can't see why the law is necessary? Encourage the children to find out the reasons when they can, but to obey whether they can understand it or not. Sometimes explanations cannot be given or the child could not understand the reason or the parents are not in the habit of explaining.

Ask if they think there are behind all laws reasons which we can see and understand if we are wise enough. Arouse a desire to think this through. Do grown people have to obey rules as well as children? Start a list on the board under the headings—home, school, play, city. Let them name rules or laws which they find there and beside each, the reason for it. Help them to see that every person must obey these rules because so many are living together. The list may look somewhat like this, but it will vary according to the experiences of the pupils:

Home—sleep and vegetables—strong body,
clean teeth, hands, body—strong body,
courtesy to parents and children—happiness of home,
saving money—learn to handle money wisely,
doing errands or housework—share the work we cause.

School—quiet in study periods—helping all to learn,
playing on one section of school ground—happiness and safety of all grades,
obeying the orchestra director when playing—sweet music.

Play—keeping the rules in baseball,
not peeking in hide and seek,
not cheating in marbles—fun for everyone who plays and the satisfaction of knowing that everyone who plays can be trusted.

Community—For the sake of safety for all, there are laws on
obeying the watchman at the railroad,
walking or driving in traffic,
having unlicensed dogs,
allowing uncovered garbage,
staying in the house during quarantine.

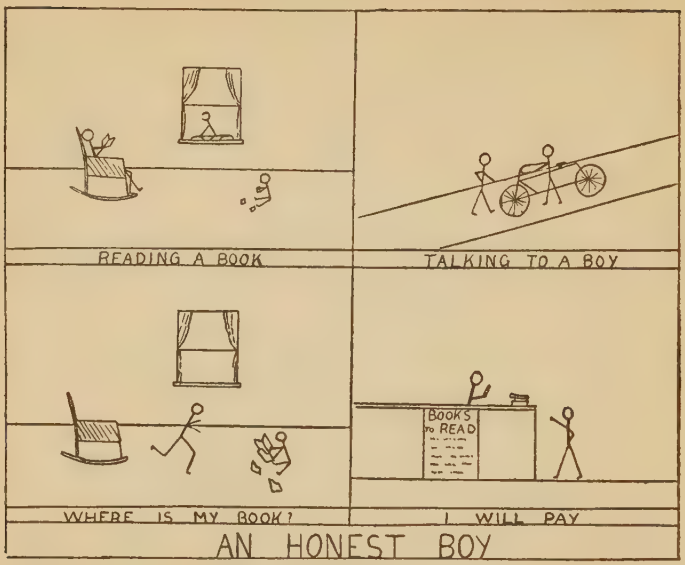
Story—A LESSON IN OBEYING THE LAWS

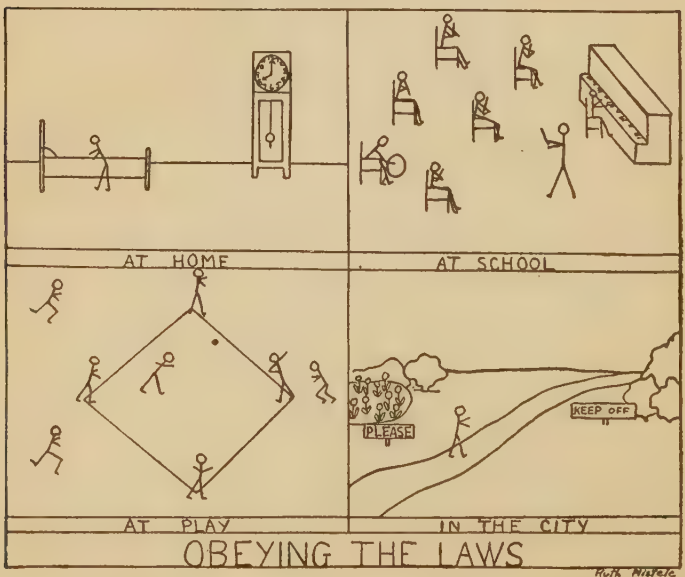
See page 230 for the story of Valmar that should be told here.

Hymn—TRUST AND OBEY

This is an adaptation of the old song whose melody can be found in almost any older hymnal. Let the interpretation carry the discussion a step further, for they need to see that these unwritten laws are God's laws, that we must trust him and obey his laws if we belong to his kingdom.

There are some laws in the world which no person made. What are some of them? Who made them? Help the children to recognize the laws behind fire, lightning, disease, germs, the growth of our bodies. Help them to see that they are God's laws made as a part of the great world. We cannot change them; he does not change them. He wants us to be able to depend on them but to learn to work with them so that they will help us. When we refuse to work with them, it hurts us, not the law. Develop all this by questions, not by telling it. It


READING A BOOK
TALKING TO A BOY
BOOKS TO READ
WHERE IS MY BOOK?
I WILL PAY
AN HONEST BOY


AT HOME
AT SCHOOL
PLEASE
KEEP OFF
AT PLAY
IN THE CITY
OBEYING THE LAWS
Ruth Nisbet

should be of great value to the class if they arrive at it for themselves. The questions will grow out of each of these laws considered, as what can fire do to help us? what can we do when it becomes harmful? what new ways have we learned to use fire? what does God want us to do with it?

Have the hymn read through carefully and ask if there is anything about it they do not understand. The phrase "he abides with us still" may be explained; we feel God is with us when we try to work with him. Learn the melody and sing the hymn twice.

When we learn to obey, loving God every day,[1]
What a happiness comes on our way,
When we do his good will, he abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy together, but to trust and obey.

NOTEBOOK WORK

See accompanying illustration. Develop this by conversation, letting the class choose any one of the incidents from the list on the board for each square. Have them write a sentence underneath explaining the necessity for all people obeying laws, for the sake of living together harmoniously and for the good of all. People who are building Christian character will always obey laws.

HOME WORK

Encourage the writing of a story at home. The child may either find a magazine picture about which he can write a story on obeying or he can think out a story without that help. Have the stories brought to class the next week and start the discussion by having a few of these read. Collect the rest for your own home reading. This is a very valuable means of discov-

[1] Adapted from hymn written by Rev. J. H. Sammis and used by permission.

ering the conceptions of the children and the motives they have for action. You can correct their misconceptions and incomplete reasoning.

DISCUSSION ON LAWS WE DISLIKE

Read to the class the poem *Obedience,* by John Martin, found in the Pupil's Book. Ask why it is a mistake to disobey. Help them to think of the effect on themselves, their neighbours, and the kingdom of God rather than of the punishment. What does it mean to respect experience? What does the habit of obeying give to you as you grow up? Why, then, is it wisdom to obey?

Review briefly the conversation of the last lesson. Ask if laws are for helping or hindering us are friends or enemies. Why, then, do boys and girls and grown people often hate laws and want to break them? Perhaps they will think of both reasons by mentioning concrete instances. We are suggesting also incidents which will help.

1. Because they do not understand the reasons for the laws, as Valmar and the sign, or Ted at bedtime. Relate the incident of King Saul's disobedience.

When Saul was made king, the wise prophet Samuel told him that there was one thing he must never do. He must never become the priest as well as the king; he must not perform sacrifices or lead in a religious service. The king could see no reason for such a command, but he agreed to obey. Then one day after he had been victorious in a great battle and wanted to have a celebration and service to thank God for the victory, he took lambs, as was the custom, and killed them on an altar and burned them as a sign of his gratitude. He called the people to join him. When Samuel heard about it, he came to the king and said, "You have done wrong, for you have disobeyed the command." But the king said, "I cannot see why it is wrong to sacrifice to God." Then the prophet replied sternly, "To obey is better than to sacrifice. Because you have disobeyed, you have shown that you do not deserve to be a king. Therefore I say that your son will not be king, but the people

will choose the next king from another family." And from that day Saul grieved because of his disobedience.

2. Because they are selfish and want to do only what pleases them even if it harms them or other people.

Let the children suggest things which have recently happened in which laws were broken because one person wanted something which harmed others. Let them discover that the minor disobedient acts at home are based on the same selfishness. They will conclude we can never build a kingdom of God by living in that way. Help them to see that even the one who thus seeks his own pleasure alone is not happy very long. It is impossible when we run across the safety and comfort of others.

Close the discussion by helping the class to see that broken laws always bring suffering either to the one who broke them or to innocent people or to both. This was brought out in the discussion before this but should be recalled here by a question about some of the incidents used.

READING OF BIBLE VERSES

Let the class find and read some of the sayings of men of long ago that show they discovered that the laws of God are important. Undoubtedly each man who wrote any of these sayings had learned from his own experience as well as from watching others that when we keep the laws of God about worshipping him, making our own bodies strong and clean, and helping instead of harming other people, it brings happiness and when we break them it always brings sorrow.

The class may be divided into groups, each looking up a verse. Then the Bibles should be laid open on the table and all the groups listen as each reads the verse it found, followed by a moment of discussion. Do not overdo the discussion; it is necessary only to be sure that the meaning of the words be clear. Have the references on the board.

Psalm 1:1, 2, and 37:31. The man who tries to obey the laws of God need not be afraid.

Proverbs 3:1, 2, and 6:20–23. What does it mean to say that the laws our parents have taught us will go with us and talk with us? How are those laws a light to us? The "reproofs of instruction" means the things they have taught us not to do or have even punished us for. How are they the way of life?

Exodus 24:7. This is the promise the people made when they had sinned by making the golden calf.

Deut. 8:19. But they did not always keep it, so they suffered as a nation.

I Samuel 15:22. This is what Samuel said to the disobedient king. What did he mean?

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship—Psalm 1:1, 2, or 37:31.

Hymn—*Come thou almighty King.*

Story—*Knights of the silver shield.* This story may be found in *Knights of service,* by Bradshaw, or in *Why the chimes rang,* by Alden. Before telling it, have some pictures of knights to show to the class and talk briefly about what knights were for in the olden days.

Hymn—*Trust and obey.*

Recite John 13:7 or Jas. 1:22.

Prayer.

NOTEBOOK WORK

The class will enjoy making shields of gray construction paper. Motivate the making of the shields by asking what the pupils think they might do in their notebooks to help them to remember to be obedient. They will probably first suggest drawing knights. They can see that that might be too difficult and by further questioning may mention shields. They may paste the silver star immediately or if there is an obedience problem in the class the teacher may use it as an incentive for the development of obedience habits. In this case she will place

stars upon shields of individual pupils as they give evidence of having made progress in the establishment of such a habit. It may be well to arouse a desire on the part of each pupil to be alert to see different places where he will be called upon to be obedient, and to check the number of times he responds favorably. In making the shield they may mark around a pattern and cut it out, or may cut on the fold with a little direction from the teacher. Use a 3″ x 4″ paper folded lengthwise. Have a frame drawn on the board to the proportion of the folded paper, and draw the two curved lines which form the shield. Then help the class to hold their papers properly and cut freehand.

They will also enjoy making a pattern of original design on the shield with blue crayola. In the centre they may paste a little silver star of the Dennison type. Have the shield mounted on a page in the notebook and underneath, write some such sentences as these: "Sir Valmar was worthy of the star in his shield. I shall try always to be obedient, because I want to be worthy to be called a Christian."

HOME WORK

If the making of posters is interesting to the class, let them think briefly of a poster on obeying which they could make at home. It might illustrate their own particular problems or a problem of the school. For instance, one class made a sign about keeping off a lawn which was especially tempting, another made a poster showing a boy crossing the street properly, because that was what he had to be reminded of more often than anything else. Use the best ones to decorate the room for a few weeks.

CHAPTER XII

BEING SELF-CONTROLLED

Aim:

TO HELP the class to see the beauty and the strength in being self-controlled; to give them such a sense of wonder and worship regarding their own bodies that they desire to use them in the best way.

Chapter Outline:

DISCUSSION ON BEING SELF-CONTROLLED
HYMN—FATHER, LEAD ME DAY BY DAY
NOTEBOOK WORK
WORSHIP WITH STORY—SCATTERED SEEDS
HYMN—KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE
STORY—AN ADVENTURE IN SELF-CONTROL (VALMAR)
DISCUSSION WITH READINGS
DRAMATIZATION
WORSHIP SERVICE

DISCUSSION ON BEING SELF-CONTROLLED

Open the conversation by referring to something that has happened recently in your community or that is well known through the newspapers. It should illustrate something that would have been of great service if controlled but was very harmful when uncontrolled. It may be a fire, a flood, an uncontrolled engine, an uncontrolled person. Discuss it just enough to help the children to see that so many things are fine if controlled but dangerous if not. Suggest that a list of such things be made on the board, and after a few physical elements or

material things have been named, lead into further discussion:

God starts each person into the world with a tiny little body. He makes that body so that it feels hungry and thirsty, and then it tries to find food. If mother gives it the right kind of food, the right amount at the right times, the body grows larger and stronger month after month and year after year. Then the child is old enough to decide what he wants to eat. What does he sometimes do with that hunger which makes it hard for his body to grow strong?

Take up particular problems which the pupils of this class may have—noon lunches or candy unwisely selected, too much food or too many sweets. Help them to see what the inevitable results of an uncontrolled appetite may be—sickness, a weak body, a mind that cannot do its best work. Add the word "appetite" to the list.

God has given us bodies so delicately and wonderfully made that we have to think with wonder about it. All the parts work together, often without our thinking about them at all. Let them tell some of the wonderful things they know about the body,—the automatic care of food, of something in the eye, of a wound. Each part of the body works to keep us strong and fine; that is God's plan for it. But when we use any part in a way that harms others instead of helping, think how it must hurt God, who planned it all so beautifully.

Let them give illustrations of good uses for hands, for feet. Help them to see that when we determine not to fight but to help with our hands, we are honouring God.

Review some of the rules which they have in their school for the control of their hands, their minds, their bodies. Help them to see the reason for these, and to desire to do these things not because they are rules, but because they are good. Ask what we mean when we say that the Christian way to live is to need no laws.

While we do not usually use analogy with children, there are some simple forms that delight them. This lesson contains several. Have some pictures of ships—schooners, steamships, yachts. Have also pictures of horses on a farm or drawing a

wagon. Ask how these are controlled. Get the ideas of the rudder and the bit expressed and help them to see how tiny are the things that control so great a ship or an animal. Have the class turn to James 3:3, 5, 7–8 and read only the first few words of verse 6 also, "and the tongue is a fire."

This is in a letter written by one of the friends to Jesus to tell people how to be Christians. He thinks that caring for the tongue is very important. What does he mean by "how much wood is kindled by how small a fire"? Ask the children for illustrations of how a very little thing said by a tongue may make a great deal of trouble. He says that no man can tame his tongue. How can it be tamed, then? Help each pupil to see that no one but himself can do this, and that he must be very determined if he accomplishes it. What are some of the lovely things that these same small tongues can do?

Tell the story[1] of a beautiful airplane, built to soar about over trees and houses, to carry people on important and beautiful trips. One day it had a careless pilot and it fell, smashing its wings. The farmer into whose field it fell bought the wreck, cleared away the wings, fastened some long belts to the engine, and started it going. What do you suppose its work was now? It pumped mud out of the marsh. All day and every day it pumped mud. Does that remind you of anything that happens to tongues? What were they made for?

Ask the class to repeat any memory gems about self-control which they may have learned at school. Two are given in the pupil's book, which you may repeat or let them read from the board. Let them make a mental picture of each of the two lines of each couplet. For instance, boys pulling in their kites when the wind begins to drive them over the telephone wires, and boys starting to fight and wishing they could take back the unkind words they had said about each other. Add to the list the words suggested by the discussion—hands, feet, mind, tongue. Talk here about the posters which they are to make at home this week.

[2] The complete story is contained in *The prince and the pig's gate*, a collection of twenty-seven stories by Robert Hugh Morris, published by Harper and Bros.

Hymn—FATHER, LEAD ME DAY BY DAY

See the copy of the hymn as revised for the use of this class. It is found in the pupil's book. Have the class read it from the board and discuss its meaning. Teach the music by note rather than by the book. Arouse the desire for memorizing the words from the pupil's book during the week.

In interpreting, ask what we mean by speaking of God's sweet way (of living). How does the Father lead us into it? Name several things he does for us, people he gives us to help us, ways in which we find his way.

What does "steadfast" mean? What are some of the times when we are in danger (of doing wrong)? How can God save us at such a time? When we pray this prayer, what are we asking God to do for us? What are we willing to do about it?

NOTEBOOK WORK

Let the children draw a half-page picture of a ship at sea. Underneath they may write a sentence about a rudder being a small thing, yet it can turn a ship. Add James 3:5.

WORSHIP

Call to worship—*Psa. 19:14.*
Story—*Scattered seeds.*
Read the poem—*When to make haste.*
Hymn—*Father, lead me day by day.*
Prayer written in the notebooks.

Prayer read from the board or a mimeographed sheet.[2] Have them read through the prayer silently to get the meaning, then softly in concert as a prayer. Use this prayer for strength several times in the course.

Dear Father, I want to do the things that are pleasing to thee, but I know that by myself I am not strong enough. Sometimes I am impatient. Help me not to give way to temper; keep me

[2] See preface Prayer written by Mina Clark and used by permission of the Methodist Book Concern.

from saying quarrelsome or bitter words. When I am tempted to speak or act a lie, give me courage to be true and honest. Take away my selfishness. Give me so much of thy love in my heart that I will love thee truly and love my neighbour as myself. Help me to be more thoughtful and kind every day I live.

Story—SCATTERED SEEDS[3]

Margherita had a frown on her forehead and a worried feeling of wrong in her heart. She hadn't been really happy for two whole days—not since she had spoken unkindly of her little friend Marie, and repeated a story about her that she was not sure was true.

She knew she would never feel comfortable about it until she had talked it over with Mother, but she hated to have her know. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer, and, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she told all about it.

Mother looked very sorry, but all that she said was, "Rita, I want you to go to the three-acre lot down by the blacksmith shop and gather a handful of the brown seed-pods of the milkweed. On your way home open the pods and let the little winged seeds fly away for a frolic with the wind. Then come back to me."

This sounded like a very light reproof, and Margherita quickly found some milkweed plants. She ran and hopped and jumped through the field, tossing from her hands the silky, floating seeds. Pink-cheeked and smiling, she came back to her mother.

"Now," said her mother, "go back to the field and, on the way, gather the seeds you have scattered, every one, and bring them to me."

The little girl set out to do as she was bidden. But as she passed along she found that the frolicsome wind had scattered the delicate seeds far and wide. Even among the leaves of

[3] From *The Children's Story Garden,* published by Lippincott and Co. and used by permission.

the wayside trees they had flown, and through the hedges, and over the little river that ran through the town. Some of them had found a new field, where they settled themselves to establish new colonies of milkweed plants.

At last, discouraged and almost in tears, Margherita went back to her mother with only a few of the seeds she had scattered.

"My little daughter," Mother said, "it was just this that you did when you scattered unkind words about Marie, whether they were false or true. Spoken words of blame and suspicion may be like little sparks of fire falling in dried grass; they may cause great damage at home, perhaps, or at school, or even in the world. And words once spoken are scattered like milkweed seeds.

Poem—WHEN TO MAKE HASTE[4]

This poem tells the same story.[4]

If anything unkind you hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat
When you that someone chance to meet,
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Make haste,—to make great haste were well,
To her or him the same to tell,—
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy way.

Jeanie A. B. Greenough.

Hymn—KIND WORDS

After the worship service, teach the hymn. The children are fond of this old-fashioned song, and it can mean a great deal

[4] From *Beautiful Thoughts for the Year*, published by Thomas Crowell, and used by permission.

to them if carefully interpreted. Ask if they can remember any kind word said to them when they felt unhappy. This song says that just as we remember for years the rhymes we said when we were little children, so we never forget kind things that were said or done to us. We keep them deep inside our minds to remember. The words "cherished and blest" mean that we love them because they made us happy. "In all years and climes" or climates, means that people of all ages and in all countries are made happy by kind words. Ask what are some of the times when we have chances to say such kind words that they will be remembered. Have the class repeat Psa. 19:14.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE

Kind words can never die, cherished and blest:
God knows how deep they lie, stored in the breast;
Like child-hood's simple rhymes, said o'er a thousand times,
Ay, in all years and climes distant and near.

Kind words can never die, never die, never die,
Kind words can never die, no, never die.

ABBÉ PATTON.

STORY—AN ADVENTURE IN BEING SELF-CONTROLLED

This is a story of Valmar, and should be used to open the second lesson on being self-controlled. Our teachers differ on the effect of the conclusion of this story on the children. Some prefer to have the dog die as the natural result of Valmar's act, but others think that the children feel this too keenly and seem satisfied that Valmar had learned his lesson.

DISCUSSION WITH READINGS

Have some of the posters which were made at home put up for exhibit and the points of the first discussion reviewed thereby. Have the class look up Proverbs 15:1 and 16:32.

Ask them to illustrate from their own observation the truth of the first. "Grievous" here means "unkind." How could it be true that a boy who can control his temper is greater than the general or a greatarmy, strong enough to capture a city?

The great king David, who was mighty, had learned this lesson. One day as he was returning from battle, he passed on the road a man who hated him. The man said insulting things about David, the kind of things that makes any man want to fight. David's soldiers were very angry. "Let us kill him with our spears," they said. "Do not let him say such things." But David said, "Let him say those things if he feels that way. He has as much right to speak thus as I have to say what I think." And his soldiers let him alone. It was such things as this that made David great, not the size of his army or his palace. (2 Samuel 16:5-14.)

Help the class to visualize an angry person and realize how much more ineffective he is than if he controls himself. He may get what he wants for a few times but soon people lose their respect for him and pay no attention to his temper.

Think of some of the good uses for our mouths. Worshipping God and showing him our thanks, speaking kind words, suggesting helpful things. Look up Psalms 71:23 and 51:15. Have them put the thought of each into their own words.

Remind them that men of all ages have felt that they alone could not learn to control their tongues but that God could help them. When we need such help, we are glad to pray. Have them recite, "Let the words of my mouth," etc., and turn to Psalm 141:3, putting the thought into their own words. Read to the class the first stanza of the poem *Self-Control,* found in John Martin's *Prayers for little men and women.* Discuss briefly the difficult words and the meaning of the whole.

DRAMATIZATION

Suggest that in a story we had recently, a young man conquered by being self-controlled when others tried to get him to do wrong. Let the class dramatize the story of *Knights of the silver shield,* choosing carefully the boy for the part of Roland.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship—Psalms 51:15 and 71:23.
Hymn—*Trust and obey.*
Story—*The boy who conquered himself.*
Poems—Read the two poems used in this chapter.
Prayer—Read in concert the prayer introduced in the last lesson and close with a prayer by the teacher.

STORY—THE BOY WHO CONQUERED HIMSELF[5]

Many years ago, in the Minnesota woods, there lived a tribe of Indians. There were big braves, squaws, and many little children. The children did not go to school as our boys and girls do to-day. They learned their lessons from the woods and flowers and sky.

They were very happy in learning their lessons, and proud of their big chief, Black Hawk. Black Hawk himself, however, was proudest of his little son who was his only child. How he loved the baby boy!

The chief taught him one new lesson every day, and the baby grew and grew. As he grew bigger, Black Hawk taught him how to fish. He taught him how to paddle his big canoe and how to shoot with his own great bear arrow.

One day Black Hawk took him to the water's edge and said, "Tell me what you see." "Oh, Father," said the boy, "I see myself." "Good," said Black Hawk, "but what of yourself do you see?" "I see my eyes," said the boy, "I see my ears; I see my mouth." "Yes," said his father, "and remember that an Indian boy always sees with his eyes and hears with his ears before he ever speaks with his mouth."

And so each day the father taught his son till he grew to be ten years old.

Then Black Hawk knew the time had come when the boy must learn the lesson of bravery. One day the boy saw great logs of wood gathered and piled in the centre of the clearing.

[5] Adapted by Marion Colman in *Rules of Life for Boys and Girls*, published by Fleming H. Revell Co., and used by permission.

As the day wore on he saw big chiefs from other tribes arrive and greet his father. What could it mean? Was his father going to war with these other big chiefs? He asked no questions, for he remembered that his father had taught him to see with his eyes and hear with his ears before he spoke with his mouth.

As the sun sank in a cloud of glory behind the trees of the forest, and the twinkling stars appeared above, Black Hawk set the pile of wood on fire and all the big chiefs squatted in a wide circle around the blazing logs. The boy, too, drew near to watch and listen, but his mother called to him from the tepee, saying, "It is your time to go to sleep, my son." Because he was an Indian boy he knew he must obey, so off to the wigwam he went. "Perhaps," he thought, as he lifted the flap, "if I draw my buffalo robe close to the flap and leave it open I can hear what they say." He tried it and found that he could hear every word, for the night was still.

The Indians around the fire were telling stories. The first one told of a boy just ten years old who showed great bravery when he was in a cave, alone, with a big black bear. The next warrior told of a boy just ten years old who was so brave that he fought to save a little one. Another story was of a ten-year-old boy who carried a message in the dead of the night from one Indian chief, through the enemy's lines, to another Indian chief. Around the circle went the stories, each more exciting than that which had preceded, till the listening boy forgot he had been sent to bed. Out of the wigwam on his hands and knees he crept, nearer and nearer to those fascinating stories.

He had no sooner reached the circle than the biggest of the big chiefs turned and saw him. Picking up a pail from the grass, the chief passed it to the boy, saying, "Go to the spring and bring a pailful of water."

Go to the spring! thought the boy. Why! The spring was half a mile away through the densest of the forest. He had never been in the forest alone after dark. Surely his father would not let him go alone! He looked around the circle, but his father's feet were crossed, his head bent forward, and his

eyes on the ground. His father must mean for him to go! Taking the pail, he started off, but his feet lagged and almost every step he turned to look at the blazing fire. If he could only take some of it with him to light his way and frighten the wild animals!

When he reached the edge of the forest he heard a wolf howl in the distance. He started to run, but fell over a stump. Picking himself up, he ran straight into a tree. How it hurt! A great lump came out on his forehead, but it was not half so big as the lump in his throat. He seemed to be choking. At last he reached the spring and filled the pail. He must go slower now, so as not to spill the water. There were queer sounds all around him. Something hit him in the face, and he spilled almost all the water! It had been only a bat, but when he reached the circle of waiting Indians, the boy was out of breath and trembling so that he could hardly stand.

Passing the pail to the big chief who had given it to him, the boy waited, but all that the big chief did was to look at the water, grunt "Ugh," and pass it to the next. That chief, too, looked at the water, grunted "Ugh," and passed it on. When the pail had completed the circle and returned to the big Indian who had given it to the boy, he turned it upside down, spilling all the water out upon the grass, and said, "Try again, and do not hurry."

Again? How could he! He could never be brave like those other ten-year-old boys! But he knew he must, so, taking the pail, he stumbled away. Now the wind was rising and everything seemed alive. When he was passing through the darkest place in the forest a terrifying cry sounded close behind him—"Hoo-oo-oo!" It was only an owl, but as he started to run a grape-vine cut his face, making him think something was after him. On he ran until, weak and faint, he reached the spring. Filling the pail, he went stumbling back, but it was easier than the first time and the pail was two-thirds full. Again the pail was passed around the circle and again each chief, when he saw the quantity of water, grunted "Ugh." The second time the biggest chief turned the pail upside down and spilled all the

water out upon the ground. Passing it back to the boy, he said, "Go to the spring and bring a pail *full* of water."

This time the boy did not hesitate. He grasped the pail quickly and, turning toward the forest, walked straight on with not one look at the light of the fire. This time he did not mind the creaking of the trees, for he knew it was only the wind. Now he did not mind the bats flying near his face; and when he reached the darkest place and heard again that call behind him, "Hoo-oo-oo," he cried aloud, "Who's afraid? I'm not." When he reached the spring the third time, he filled his pail very carefully to the brim, and said to himself, "I'll walk every step of the way and spill not a drop."

When the biggest chief took the pail the boy passed to him for the third time and saw that it was full, he said approvingly, "How, how!" Each chief around the circle likewise took the pail, looked at the water, and said "How!" This time the big chief placed the pail very carefully upon the ground, and rising, put his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, you have conquered night!" Then the next chief arose, came, and placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, you have conquered fear!" All around the circle, each chief in turn arose and came and put his hand upon the boy's shoulder and called him brave.

Last of all came Black Hawk, the boy's own father. He, too, put his hand upon his shoulder, and he said, "Brave boy! Worthy to be the son of Black Hawk! Worthy to grow up and some day to be a great Indian chief, for you have conquered yourself!" And taking the red feather of courage from his own head-dress, he put it in the head-dress of his boy.

Together they walked to the wigwam, and that night the boy slept as only a boy can sleep who has conquered not only night and fear and all things—but even himself.

Suggest that in addition to making the poster, the children read the three incidents under Chapter XIII in the Pupil's Book and be ready to discuss them.

LEARNING TO LOVE OUR NEIGHBOURS

SEVEN LESSONS

CHAPTER XIII

SHOWING LOVE AS JESUS DID

Aim:

TO REALIZE in a concrete way what Christian love really means. Children are often quick to resent the idea that love, not fighting, will conquer hate. This is to help them through the experience of Jesus and of his followers to see that it can be done if we are great enough.

Chapter Outline:

DISCUSSION ON REVENGE VERSUS LOVE
WORSHIP WITH STORY—THE LORD OF LOVE
MAKING PICTURES, STORIES, AND POEMS

DISCUSSION ON REVENGE VERSUS LOVE

Discuss the three incidents found in the pupil's book. Help the class to conclude that the way of settling difficulties by fighting and anger and revenge has never really solved the problems. Arouse in them a desire to discover a better way. We have learned that Jesus lived so beautifully that thousands of people want to live like him. What did he do about such things? Look up the story of the woman whom people wanted to punish for what she had done. John 8:2–11. One day when he was teaching, he told the people how to treat each other, especially their enemies. Read Matt. 5:38–48. The Old Testament laws told the people they could take revenge on their enemies but Jesus had this better way. What was it—put it into your own words. He said that we should be so kind, so friendly to them that they would see the love behind it and want

to be friends. Explain the custom of the law allowing a man to take the coat of a man in debt to him, and the law compelling a man to go on a dangerous journey with another. Instead of resenting this, what does Jesus say is the best way? Why should we do these things? One of the best ways of knowing a Christian, then, is to see if he has this spirit.

Many people say that this will not work. Let us look at some who have tried it. Explain a little as to who the Quakers are and what they believe about living this law of love. They were among the first white people to settle in this country. Have the class read the following incidents from their sheets:

A Quaker village[1] heard that a nearby tribe of Indians, terrible in their war-paint, was coming. They would probably kill all the white people. The families were so frightened. They had been taught not to fight, but they could leave. So all but one family went away and hid in the hills. One Quaker father said, "We have not hurt them; they will not hurt us. We will stay here and be kind to them." When the Indians came, the door was open. They went in. The family served them a good lunch. The Indians ate and left, very much surprised. The frightened mother was sure they would come back and kill them. But they came and put a white feather of friendship over their door. It is said that in all the Indian wars there was never a Quaker hurt except one and he had a gun in his hands.

Why was the father so sure that the Indians would not hurt them? What changed the plan of the Indians? What does the last sentence show us?

A Quaker farmer[2] had some hides stolen from his barn. He thought they were taken by a lazy, drunken man who lived with his family in a little hut in the woods. So he advertised in the paper that if the thief would come to him, he would help him. One night the man came and returned the hides. The farmer offered him a good job on the farm if he would work. The man took the work and became honest.

[1] Retold from stories in *The Children's Story Garden*, published by Lippincott and Co., and used by permission. Tell the story more fully if you have the book.
[2] Ibid.

What would most people have done with the thief? What would this do to the thief? Why was this farmer's way better? If the thief had not come back, would it still have been the best way? Why?

Ask the pupils if they can recall any incidents from the life of any great man where he showed this love. They may have read of Lincoln pardoning the boy who slept on guard. Tell briefly the incident of Grant, the great general, giving back to the Southern soldiers the horses they would need for their farm work, instead of taking them because he was victor. Urge the pupils to look for such incidents during the week and be able to tell them at the next class. In order to stimulate individual thinking, give each pupil a paper on which to write. State the entire question and pause for the writing of the sentences.

Imagine that you very much disliked a boy or girl. Make the first sentence of a story giving him or her a name and why you dislike him. Now suppose you really wanted to begin feeling kindly toward him, write what you would do first.

Stop here for a discussion and have some children read what they have written. Have them discover that it would be a good thing to try to find something about him to admire. Give them a moment more now to finish the story, telling what they did and what the result was. Again have some read from the beginning, so as to discuss whether the child has found the best way of showing the Christian spirit of love.

Start a second story. Imagine that there is a boy or girl who very much dislikes you. Perhaps you have done something to make him feel so or perhaps you do not know why he feels as he does. You know how he feels because he is always unpleasant to you. Give the boy or girl a name and tell why he dislikes you or explain what you do to find out why. Finish the story by telling what you would do and what would happen as a result.

Have some of these stories read and discussed. Read to the class with careful emphasis the first stanza of the poem by John Martin entitled *Kind words and gentle thoughts,* empha-

sizing particularly the closing thought that love will teach us "how *strong* real gentleness can be." Use the phrase again at the close of the worship story.

Sing the song, *Kind words can never die.*

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship.
Recite together—*Far away in old Judea.*
Hymn—*Father, lead me day by day.*
Story—*The Lord of love.*
Hymn—*Thy Kingdom come.*
Prayers by teacher or pupils.
Closing—*Saviour, again to thy dear name.*

STORY—THE LORD OF LOVE

For nearly three years Jesus had been going about all over his little country showing and telling the people what God is like. He had been a carpenter in his father's shop, but when he became very sure that God wanted him to give this message to the people, he went out. From town and village to the great cities he travelled, and everywhere he taught about God and showed toward everyone the love God has for them.

At first very few knew him, but when they saw how beautifully he lived and heard the wonderful things he told them about God and love, they followed him in great crowds. He chose twelve men to be his special friends and to help in his work. So for nearly three years he worked, eager to help everyone to know the Father and to love each other.

Then a sad thing happened. The people turned away because he would not be their king, and the church leaders hated him because they did not have that love for all men that he taught. So they planned to arrest him and put him to death, so that the people would not listen to him.

When Jesus' friends saw what his enemies planned to do, they begged him not to go to Jerusalem, the great city where

the leaders were. But Jesus prayed to the Father about it, and then he saw that he must go on teaching, even if they killed him. If he should go away to another country, or if he should hate his enemies and fight against them, the people who loved him and believed what he said about love would believe it no longer. He must really love his enemies as God his Father did, and see if he could not yet help them to see the best way of living.

So he went to Jerusalem and taught again. And people listened and wished again that he might be their king. But his enemies came out into the garden where he and his friends slept at night, and took him before the priest and the governor. In a few hours they had permission to kill him, and at once they began to torment him. They beat him and slapped him and laughed at him, but always he stood so quietly and so silently that they felt almost ashamed.

At last they fastened him to a cross and killed him. His friends came and stood about him, their hearts broken by his suffering. A great crowd of curious people and enemies stood about, too. Then came the words so beautiful that the world has loved him for it ever since. Even in his suffering, he looked at these people who had put him there and prayed, saying, "Father, forgive them. They do not understand what they are doing." Then he was silent except for a prayer now and then, and when at last he died, he was so calm and brave. It is no wonder that a man standing by who knew nothing about him said, "Surely this man was the Son of God."

And so he showed the love he taught us to have, showed it until the end. And although it did not change his enemies to friends, it did make a life so beautiful and fine that people have said ever since, "We want to be like him." And Christians all over the world are trying to have that same love toward everyone, even their enemies.

MAKING PICTURE-STORIES AND POEMS

On the screen have two or three pictures of Jesus teaching and helping. Let the children look quietly or call upon one to tell

what he likes about each picture. Bring out the wonderful spirit of love which he showed. Have then two or three pictures of boys and girls in various activities. Let the class make original stories in their minds about one and have three or four told. The stories should be about one who showed Christian love as Jesus taught. Show then two other pictures without comment, and suggest that each choose the one he likes the better and look at it carefully so as to write a story about it at home this week.

The class will enjoy making a poem about showing love. Read to them a poem about some other subject, calling their attention to the rhythm and the rhyme. Suggest that the class make a four-line poem about showing love as Jesus did, and ask that someone make the first line. Write it on the board and have someone suggest a second. It is easier for them, if this is their first experience, to have the first two lines rhyme and the last two. Have other pupils suggest the other lines. When all four are written, work at revising it, finding better words. Let the children copy the completed poem in their notebooks and suggest that they write some at home during the week.

CHAPTER XIV

SHOWING LOVE AT HOME

Aim:

THE most difficult place in which to show Christian love consistently is the home. This lesson is to help the class to think through the problems of being a Christian at home and to inspire them to try to show this love in their own lives.

Chapter Outline:

READING OF ORIGINAL STORIES AND POEMS
STORY—SMALL BUSINESS
DISCUSSION ON LOVE AT HOME
STORY—THE HUNT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL
NOTEBOOK WORK

READING OF ORIGINAL STORIES

With the two pictures before them, have several pupils read their stories written during the week. Have a little discussion as to whether each found the best way of showing love. If some original poems are brought in, have them read. Close by reading again the poem *Kind words* and singing *Father, lead me.*

STORY—SMALL BUSINESS[1]

Ned Sneath sat in the kitchen of the little home where he and his mother lived. He was thinking, and he did not look happy. His elbows were upon his knees, and his head was held up by his hands, and he was staring at the floor.

He had been reading about George Washington and had been thinking about him. He had been thinking what a great man

[1] By Harding W. Gaylord, published by Pilgrim Press in *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher,* and used by permission.

he was, and what important and big things he did—how he took command of the army under the elm at Cambridge, how he spent a hard and cold winter at Valley Forge, and how he crossed the Delaware River amid blocks of dangerous ice. And he had been thinking how he would like to do big and important things himself.

But then he had thought about the things he had to do. They were very little things, most of them. He sometimes brought in wood for his mother or did errands for her at the store. It was all mighty small business! No wonder he felt unhappy as he thought of the big things he would like to do.

Just then his mother came in and called to him, "Oh Ned! won't you go down to the store for me and get a loaf of bread for supper?"

What a little thing! Of course Ned did not want to do it. It was just the sort of thing he had been thinking about.

He answered, "Oh, I suppose so!"

Then he got up and threw on his cap and walked out the door and down the walk, looking very cross as he went.

When he came back with the bread he was still looking cross. His mother asked him what was the matter, and she was so interested and sympathetic that he told her all about what he had been thinking.

"And you wish you did not have to do any little things, but could just do important ones?" she inquired when he had finished.

"Yes, that's it," he replied. "Little things aren't of any use, anyway."

His mother looked at him with a rather strange expression on her face.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said. "We'll play a game, and we'll call it the game of Big Business. The one rule will be that we shall both of us do only the big things until further notice; all little things will be forbidden. Do you agree to do that?"

"Yes, I do!" Ned answered, somewhat surprised, but eager.

And the two shook hands on the proposition.

They had supper together, and after that Ned wondered what he should do. Of course there were lessons to get, but he could not study them unless they were big business. But he had thought a bit about it, and had decided that the lessons had to do with his education, and that education is a really big and important thing. So he spent some time with his books, and then went to bed.

In the morning he got up and went downstairs. Sometimes he brought in the milk for his mother, but of course this morning he did not, for surely that was small business. But some one brought it in, for when he and his mother sat down for breakfast, there was milk in the pitcher.

As Ned was eating his egg he reached out for the salt-shaker. He turned it over above the egg, but no salt came out. The salt-shaker was empty. For a moment Ned must have forgotten about the game.

"Say, mother," he said good-naturedly, "what's the chances of getting some salt in this salt-shaker?"

His mother looked over at him with a strange smile. This was not the real mother that he knew.

"What do you mean?" she inquired. "I couldn't put salt in a salt-shaker. That's small business!"

Ned looked surprised, and then tried to look as if he were not at all surprised. He was a good sport.

"Yes, of course it's small business. Of course you couldn't do it." And he ate his egg without salt.

After that he went away to school.

He came back at noon and walked into the kitchen, calling, "Say, mother, when do we eat?"

There was no answer. He looked around. His mother was usually in the kitchen, in her morning dress and apron, when he came home, but this noon she was nowhere to be seen. There was no dinner cooking on the stove.

Ned called out again, a little louder, "Say, mother, when do we eat?"

Again there was no answer, and Ned went through the house to the parlour. There he saw his mother, in her afternoon dress,

sitting in a chair reading a big book. It was an important-looking book.

Once more Ned said, "Say, mother, when do we eat? Aren't we going to have any dinner?"

His mother put down the book and looked at Ned. Again it was not the real mother than he knew.

"I've been thinking about that dinner," she said, "and I don't see how I can get it for you. You see, it isn't really a big thing, is it? If it were a dinner for some great man, like a mayor or a judge or senator or the President, then it would be important. Or if it were a dinner for a lot of boys, then it would surely be a big thing. But it's just one dinner for only one boy, who isn't great, at least not yet, and I don't see how the rules of the game of Big Business will let me get it." And Ned's mother looked down at her book again and began to read, as if she did not want to talk to him any more.

Ned did not know what to do. He went back into the kitchen. He made a little detour into the pantry and came out feeling a bit better. But he could not stand it very long.

He went back to the parlour and stood looking at his mother, as she sat there in her afternoon dress, reading the important-looking book; it was big business, all right, to read a book like that. He did not feel comfortable. He twitched his fingers; he made his shoulders squirm; he picked up his right foot and rubbed it against his left leg.

Finally he said, "Say, mother, what's the chances of calling off this game?"

His mother looked up.

"Well, I don't know," she answered. "I suppose we could if we both agreed to."

"I'll agree," he said. "You see, I've been thinking, and I guess we have to do some small things, after all."

Then the real mother that he knew came back, and the voice that he knew said, "Oh, you do! Well, I think you are right, and I'll have dinner ready before you know it."

And the real mother that he knew put down the important-looking book and went upstairs.

In a few minutes she came down, wearing her morning dress and apron. She went out into the kitchen and cooked one of the finest dinners that any boy's mother ever cooked for him, and they sat down and ate it together.

Late that afternoon Ned's mother called to him, "Oh Ned! I wish you'd go to the store and get me some peaches for supper."

And Ned rose quickly from his chair, put on his cap, passed through the door, and went down the walk whistling.

DISCUSSION ON LOVE AT HOME

Ask if there are many small things to be done about the home which no one enjoys doing. Should one person have to do them all? Give the pupils a paper and have them make a list in three columns. Head the columns *Mother, Father, Children.* Have each one work silently for a few minutes, writing some of the small things that each person does or should do for the home. Have them read a few of the items now, with the idea of seeing how the home is made up of the contributions of all.

Ask whether it makes a difference how or in what spirit things are done. Have the children contribute to a list on the board showing the many things mother does in one day that cause her to stand. Through this try to imagine how tired she must be. Sometimes father and mother are so tired that they seem cross about doing things, but in reality they love to work for their children.

Have a series of three unfinished sentences on the board and have the pupils write on their papers the missing word. This will give them practice in thinking of the spirit in which they should do their work. Have the pupils read then the words they have supplied and make a list of them on the board. They may suggest the words—cheerfully, gladly, willingly, quickly, etc.

I will do the dishes.....
I will run errands.....
I will hang up my clothes.....

Tell the following unfinished story: Jim had slept late on Sunday morning. He had to hurry into his clothes, eat his breakfast hurriedly, search for his Bible and his hat, and run most of the way to Sunday School. His class was keeping a record of punctuality, and he didn't want to spoil the record. It was lucky for him that his mother had laid out all his clothes and had breakfast ready on time. She didn't come to Sunday School because she had the dishes to wash and the dinner to start before coming to church. The leader asked the pupils to mention things for which they were especially thankful to God. Jim answered quickly "home and mother." "Yes," said the leader, "we will say thanks and act it, too." Jim didn't see what she meant. In a few minutes Harold came in tardy. All the boys in the class scowled at him for spoiling the record. "Couldn't you get up on time for once?" they asked. "I've been up two hours," he said. "Well, why didn't you come on time, then?" they demanded. "I saw that if I helped mother with the dishes, she could come, too, so I did." Jim opened his mouth to say something, but closed it at once. He thought hard for a moment, then he made a decision.

What do you think he decided? Why should he do this? Does this story tell us why we shall do the small things at home cheerfully? Write a sentence on your paper telling a decision you would like to make, and why you make it.

Urge that the decisions be in connection with some specific time or act. Help the class to recognize the motives of being grateful to God for a home and to parents for all that they do. Suggest that they take the papers home to remind them during the week of what they are going to do at home and why.

Make the second part of the discussion into the form of a game. Read one at a time the four verses below and choose two or three children as needed to dramatize each. Say that each verse tells of some children who are not showing the Christian spirit in the home and suggest that each group dramatize the better way of doing the same thing or show how the situation in the verse could be changed to a better one by one child who is trying to be a Christian. Allow the four

groups to retire to the back of the room to discuss how they will play it. While they are gone, have those remaining decide what it is that causes each of the difficulties. Later they will decide what will change each. The four verses are:

I peeped in a little house over the hill,
And what did I hear them say?
Three children quarrelling at the sink,
"It isn't my turn to-day."

I peeped in a little house over the hill,
And what do you 'spose I'd hear?
A brother teasing a little girl
Till she wept with many a tear.

I peeped in a little house over the hill,
And what do you 'spose I'd see?
They were snatching toys from each other's hands
As cross as they could be.

I peeped in a little house over the hill,
And what did I hear them say?
A boy wouldn't play a single game
Unless they played his way.

The list on the board would show—

1. They were not grateful for their home.
2. He forgot his love for his sister.
3. They were selfish, thinking only of themselves.
4. He wanted his own way. He loved only himself.

After the stories are played showing how they could have done these things in a better way, have some pupil tell what changed it. The list will then have added such statements as,—

1. but they thought of God and their tired mother.
2. but he remembered how kind his father was to him.
3. but they thought of the love Jesus had for everybody.
4. but he remembered that he wanted to be a Christian.

The pupils may put a great deal of originality into the game. They may, for instance, tell stories to each other as they wash dishes, or play a game with the dishes or sing songs. Then they will plan how to take turns in the future or how to have all help.

Have the children look up the references: Exodus 20:12, Psalm 133:1, I John 3:18.

Close the discussion by reading the prayer-poem in the pupil's book. Then read it again as they have their heads bowed, so that it may be a prayer. Have spontaneous prayers by the pupils if they seem ready for them.

Story—THE HUNT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL

This story will be found in *Why the chimes rang,* by Raymond G. Alden. It can be considerably shortened in telling by cutting the incidents about the angel and some about the work he did to earn money.

NOTEBOOK WORK

If the children are good at free-hand paper-cutting, give them a 4″ x 5″ piece of silhouette paper from which to cut a picture of a child working in the home in the Christian spirit. You may allow those who have an idea of what they want to cut and how to go at it to proceed alone, and gather the rest about you for directed work. They may cut a child hanging up her clothes or washing the dishes or sweeping the floor or wheeling the baby carriage. Or you may have several such cut and mounted on white or gray and have them hanging before the class or distributed on the tables for suggestion.

Mount these in the notebooks and write underneath I John 3:18.

CHAPTER XV

SHOWING LOVE BY BEING THOUGHTFUL

Aim:

TO HELP the children realize the importance and beauty of doing the little thoughtful things that add to our comfort, happiness and appreciation of each other.

Chapter Outline:

DISCUSSION OF BEING THOUGHTFUL
STORY—A THOUGHTFUL BROTHER (VALMAR)
DRAMATIZATION OF INCIDENTS
READINGS ABOUT JESUS BEING THOUGHTFUL
NOTEBOOK WORK

DISCUSSION ON BEING THOUGHTFUL

Review by conversation the two lessons of the theme. Tell an incident about a boy or girl you have seen which shows how a little thoughtful act was a real way of showing love. Then show pictures and have the children make stories of thoughtful acts from these. Or allow them to tell of thoughtful acts they have seen. The pictures and incidents may suggest such things as—

Wiping shoes or closing doors softly or hanging up clothes at home.

Planning a game so as to include the little children who often are not wanted by older ones.

Seeing that the playground is too crowded and suggesting that the older ones go to another part to leave the little ones alone.

Seeing something to appreciate in one who is being laughed at by others for his queer clothes or odd ways.
Choosing a new game if a group starts a quarrel.

Story—A THOUGHTFUL BROTHER

This is a story about Valmar, found on page 236. Help the children to see that one way of being thoughtful is in protecting a smaller one from injury or unhappiness.

DRAMATIZATION OF INCIDENTS

Let the children dramatize the story of Valmar and as many of the incidents that they created in the discussion as there is time for.

READINGS ABOUT JESUS BEING THOUGHTFUL

One thing that made the life of Jesus beautiful was his many thoughtful little acts. Have the children read some of these and show the pictures of the incidents. You will find the references in the pupil's book.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Let the children make a stick-figure illustration of a story in several scenes showing a boy or girl being thoughtful. Have them write an explanation of it. Close the period by singing *Dare to be brave,* having prayer, and singing *Father, lead me day by day.*

CHAPTER XVI

SHOWING LOVE BY SHARING

Aim:

SHARING is one of the fundamental Christian qualities. We try here to study how to share, what to share, and with whom to share. We discuss sharing not only with our friends and playmates, but with far-away friends whom we have never seen. This leads directly into the discussion of showing Christian love to people of other nationalities in our own land. This chapter covers three lessons and provides for a plan to express in action some of the ideas discussed and for a test over the last three themes.

Chapter Outline:

Discussion on Sharing with pictures and stories
Hymn study
Worship service
Story—Bunga's gift
Notebook work
Discussion on Sharing with Far-away Friends
Story—The Valentine box
Worship service
Story—Peter's lesson
Notebook work
Planning of Service Project
Test

DISCUSSION ON SHARING

Show some pictures of children sharing various things. Lead the conversation to find out what the children are doing and why. Ask if they recall our discussion of how God feels about

those who do not have as much as others. Get them to express our sense of God's dependence on us in dividing up the comforts and beauties of his world.

Let them start a list of some of the things we can share with our friends and neighbours. They will name at first the material things—food and clothing to the poor, toys to orphans, books and magazines to sick people. Ask if we can share things that we cannot see and begin listing those intangible things—good times and happiness and sympathy. Tell the following unfinished incident:

Lyman took a long journey with his parents to a new home in a part of the country where there were only a few small towns. At first he thought he never could like the new home, for he missed the big city school and all his boy friends. Then he got acquainted with the boys in the new town. At first he felt sorry for them—they had such poor clothes and so little to eat and no books. They had never heard of a church, and they often swore. After a while he discovered that they knew some good games, which they taught him. One day he said to his mother, "Mother, I wish I could make their lives happier. If only I had something to share with them. But we can't afford to give them food or clothes." Mother smiled. "I can think of some wonderful things you have to share with them, and since to-morrow is Sunday, that is the best time to share one thing I am thinking of." Lyman thought for a moment, then his eyes brightened.

What did the boys share with him? What did he find to share with them? Name some things you can't see which you can share with friends. Help the class to think of such things as taking children who have no automobile for rides or picnics, having a birthday party where the children do not bring gifts but are given a thoroughly good time, visiting an old people's home and singing for them, inviting other children to Sunday School so that they may learn these things which help us so much. Be sure that the pupils suggest these things of them-

selves, but if they are not resourceful in ideas, a question or two will start them.

Why did these people in the pictures want to share? Suppose one man has become very rich. Did he get his money all by himself, with no help from anyone? Suppose he owned a dry goods store. Who are some of those who helped him? How did the clerks help? his friends? the wholesale stores? Who gave him good health and helped him to think? Who made the flax and cotton grow from which the cloth was made? Where did all the riches of the earth really come from? In our churches there is a response we sing that reminds us of this.

Have the children read one of the two responses,—*We give thee but thine own,* p. 33, Orders in the hymnal, or

> All things come of thee, O Lord,
> And of thine own have we given thee.

Start a list on the board of reasons for sharing. The first is that God shares what he has with us. Ask the children to tell other reasons why. As they name them, have them look up Bible verses and work out the other reasons, having each reason come as a conclusion to reading the verse and discussing.

2. God depends on us to distribute the good things to all. Matt. 10:7, 8. Tell the class that Jesus said this to his helpers whom he had been teaching about God when he sent them out to teach. What did he mean?

3. We show our thanks to God in this way. Matt. 25:34–40. This is what Jesus said God will say to those who have helped others. What does the last verse mean?

4. We really love them as Jesus did. Read either I Thess. 4:9 or I John 4:11.

Ask if they can tell from the pictures how those who are sharing feel, in what spirit they are sharing. Sharing is not always easy. Give out four slips of paper, holding the four unfinished incidents for dramatization. Or read the four and choose groups for acting. Or merely have discussion. In the

conversation following each, work out some suggestions on how to share.

1. Mary went to a party where she had so much fun. They had such a lot of candy and cookies. Her friends saw her put some in her handkerchief to take home. After the party Sue said, "Why are you taking some candy home?" "To give to my little brother," she answered. "Well, when I am at home, my mother always makes me share everything with my little brother. I was glad to be in one place where I didn't have to." Mary smiled and said—

Discuss what she said and why. Find 2 Cor. 9:7 and interpret it. "Not grudgingly or of necessity" means not from a sense of duty.

2. Ruth's father was a missionary in Japan, and now they were spending their one year of rest in America. Ruth was busy making pretty scrap-books to take back to the Japanese children, and she invited her little neighbours to help her. As they worked she told them of the good times they had playing together. "I think it is very good of you to do all this work for them," said Helen. "Yes, I should think it would be enough for you to play with them while you are there," said Jane. "You ought to be having a good time for yourself now." "Why girls, you talk as if I were better than they. That isn't why I share with them." "Why do you do it?" asked both girls.

Discuss what she said and why. Tell the story of the *Vision of Sir Launfal.* It may be found in the book *Knights of service.* At the close discuss the poem. Ask what is the difference between giving and sharing. How can we give ourselves with our alms? Who are the three people who are helped whenever we share? What was wrong with Sir Launfal in his first gift? Did he feel himself better than the beggar the second time? Why not? What are some times when people are likely to feel themselves better than the one to whom they are giving?

3. After school the children were all telling how many Valentines they received. Some boasted that they had received the most or the prettiest. But each one had received one that had no name on it. They never did find out who sent them. But

one girl said, "I know who sent them, and he did it this way because——"

Who do you think it was? Why did he do that? Why was the first valentine sent? Are some given now in a very different spirit? What is the nicest spirit in which to give them?

Tell about Howard Walter, who went to share his knowledge about God with the people in China. Once a great epidemic came, the other missionaries went to the hills to be safe, but he stayed to help the sick. They said to him, "You can help only a few and then you will get sick and die," but he stayed, glad to give all he could. Have the class turn to the poem he wrote telling how he wanted to share. Read stanza 2 of No. 170. What kind of friends does he choose? When he gives a gift, what does he do? What does that mean? Being humble reminds us of Sir Launfal—what does it mean? How did he learn to be humble? How would Mr. Walter help others? Let us remember especially the line, "I would be giving and forget the gift."

4. The children in Miss Bayes' class were bringing gifts for the children in the orphans' home. One boy said, "This is a wagon that empties sand. It has lost its spring, but it's all right to play with, and I'm tired of it." A girl said, "Mother let me bring this dress. It's whole and clean, but it's too faded for me to wear any more." Just then someone noticed Gloria with a beautiful picture book. "Why, what made you bring that?" cried Patty. "You said last week that it was your favourite book and it has such good stories and pictures. I was going to ask you to lend it to me." "Well," said Gloria,——

Discuss what she said and why. Have the children read Acts 3:1–7. They were giving the best they had. The worship story will bring out this same truth.

HYMN STUDY

Have on the board the words of *Why We Give.*[1] Read and ask for the meaning in their own words. Notice the reference

[1] Published in *Junior Hymns and Carols* by Leyda, and used by permission.

to two Bible verses we have read. Play the music twice, having them hum once. Then sing it through.

God loveth a cheerful giver,—
He has asked us to freely give
Our love and money to others
To teach them the right way to live.
Inasmuch as ye give to others
Ye have given the same to me;
These words were spoken by Jesus
To all who his helpers would be.

IDA F. LEYDA.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship.
Hymn—*Kind words can never die.*
Repeat together—Luke 6:27–35.
Story—*Bunga's gift.*
Hymn—*Why we give.*
Prayer—Pray together the second verse of the hymn *Thy kingdom come* and add spontaneous prayers if desired.

STORY—BUNGA'S GIFT[2]

Bunga sat by the roadside with her eyes fastened on the trail. Her father had told her that a white man was going by that very day.

Bunga was a little black girl of Africa. She lived in a little round hut in the forest. Just in front of the hut was the trail,—the long, long trail that led from the forest right out to the ocean and harbour where the big ships sailed. Bunga had never seen a white man. Oh, how she did long to see one. So she sat quietly hour after hour, watching the long trail that led into the very heart of the forest.

Suddenly, far in the distance, she heard a noise. It was the sound of a horn. Nearer and nearer it came and Bunga stood

[2] As told by Helen Calkins from story in Everyland magazine, and used by permission.

on tiptoes to see. "They are coming, they are coming," she cried. "I see the men." As they came nearer, she could see very clearly. There were many black men, carrying heavy elephant tusks on their shoulders. But where was the white man?

At the very end of the procession he came, but when Bunga saw him she hid herself behind a big tree, for never in her life had she seen such a strange-looking man. The big white man saw Bunga and called to her in her own language. "Come here, little girl." She peeked out at him from behind the tree. The black men had dropped the loads from their backs and were all lying down on the brown earth to rest, but the white man was sitting on a tree stump. He looked very friendly, so Bunga stepped out and came slowly toward him. "Can you tell me, little girl, where the chief of the tribe lives?" he asked.

"I will call him, sir," and away she ran. In a few minutes a great black chief appeared before the white man and bowed politely. Then the white man said, "My men are tired out from their long journey. In five days I must reach the coast. Can I get the men of your tribe to carry for me the rest of the journey?"

"I am sorry, sir," said the chief, "but my men have already gone to the harbour. If you like, the women and girls may go." Bunga's heart leaped for joy. She rushed with all her might back to the little round hut in the forest, "Oh, mother, the big chief says we may carry for the big white man. Think of it, we can go to the great harbour where the ships are."

Bunga's mother was happy, too. "Yes, Bunga," she said, "and do you know that there is a wonderful church just three days' journey from here and perhaps, *perhaps* the white man will let us go to the service and hear more about Jesus. How wonderful that would be."

Then Bunga crept back to the place where the white man was. She crept softly behind a tree again, so that she might see him without being seen. Just then a twig snapped and the white man looked up. He saw the little black girl behind the tree and called to her again. "Come here, little girl, I want to talk

to you." Bunga saw that he was smiling, a big, friendly smile, so she knew he must be kind. Slowly she came out from behind the tree and crept close to him.

"I have a little girl in America who is just about as big as you are," he said. Then he noticed a queer string of beads about her neck, and Bunga told him that the beads were the teeth of dogs and wild animals. She took them off and showed them to him. Then he opened a bag at his side and took out a string of beautiful red beads, and when he held them up in the sunshine they sparkled and shone like a merry little brook when the sunbeams touch it. Bunga could hardly take her eyes from them. She had never seen anything so beautiful in her whole life. And the white man said, "I know my little girl would like your beads. Would you like to give me yours if I give you these red ones?"

Bunga could hardly believe that she might have such wonderful beads, but she quickly gave her own to the white man, and he slipped the red ones over her head. Bunga was so happy! She ran home as fast as she could to show them to her mother.

The next morning they started on their long journey to the coast. Bunga went with her mother, and helped carry, too. They travelled one whole day and stopped to rest at night; then another long day. On the third day they came to the little white church. Crowds of people were standing about it, and the white man told Bunga and the people that were with him that they might go to the service. Bunga had never seen so many people before, but she stood close to the white man, so she was not afraid. He took her hand and they walked into the church together. All the seats were full, and there were people sitting on the floor all around.

It was such a wonderful service. All the people sang together, the minister prayed, and they all prayed with him. It was all so strange! Then the minister began to talk. Bunga listened carefully, for he told them many things about Jesus which Bunga had never heard before. Then he said, "And many, many people right here in our own country have never heard

of him. I am going to ask everyone here to give some gift to help send a teacher to tell the others about Jesus." Then he added, "Each one can help. Each one can bring the best he has for his gift."

When he had finished speaking, the people took their gifts up to the minister. Such strange gifts they were, for these people had no money. There was salt, there were little pieces of metal, and teeth of wild animals, and bits of ivory—all these things were laid at the minister's feet.

Bunga thought about what the minister had said, and she thought, "I wish I had something to give. I do wish I could help to send a teacher. But I have nothing to give." Then the minister said again, "Give something of your own, the very best you have." Bunga thought, "He doesn't mean me, for I have nothing to give." Just then she looked down and saw her beautiful new red beads. They sparkled and shone in the light. "I couldn't give them," she whispered to herself. "They are the most beautiful things I ever saw."

Bunga's mother went to the minister and took a smooth white egg from her pocket and put it with the other gifts. "Oh," said Bunga, "we do want all the people to hear about Jesus." She lifted the lovely red beads from her neck and hurried to the front. "Will these help to bring a teacher?" she asked. "Yes, I am sure they will," said the minister.

Just then she looked up and saw that the white man was standing beside her. He put his hand into his pocket and took out a handful of money. He gave it to the minister and said, "I am giving this because of Bunga's gift. Will it help to send a teacher, too?" The minister looked at it and said, "Yes, it will send many teachers."

Then Bunga was very, very happy, because she had given something of her very own, the *best* she had.

Speak of the picture that is in the pupil's book. The children will be enthusiastic over writing a story about it. We should know not only the names of the children and what they are doing, but something that happened which made it hard for

one to share. Tell all that happened, what he decided, and why. Put in the conversation of the children as they talked it over in order to decide it.

NOTEBOOK WORK

At the opening of the second lesson have several of the original stories read and discussed briefly. Save the best for an exhibit. Have a brief review of the discussion, putting on the board the four ways of sharing and the four reasons for it. Help them to recall these by means of the incidents, Bible verses, and stories by which they were first thought out. The four ways of sharing are—

cheerfully, not grudgingly.
humbly, not as if we were better.
forgetting the gift, not giving for credit.
generously, of our best.

Let the pupils make a sharing page in their notebooks, putting a little stick-figure illustration of sharing at the top, copying the ways and reasons from the board, and 2 Cor. 9:7.

DISCUSSION ON SHARING WITH FAR-AWAY FRIENDS

Call to their attention that most of the sharing we have talked about is with our friends and playmates or with people in our own community. But some have shared with people they never saw. Why should we share with people so far away and so different from us?

Use the set of world friendship posters (see Index) with a playful spirit. Give each card to a pupil and let him read it to the class, then hang it where they can see it. Have them read from the board the following poem:[3]

The world is full of children
Of many different ways;
Some are used to icebergs,
And some to torrid days;

[3] Printed by the Methodist Book Concern and used by permission.

Some have tassels, some have beads,
Some have fan or feather.
What a joyful time they'd have
If they got together.

The world is full of children
Of many different kinds,
And many different costumes,
And many different minds;
Some in silk and some in fur,
And some in cloth or leather;
But if they had a half a chance,
They'd like to play together.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

Have a conversation about foreign children whom they know. You will undoubtedly run across some prejudices against the more unattractive types or nationalities. Help the children to think this out in their own way, but to recognize:

1. That if we were in another country, we would seem as queer and foreign to the children there as they do to us here. How would we feel if they wouldn't speak to us nor play with us?

2. That God is just as much interested in them as in us. Look up Matt. 28:19, 20 and John 10:14–16. "This fold" means the nation to which Jesus belonged. Use the poem:[4]

Though black the hand, red, brown, or white,
All hearts are just the same;
Each one is precious in his sight,
Each one he calls by name.

ALFRED R. LINCOLN.

3. That we cannot expect them to believe in Jesus and God unless we can show the love that we say they have for us all. Read the poem written as if a Chinese child were speaking.[5]

[4] From Ferris' *Missionary Program Material*, published by Interchurch Publishing Company, and used by permission.

[5] Published by the Women's American Baptist Home Missionary Society and used by permission.

I come from a land that is over the sea,
But in this land you call me "the heathen Chinee,"
You laugh at my ways and my long braided hair,
At the food that I eat and the clothes that I wear.
Are you little Christians—you Melican boys—
Who pelt me with stones and scare me with noise?
Such words that you speak, and such deeds that you do,
Will ne'er make a Christian of little Ching Foo.
I may turn from my gods to the God that you praise,
When you love me and teach me and *show* me his ways.

ANONYMOUS.

STORY—THE VALENTINE BOX[6]

It was recess time. The children were bunched in little groups talking about the valentine party to-morrow. Hammond was on the committee which was planning it. It was he who had thought of the valentine box, where the children should drop the valentines they were sending each other. It would be opened at the party, and no one would know who had sent the valentines. Hammond was on his way now to ask Miss Powell for a big box.

Huddled alone on the steps was the dark-eyed new boy who had come only a few days before. He looked lonely. Hammond knew that it was because the children laughed when he talked. He had come from across the ocean where people speak differently.

Hammond could speak only one language and thought it was quite wonderful to know a boy who could speak two, even if he did make mistakes in one. He stopped and spoke to the new boy.

"Hello, Giovanni," he said. "They're all talking about the party Friday. You're coming, aren't you?"

Giovanni shrugged his shoulders. He did not know.

"We're going to play games," Hammond explained, "and have ice cream, and get our valentines." He stopped. Giovanni was so new that probably nobody would think to send him one.

[6] By Jeanette Perkins in the *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher* and used by permission.

"Valentine? What is that?" Giovanni asked.

"Oh," said Hammond, "it is a little card or paper letter with pictures on it. It means, 'I like you a lot.' People send them to people they like. You'll see them at the party."

He went in, wondering how he should feel if he thought no one would send him a valentine. Miss Powell gave Hammond a box and he took it outside. Giovanni was still sitting alone on the steps, looking enviously at the other children talking and playing.

"See," said Hammond, sitting down beside him. "This is the box where people put their valentines. Now I have to trim it all up, to make it look pretty, you know."

Giovanni grew quite excited. "I—I help?" he begged. "My fadder—he make-a-da picture. I have plainta paper—beautiful. Come with me to-day. I show you."

Hammond was delighted. He had wondered how he could trim the box. After school he went with Giovanni to his home and to the little shop underneath where Giovanni's father sold lovely pictures and frames from Italy. He wandered about the shop while Giovanni chose some gold and red paper to cover the box, and Giovanni's father painted curly leaves in gold around the edges.

Proudly Hammond carried it home with him. "Mother," he said, "I like Giovanni a lot. I'm going to send him a valentine." When he had finished it he dropped it through the slit Giovanni's father had made in the box. "The first one to go in," he thought, much pleased.

The next day he was so busy at recess and at the noon hour, helping to plan the games, that he had no time to think of Giovanni.

School was over and the party had begun. The children came crowding up to put their piles of valentines in the red and gold box.

"O-ooh! What a lovely box!" they exclaimed. Hammond looked around for Giovanni.

"Where did you get that nice red paper?" asked the children.

"From Giovanni," Hammond explained, looking anxiously

everywhere. "Giovanni's father has the best shop! He's a real painter. See, he painted the gold things on. Where *is* Giovanni? I thought he'd be here to hear how you liked it."

But Giovanni had gone.

"Gone? Didn't he know there was a party?" the others asked amazed.

"Yes, he knew it. I told him," said Hammond.

For a minute everybody stood perfectly still. They couldn't imagine going home before a party. "Did he know there were games and a valentine box and ice cream and everything?" Mary said.

"We haven't asked him to play games with us much," said Hammond, very much ashamed. "And I suppose he didn't think there'd be anything for him in the valentine box."

The others were silent again. Not one had a valentine for him.

"After he made us the box, too!" John said, in a little voice.

They all felt very sorry and uncomfortable. Hammond felt worst of all. While they were talking he opened the box and put his hand down at the very bottom. He thought he should find the valentine he had put there for Giovanni. He didn't know what he intended to do, but he meant to get it.

But it was not Giovanni's valentine he brought out. Instead it was an envelope addressed to himself. There were curly gold leaves on the outside and more on the inside, the lovely blue and pink and lavender on them, too. It was one of the beautiful cards Hammond had seen in Giovanni's father's shop. In the centre, carefully spelled out, were the words "I like you." Giovanni had put in the first valentine after all. And then he had not come to the party! Why should he, thought Hammond, as he reached in for the valentine he had put there for Giovanni. Why should anyone go to a party if he thought he'd have a bad time?

Something had to be done. The games were beginning. Hammond had helped to plan them, so they were all his favourites. He wished Giovanni were there. They could be learned easily. But Giovanni thought nobody liked him, and nobody

would ask him to join in the games. Hammond looked at the two valentines in his hands. How was Giovanni going to get his, to know that Hammond liked him? It was a long way to the little Italian shop. Anyone going there now would miss the whole party. Yet there would be no time to go afterward. How quick Giovanni had been to offer help! And how kind his father had been! Hammond's coat was on by now. He would have to miss the party, of course, but somehow that seemed better than having Giovanni miss knowing that he liked him. He told Miss Powell he was going.

"I am glad," she said. "Bring him back if there's time."

The thought that there might be time made him run all the way to Giovanni's. He found him in his father's shop. All in one breath he gave him his valentine, thanked him for his own beautiful Italian one, and told him to hurry back with him before the party was quite over.

Giovanni's eyes, which had looked so sad lately, suddenly shone, and clutching his precious new valentine he ran back with Hammond.

"We're so glad you came," said Miss Powell. "We were just going to open the beautiful valentine box you made us. And then we'll have our ice cream."

"It's too bad," said John, "that we've played all the games, but we'll teach them to you at recess Monday."

"Why," said Mary, who was opening the box, "the very first valentine is for Giovanni!" and sure enough it was.

But the strangest thing was that nearly every other one seemed to be for Giovanni. The little Italian grew more and more amazed. Hammond understood that while he had gone the box had been opened and that now all the children were sharing with the new boy the prettiest valentines they had received.

He thought proudly of his class when he saw the piles of gaily coloured cards in both of Giovanni's hands, but all he said when Giovanni asked, "Why are they so kind?" was, "You see it shows, Giovanni, that they like you a lot."

Does it make any difference whether they do know our God, whether they learn to love each other as Jesus taught? Let the children tell any incidents they know about happiness that came into lives when they learned about God. They have heard many of these. One true incident is:

A boy in India who had stolen and been in jail and who cared nothing about anyone except himself was brought to a missionary to be her helper. She gave him charge over all her house and told him she would trust him. He lived with her from day to day and saw how strong and gentle and loving she was. One day she paid him too much money, and he came back, bringing it for her to count. One day she became ill and went to a hospital. He went with her to help on the journey. Then she gave him money to ride the 17 miles back. Soon it was her birthday, and he gave her a lovely gift. "Where did you get the money for it?" she asked. "I walked the 17 miles home and saved that money to buy it," he replied. He had learned to love others.

If the pupils know it, let them sing the hymn, *We've a story to tell to the nations.*

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship.
Hymn—*Come thou almighty king.*
Story—*Peter's lesson.*
Read together from the board—Matt. 28:19, 20.
Hymn—*We've a story to tell to the nations.*
Closing prayer.

Story—PETER'S LESSON

Long ago, in the country of Palestine, there lived a Roman captain named Cornelius. Cornelius was captain over a hundred soldiers who were guarding the home of the Roman governor. He was a man who always helped the poor and who prayed to God regularly. It was not long after Jesus had been

on the earth teaching people many things about the Father which they had not known before. But Cornelius was not a Jew, so he had not known Jesus.

One afternoon Cornelius left his soldiers and went into his house to pray. Now Cornelius had a beautiful home, the best food that could be bought, and fine uniforms to wear, but he felt that he should be happier if he knew more about God, the Heavenly Father; so every day he prayed about it. This time, as he was praying, he had a vision. He seemed to see a shining white angel standing before him. Cornelius was frightened and whispered, "What is it, Lord?" And the angel said to him, "God has seen thy good deeds and heard thy prayers, and he will answer. And now send men to Joppa and call for a man named Peter, and he will tell thee what thou oughtest to do. He liveth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side." Then the angel disappeared.

Now Cornelius knew that Peter was one of the disciples of Jesus and that he was now going about among his people, the Jews, preaching and teaching about his Master. Surely Peter would not come to his home, no matter how fine it was, for the Jews were forbidden by their laws to enter a Gentile house or to speak with the people of other nations. But he must do as the angel had told him.

Cornelius sent for two of his most faithful servants and one of the trusty soldiers who guarded his house, and told them about the angel. "Hurry to Joppa and find Peter," he said, "and ask him to come to my house." So they started on their long journey of forty miles to Joppa.

The next day at noon Peter came to the house of Simon the tanner in Joppa to get his dinner. While he waited for it, he went up on the flat roof to pray. He sat there in the warm sunshine, thinking about the days he had spent with Jesus. He looked out over the city to the blue sea with its white-topped waves and white sailboats. As he sat there, he too, had a vision. He saw a great white bundle floating down through the air, a white sail-cloth with the four corners gathered together at the top. As it came near him, the corners

dropped and he saw inside a great many animals and birds and creeping things. Some of them were animals which the Jews were forbidden to eat, but he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." But Peter said, "Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything common or unclean." The voice answered him, "What God has made clean, do not call common or unclean." Peter was very much puzzled at this, for he did not know what such a vision might mean. Even as he watched, the vision came again and a third time, so that he might not forget what he had seen. Then the cloth floated away.

While Peter sat there on the roof, thinking about the vision and wondering what it meant, he heard a loud knocking at the gate downstairs. He went to the edge of the roof and looked over. There at the gate were three strangers, and one of them was a soldier. "Is there a man named Peter here?" he heard them ask. Peter went down to the gate and the strangers said, "We are the servants of Cornelius, a Roman captain of the city of Caesarea. He is a good man and one who believes in God. He has been told by an angel to send for you and hear you speak."

Peter, still thinking of what he had seen, felt in his heart that this was something which God wanted him to do, so he called the men in and had them stay there all night. The next morning he started back with them to Caesarea.

When Peter came to the house, Cornelius met him and, thinking what a wonderful man Peter was to have been with Jesus, fell on his knees before him. But Peter said, "Stand up, Cornelius. I myself am also a man."

Then they went into the house, and Peter found that Cornelius had called together many of his friends and relatives, so that they too might hear what Peter had come to tell them. They were all eager to hear about God. Now Peter had never entered the house of a Gentile before, but as he came and found them all waiting there to hear him, he suddenly understood what the vision meant. So he went in and said to them, "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew

to keep company with or to come unto one of another nation; but God has shown me that I should not call any man common or unclean. Therefore, I have come unto thee; for what cause hast thou sent for me?"

So Cornelius told Peter about the angel who had spoken to him, and said, "Immediately therefore I sent for thee, and thou hast done well that thou art come. Now therefore we are all here present before God to hear all things that God commands thee to tell us."

Peter answered and said to all the people, "I see now that God loves all people and that every nation is to know him, and not the Jews alone. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has been here on the earth teaching us many things about the Father which we never knew before. Now he has gone to be again with the Father, but before he went away, he told us to preach the gospel to all nations, and that whosoever believes on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. We did not understand then that he meant for the Gentiles to know him, too, but now it is plain that you, too, may believe and love him."

While Peter was speaking to the people, he saw that they believed and were happy. Before he had finished speaking, they were so happy to think that they too might love the great Father and Jesus, his Son, that they began to sing songs and to speak to each other of this great gift of God.

Then Peter saw that they should be baptized as the Jews were, to help them live as Jesus had taught. And so they were baptized—Cornelius and all his family. And Peter was so surprised at this wonderful new lesson he had learned that he went to Jerusalem and told the church and all the other disciples about it. And from that day, the Gentiles have had the gospel preached to them, and have learned to love and worship God.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Let the children draw a small illustration of the Oriental house in which Peter had his vision, and underneath tell the story in their own words.

LOCAL SHARING PROJECT

Growing out of the discussions, begin the next lesson by planning with the class some expression of their interest in sharing. It should be a project in sharing with some local group of another race or nationality. This will vary so much with the community that the teacher will work out her own plans, but we may suggest some types of things that may be considered.

1. If the class is all of American parentage, do something nice for a foreign group in the community and plan to visit them. It will be easier to avoid a feeling of superiority if it is a joint party or worship service rather than a gift. Have the leader of the other group plan to have them make some contribution to the occasion.

2. If the class is of mixed racial background, have them plan to do honour together to some great hero or writer or musician of the other group. If that person can be one of local interest, it will be more valuable. For instance, in Dayton it is natural to honour Paul Laurence Dunbar, the famous negro poet.

3. If the class is in a small community where there is no foreign group, plan to do something for a group in another place, Mexican or Indian children, a coloured day nursery in a near-by city, a summer camp for foreign children.

TEST

The rest of this last period on the theme should be spent in a situation test. Conduct in the same way as the test in chapter 7.

1. Jean had a habit of losing her temper. She prayed that God would help her control it. But she kept on losing it. Why?

2. Why should we go to church on Sunday?

3. Ted had his bathing suit on all ready to go in the lake when he saw Mrs. Gray, who had said she would go in with the children, had changed her mind and was helping with the

picnic lunch. He said to her, "My mother told me not to go in unless a grown-up went with us." "Oh, you will be all right," she said. "I can see you from here." Ted sat on the bank to think.

Why might it seem right to go in?

Why might it seem wrong?

What do you think he decided? Why?

4. Mention two times when Jesus showed love to people who had done wrong.

5. What does 1 John 3:18 mean? Mention three ways that you can do this at home.

6. Fill in the blanks:

A Christian gives....., not.....

Bunga gave in a *Christian way* because she gave.....

Sir Launfal found that the only way to make people happy with a gift is to.....

BUILDING A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

REVIEW THEME

FIVE LESSONS

CHAPTER XVII

BEING TRUSTED

Aim:

THIS is the first of four review chapters that help the pupils to test themselves by the ideals that were worked out earlier in the course and to see whether they have grown in their own ability to live them. The motive of learning to be a Christian is still to be emphasized.

Chapter Outline:

STORY—VALMAR PROVES THAT HE CAN BE TRUSTED
DISCUSSION OF INCIDENTS
WORSHIP SERVICE
NOTEBOOK WORK
HOME WORK

STORY—VALMAR PROVES THAT HE CAN BE TRUSTED

DISCUSSION OF INCIDENTS

Ask why Valmar guarded the bookcase in the castle. What did he prove to the Master? Why was Valmar glad that he could be trusted? Recall the two earlier stories of Valmar on this theme.

Start a story with one sentence and let the children recall and briefly retell them, as "There was a boy who was working hard on his arithmetic paper." Recall thus the stories of Ben, Daniel, Jimmy Stanby, Pythias.

Have some of the pictures that were used in the earlier

lessons hanging on the screen. Work on incidents now, in one of several ways.

1. Let the children create, from experiences they have had or have observed, incidents about being trusted.

2. Or create from the pictures on the screen.

3. Or write on the board a few phrases that will suggest situations around which they can construct incidents. They may be such phrases as:

Broke a window when teacher did not see.
Saw money on desk at school.
Didn't want to keep a rule mother made and mother was away from home and couldn't be asked about it.
Had a chance to go to a picnic instead of going to the library with a friend as he promised.

The incidents may be told and discussed or may be dramatized. Be sure that the children think not only what to do but why it is the strongest, the Christian thing to do.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship—Psalm 92:1, 2, 4a.

Hymn—*God of our friends of long ago.*

Bible readings—Assign to individuals or to groups before the beginning of the service the references written on the board. Have them find the places and leave their Bibles open on the tables ready to read them at this time.

Ephesians 4:25, 28.
Hebrews 13:18.
James 1:22.
Proverbs 12:19, 22.
John 13:17.

Responsive Reading—Have the class read silently the entire reading from the board or from typewritten sheets. Help the class to feel that such a pledge as this often helps people to try harder than ever to live up to certain ideals in which they

believe. The class may then read the sentences and the teacher the response or vice versa. Or if you want to make it quite impressive and personal, say that those who really want to do these Christian things will want to repeat them as a kind of pledge and have those who do, say it softly with the teacher, with either the teacher or the class giving the response.

1. When it is hard to tell the truth, I will be brave to speak and act the truth.
   For a Christian's words can always be trusted.
2. When I find something, I shall do my best to find the owner. I will always be honest.
   For a Christian who is helping to build the Kingdom of God is honest.
3. When I have promised to do a thing, even though I would rather do something else, I will keep my promise.
   For I want to be a Christian whose word can be trusted.
4. When there is no one to tell me what to do, I will choose to do what I know is right.
   For Jesus said, "If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them."

Hymn—*Thy kingdom come.*

Prayer—by the teacher or the pupils.

NOTEBOOK WORK

It will not be difficult to arouse interest in making in the notebooks a poster which will show the whole story of Valmar. See the frontispiece. Put before the class a large poster of the picture and have the class turn to the back of the notebooks. Use two adjoining pages. Have the class plan just how much space will be given to the first four pictures. Have them draw first in pencil, later go over it with crayola. When the poster is finished in five lessons, print on the board the titles that will be put under each picture. In each of the next four lessons the picture will grow as far as the review covers it, until the city of Avalon is added on the last day.

HOME WORK

Read from the Pupil's Book the suggestion regarding the diaries. If you arouse enthusiasm for this work and plan it carefully with the pupils, they may derive much benefit from it. It will be well to ask them to read each week from the diaries. If you collect the completed diaries and check them all you may receive some very valuable information which you will wish to keep.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOVING AND WORSHIPPING GOD

Chapter Outline:

REVIEW GAME
DISCUSSION ON SHOWING OUR LOVE TO GOD
STORY—PREPARING FOR THE GUEST
WORSHIP SERVICE
NOTEBOOK WORK

REVIEW GAME

SUGGEST a game as a good way of reviewing our studies on this theme. Have the pupils write word answers completing the following statements made by the teacher. Then have the children check their own papers to see how many were correct. Have a little discussion of the whole.

1. The woman who wept at Jesus' feet during the banquet wanted to do better. The reason for this was because Jesus was.....

2. Zaccheus learned that the only way to be happy was to.....

3. Jesus said that God is.....

4. When people do wrong, God is.....

5. Jesus said that to make life beautiful we need to do two things,—to love.....and.....

6. He said that the Kingdom of God is.....

7. God answers our prayers if we do.....

8. He sends to us only what.....

9. He answers sometimes through.....and sometimes through.....

10. The word "hallowed" means.....

11. Because we need to worship together regularly, we need a.....

12. The first church built for the worship of Jehovah God was a.....

DISCUSSION ON SHOWING OUR LOVE TO GOD

Help the class to crystallize their ideas into a discussion of why we love God and how we can show our love for him. Build this entirely from their responses, but help them to think of the Father's love and care, his helping us to do right, his love for everyone, his sorrow over wrong-doing, his creation of the beautiful world.

We need to show him our love by loving and helping others, by talking to him, by going regularly to church and helping in the church. See if there are any responsibilities that they can take in their churches as a way of showing their gratitude to God. Then tell the story.

STORY—PREPARING FOR THE GUEST

In the little town of Milbank, most of the people were excited and happy. Word had come to them that the great Bishop would visit them next Sunday and would preach in their little chapel. They were excited, not only because he was a great man, but because, years ago when he was young, he had been the preacher in their own little church. In fact, he had helped them to build the church. They well remembered how proud they had all been of the new building. They had loved him dearly, and now they could scarcely wait to see him.

So the people cleaned their houses and cleaned the church, and before long everything was in perfect order. The children went to the woods and gathered wild flowers to make the pulpit beautiful. The women baked and planned for the big dinner to which he would be invited. The men cut the grass and

raked the lawn and painted the doors. At last everything was ready.

On Sunday morning the church was packed. The Bishop was there, shaking hands with old friends, smiling at grown-ups and patting little ones on the head. He stepped into their Sunday School and watched them there. He sat in the big chair on the platform until the people were all in their seats for church. Then he announced the hymn.

The people loved his rich, clear voice, and they thought he was more wonderful than ever as he preached to them. But when he came to the end of the sermon he leaned forward and said in the same friendly tone he had always had for them, "My people, I have something very important to tell you." Even the littlest child listened.

"You have welcomed your old friend to-day, and he has been very happy. You have cleaned the church and made it beautiful with flowers. You have listened respectfully to what I have said. But I have been thinking with sadness that you did not treat your other guest so well."

The people looked around in surprise. They had seen no other guest. How could they treat him well? It must be a friend of the Bishop. They listened as the Bishop went on.

"Whenever I enter a church, I think first about meeting God. I try to feel near to him before I think of other friends. To-day when I entered your Sunday School I saw people talking laughingly together during the worship, I heard them whispering during the lesson. When the school was dismissed, I saw the hymn books dropped on chairs and even on the floor, the chairs moved out of line, and a great noise of talking and confusion. As I sat here before the service, I saw people turning to talk with their neighbours while the organ called them to worship. But when *I* arose to speak, you were quiet. I cannot think that you love me more than you love God; yet you have given him no chance to speak to you in the quietness of your hearts to-day. He met you here, but you were not ready for the thoughts he had for you. You have decorated for one guest and forgotten the other."

The room was very still as the Bishop bowed his head and prayed. He talked to God so beautifully that the people were sure that he had been very close to God. The people were quiet, their heads bowed in shame and their eyes filled with tears. Of course they loved God very much, but they had not realized how hard they had made it for him to speak to them.

The service was over and the people moved quietly out. Two months later, if the Bishop had visited his little chapel, he would have seen boys and girls in Sunday School, children and grown folks in church who had learned to show their great love for God by keeping his house beautiful and keeping their minds ready for their Great Guest.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship—Psa. 92:1, 2, 4a.
Hymn—*Come thou almighty King.*
Repeat Psalm 121.
Hymn—*O never alone is the Christian.*
Repeat Matt. 7:7–11.

Hymn—*How strong and sweet.*
Prayer.
Response—*Saviour, again to thy dear name.*

NOTEBOOK WORK

Continue the work on the poster.

CHAPTER XIX

BEING OBEDIENT AND SELF-CONTROLLED

Chapter Outline:

REVIEW AND DRAMATIZATION
WORSHIP SERVICE WITH STORY—VALMAR KEEPS CONTROL
NOTEBOOK WORK

REVIEW AND DRAMATIZATION

HAVE the pupils recall from the story of Valmar the lessons on obeying the laws and on being self-controlled. Ask why it was best for Valmar for him to obey the law? Why was it best for the hunter? Did he find it always easy to control himself? What helped him to remember?

Let the pupils dramatize again the *Knights of the silver shield*. Divide the class into four groups and name them the home, the school, the playground, the city. Let them plan a spontaneous dramatization showing a situation demanding obedience to laws.

Recite together from the board the verses learned in chapter XII, both the Bible verses and the couplets on kites and fire. Talk a little about their meaning.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship—Psa. 34:1 and chant *Praise ye the Lord.*
Hymn—*Trust and obey.*
Story—*Valmar keeps control.*
Hymn—*God of our friends of long ago.*

Read together from the board the poem *Self-control,* by John Martin. You may have them read it silently first and then softly together as a prayer.

Hymn—*Father, lead me day by day.*

Prayer.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Continue the work on the poster.

CHAPTER XX

LOVING OUR NEIGHBOURS

Chapter Outline:

REVIEW GAME
STORY—VALMAR SHOWS CHRISTIAN LOVE
WORSHIP SERVICE
NOTEBOOK WORK
HOME WORK

REVIEW GAME

FOR the review, play a game like this: Have slips of paper that carry the words sharing, showing love at home, being thoughtful, showing love to people of another nationality. Give these to five small groups of children. Have each group make up an incident which they can pantomime as in the game "New York." Then let the rest of the class guess not only what they are doing but why, or of what lesson they were thinking. This may be done until everyone in the class has been in one group.

Ask a few questions about showing our love, what to do when it is hard, and if you like, review some of the stories told in this theme.

STORY—VALMAR SHOWS CHRISTIAN LOVE

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to worship.
Hymn—*Why we give.*
Recite poem—*Not what we give,* and 2 Cor. 9:7.

Hymn—*All things come of thee,* or *We give thee but thine own.*

Read poem—*Kind words and gentle thoughts.*

Hymn (sung or read)—*I would be friend of all.*

Prayer.

Response repeated from the board—*Freely ye have received,* and *Inasmuch as ye have done.*

NOTEBOOK WORK

Continue the work on the poster.

HOME WORK

The children may be interested in writing letters to various people, expressing their gratitude for the opportunity of coming to the school. If the class is in a Week Day School, some pupils may express their appreciation to the Superintendent of Schools for permission to spend an hour each week in such a study. Others may write to the church in which the class is held. Another group may write to the Sunday School Council or the board under whose auspices the school is conducted.

You will need to plan this carefully at the close of this lesson.

CHAPTER XXI

CONCLUSION

Chapter Outline:

STORY—VALMAR REACHES THE CITY
NOTEBOOK WORK
DISCUSSING THE SCHOOL
SONG PERIOD

NOTEBOOK WORK

AFTER the concluding story of the Valmar series, have the picture finished in the notebook, then copy the following poem on the last page.

Out on the highway Valmar went
To find a city of love and content.

He found when the first day came to an end
That he might talk with a helpful friend.

He travelled and travelled for many a day,
Learning new lessons for work and play.

He learned to be honest and fair and true
And self-controlled in all he should do.

He often prayed to the Father of love,
And he found the City of Christian Love.

Revised from poem by EVA ARNOLD.

Go through the notebooks with the children to help them feel its value, and talk about how they will enjoy going over it with their parents and keeping it for years.

DISCUSSING THE SCHOOL

Discuss a little the value of studying in such a school as this and recall some of the very first discussion of the year. Arouse the interest of the children in thinking of the coming summer as a practice and test of what has been studied. Have a moment of silent prayer in which each pupil looks back over his experience to see if he has grown or honestly tried to grow and looks ahead, asking God to help him in the building of a Christian character that will be of service to God in the Kingdom of God on earth. If you like, have each write a brief paragraph telling of what value the school has been to him, mentioning a concrete way, if possible, and suggesting anything that would make the school stronger or more helpful. These will be valuable to both pupils and teacher, but do not have them read in class.

SONG PERIOD

As a closing period, let the children sing several of their favourite hymns. Close with prayer.

SPECIAL LESSONS

FOUR LESSONS

CHAPTER XXII

THANKSGIVING

Aim:

TO CREATE a deep sense of gratitude to God for some of the things usually taken for granted, especially for our bodies and senses, and to express that gratitude in worship.

Chapter Outline:

CONVERSATION ABOUT THANKSGIVING
HYMN—WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS
BIBLE READINGS
STORY—THE THANKFUL HEART
DISCUSSION ON OUR THANKFULNESS
WORSHIP SERVICE
NOTEBOOK WORK

CONVERSATION ABOUT THANKSGIVING

Since the children will be thinking about the coming holiday, let them tell you some of the plans of the public school and home. Then ask about the first Thanksgiving and have the pictures of *Pilgrims going to church* and *The Angelus.* Talk about the spirit the Pilgrims had. Even though they had suffered from hunger and had already lost many of their number, they set aside a day of thanksgiving to God for the good crops of that year. Turn to page 44, Orders in the hymnal, and read to them Winslow's account of the first celebration. Ask why they felt that God had helped them, when they had planted the corn and tended it.

HYMN STUDY

Have the children turn to hymn No. 284, *We plough the fields,* reading the entire hymn through. Stop at the beginning or close of each stanza for a question or two or for putting it into their own words, so that all will be sure to get the meaning. Learn to sing it, or if they are quite unfamiliar with it and the period is short, learn the refrain.

BIBLE READINGS

Speak of the Hebrew people who thought so much about God and felt that he thought of them in everything that he did. They had a thanksgiving time each year and called it the Feast of Tabernacles. Their greatest feast-day or holiday was the Passover. They wrote so many poems and songs of thanksgiving. Our call to worship is one. Have them read Psalm 147:7–9 or 65:9–13 concerning God's care of the earth, and Psalm 100 to show how they expressed their thanks by their love to God and their worship at the church. On our Thanksgiving, some go to the church for the special service, but many stay at home to play or to get a big dinner ready. Is the dinner really planned as a way of thanking God? No, it has become a time when we think of ourselves rather than God.

Turn to Luke 17:11–19 and read it to the class. If read with careful emphasis, it will need little comment.

STORY—THE THANKFUL HEART

Peggy Wood was packing a basket in which she was very much interested. She made trips between the kitchen and the library many times in that one morning. For this was a Thanksgiving basket and she was taking it to Polly, who was in her room at school, but who was very poor. Peggy had planned just how she would take the basket in to Polly and say, "Here is a nice basket for you, dear. I was afraid you wouldn't have much of a dinner without this. See, I have put in some lovely dates and nuts, too." And Polly would dance about, her eyes

shining and her mouth watering. She would put her arms about Peggy and thank her warmly.

So Peggy hurried about and put in the last few things. She smoothed out the pretty paper that lined the basket and waited patiently while her mother tied a big bow of red ribbon on the handle. Then she put on her coat and hat and rubbers, and started out.

She had been to Polly's house only once, but she knew how to find it. Down this street and that she went until she came to the plain little brown house that always seemed to be bursting with boys and girls. To-day the children must all be playing indoors, for not a person was in sight.

As she came to the door, she heard from within singing and marching, as if they were playing a game. She rapped, and in a moment Polly had drawn her inside. She heard the voices of the children singing their song, and she smelled a very delightful odor of something that she was not used to smelling. "Oh what are you singing and what do I smell?" she cried, forgetting all about the basket.

"Take off your coat and get into the game, and I'll tell you all about it," cried Polly with sparkling eyes, and before she knew it her wraps and her basket were on a chair in the corner and she was in the circle.

"I was just reading to the children from *Alice in Wonderland* when mother started making the lovely vegetable soup. So we made up a game about the soup, and we're singing the Mock Turtle's song." And in a moment the children were circling about and singing at the top of their lungs,

"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!"[1]

When at last they stopped, breathless, Polly said, "Now we'll play our special Thanksgiving game," and at once they started.

[1] From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll, published by J. H. Sears & Co., and used by permission.

"If I could have my choice of keeping just one thing in the world, I would keep—" chanted Polly.

"My eyes, so I could see the pine trees on the hill at sunset," cried one little boy.

"My ears, so I could hear the school orchestra and mother's stories," cried a sister.

"My tongue, to taste the cocoa at breakfast," laughed the littlest one.

"My hands, to make dresses for my doll," quietly said the next-to-the-tallest girl.

"My nose, to smell the vegetable soup," shrieked the brother with red hair. "Oh, I'm so hungry right now. When will our lovely dinner be ready?"

"Isn't this the grandest Thanksgiving ever!" they all said. Just then Peggy thought of her basket and ran to get it. Of course she couldn't say what she had planned, for they were all so happy and thankful. So she said, "May I share a few little things with you?" And out tumbled the nuts and the dates and last of all the big roast chicken. The children were delighted, but as mother entered at this moment, they ran to tell her.

When the visit was over, Polly said, "Do come and play with us again, Peggy. And thanks for the lovely gift. I thought we could hardly have another thing to be thankful for, but these things are nice, too."

"I hope I can come again and play," Peggy said. "I don't know when I've had such a good time." And as she went slowly toward home, she thought, "Eyes and ears, hands and nose, and vegetable soup. God has been very good to them, and to me for making them my friends."

DISCUSSION ABOUT OUR THANKSGIVING

Let the children make a list of things they have to be thankful for that they hadn't thought of before, such as good times, strong bodies, nice friends.

If you like, play some games that increase the sense of wonder and gladness over the gift of our senses. With a quiet, meditative group, blindfold one or two, or in a small class all the members and give them two things to smell,—a fragrant flower and an orange. Have them tell what they smell and try to describe it. They will not know the size nor colour of the flower. Then have the whole class imagine what it would be like not to see. Use the poem found in the pupil's book, having them close their eyes to form mental images as you read it. Similar games can be played with the sense of hearing, of tasting, of feeling.

A game for the other classes is as follows: Give to each child a paper on which is a list of words. Or read the words from your paper or have them on the board. Have a group of words for each of the senses, and after the children have read them, have them close their eyes and try to think what those words would mean to them if they had not had that particular gift. Do this in a worshipful spirit, so that they may feel it deeply. The list may be such as—

For seeing—a large red rose, a golden moon, floating white clouds.

For hearing—happy songs, exciting stories, kind words.

Have the children sing *Come, ye thankful people, come,* interpreting it a little where necessary.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Psalm 100 read by the class.

Hymn—*We plough the fields and scatter.*

Poem—*Praise to God,* read by the teacher.

Hymn—*Come ye thankful people, come.*

Story—*The golden purse and the seeing eyes*—found in *The children's story garden.*

Prayer—by the teacher.

Response—*We thank thee, O our Father,* No. 43, read as a poem, or sung if desired, to the melody of *We plough the fields.*

NOTEBOOK WORK

Suggest that the children write a story about a girl who had been blind and deaf all her life and who at eight years of age was taken to a hospital and made well. Have them describe her trip home, what she saw and heard, how she felt about it, and how she showed her thanks to God.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHRISTMAS

Aim:

TO AROUSE a new sense of what the Christmas spirit really is and how we can show it. To worship with a new meaning in the story of the first Christmas.

Chapter Outline:

DISCUSSION ON THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS, WITH BIBLE READING, PICTURES, CAROLS
NOTEBOOK WORK
WORSHIP SERVICE WITH STORY

DISCUSSION ON THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Show two or three pictures of Jesus teaching and helping. The children need at Christmas to remember that we are thinking not only of a baby, but of a baby who became the teacher who showed the world what God is like. Talk a little about what he means to the world two thousand years after he lived. We usually celebrate the birthday of great men, and since Jesus is the greatest who ever lived, we think of his birthday as the loveliest day in the year. The story of his birth is one of the most beautiful stories in the world, and the pictures that have been painted and the hymns and poems written about it are the most wonderful.

Put before the class the following pictures at which they may look while you read to them the story in Luke 2:8–20. Then have them read it softly in concert and urge their memorizing it at home.

Copping—*The shepherds of Bethlehem.*
Taylor—*O little town of Bethlehem.*
LeRolle—*The arrival of the shepherds.*

Talk a little about each picture. Interpret LeRolle as follows:

Of all the pictures of this story, this is one of the loveliest. Write the name of the artist and title on the board. Direct the study with the following question:

In what kind of a place is this? How can you tell that it is an underground stable? What do you see in the background? Here in the center is Mary, holding her tiny baby. Joseph is watching over her and thinking of how he must care for them both. Perhaps they are both thinking how wonderful it all is and how they can help this baby grow into a strong man.

Here, at one side are the shepherds who have just come in. Can you tell how they feel? Why did this one raise his hand? And this one kneel? And this one stand on tiptoe instead of going nearer? You do feel, then, that they are silent, worshipping with awe and wonder and joy this little baby whom the angels have told them is the Son of God. I think the artist put them here to help us feel so, too, as we think of the great gift of God sent to the world.

Let the children tell you their favorite carols and interpret two of them so that they understand and feel them. Two interpretations are here given:

It came upon the midnight clear, No. 74. Use the picture "Angels appearing to the shepherds," by Copping. Let the pupils discover the idea of each stanza. The first is a mental picture. Let the pupils look at the picture while the teacher reads. Some people are sad and discouraged, suffering or overworked. It is to them, says the third stanza, that Jesus will bring happiness. The second stanza tells us that Jesus is still working to make the earth a happy place, and if we watch the people who are working with him, we can still almost hear the angels' song. Read to the class the poem below.[1] Ask how we can hear the song of the angels now.

[1] Used by permission of author and the *Elementary Magazine,* Methodist Book Concern.

If I had been a shepherd boy
  Out on the hills that Christmas night,
And heard the angels' song of joy
  And seen the heavens flaming bright,
I think I never could forget;
  I know I'd be remembering yet!
I could not be a shepherd boy,
  For that was long and long ago;
But still the angel's song of joy
  Comes echoing across the snow,
And I can listen, if I will,
  And hear their holy anthem still.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

O little town of Bethlehem, No. 80. This is another night scene. Use Taylor's picture *O little town* as the first stanza is read. What does it mean to say that the hopes of all the years were met in Bethlehem on that night? In reading the second stanza, connect the thought which is broken—the angels gathered above keep watch over the town. The third stanza is the most beautiful. As silently as Christ came, so come the best gifts of God. What are some of the silent gifts of God to us? List on the board, as they suggest them, such things as mother's love, sleep, happiness at home. The last stanza is beyond the understanding of the children and should not be sung.

Talk about our modern observance of Christmas. Say that little children sometimes think of Christmas only as a time to receive gifts and toys for themselves, but fourth-grade pupils are old enough to get a greater meaning from it. Help them to think it through until they see that we give gifts to show the love that Jesus showed and taught, that everyone tries to make Christmas day a day of good-will and happiness for everyone else. Remind them that often little children get cross and tired on that day and ask what they can do in their homes to make a real Christmas spirit. Help them to feel that one of the loveliest gifts we could give is to show God our appreciation by trying to make every day in the year one in which we have the Christmas spirit or the spirit of love.

NOTEBOOK WORK

On the lower right-hand corner of a page let them paste a silhouette of a wise man on a camel, at the upper left-hand corner a star. Draw lightly a slanting path from the camel half-way up the page and sketch in a sky line. In the center of the page have them write a Christmas prayer of their own.

WORSHIP STORY

Make up a worship service of the Luke story, the carols studied, the poem of the shepherd's son. Tell one of the following stories, and close by having a few of the children read their prayers, with the final one by the teacher.

The jar of rosemary—Maud Lindsay in *The story teller.*

The promise—Maud Lindsay in *The story teller.*

Why the chimes rang—Raymond Alden, in book of the same title.

CHAPTER XXIV

EASTER

Aim:

TO DEVELOP a new understanding and appreciation of the meaning of Easter as the time of new life in the world. To help them see that it reminds us of our faith that Jesus is still living, that our friends do not die but go on living.

Chapter Outline:

CONVERSATION ABOUT JESUS
STORY—THE FIRST EASTER
BIBLE READINGS
CONVERSATION OF EASTER
STORY—THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED THE SPRING
HYMN—EASTER FLOWERS ARE BLOOMING BRIGHT or
CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY
NOTEBOOK WORK

CONVERSATION ABOUT JESUS

Use some pictures of Jesus teaching and helping people. Have conversation to help the children try to put themselves in the place of the people who knew and heard and loved him so long ago. Think how natural it was for them to see that he was, as he said, the Son of God, because he lived so beautifully and loved everyone. The sad and strange and wonderful thing which happened after he had been teaching for two or three years is another of the loveliest stories in the world.

THE FIRST EASTER

A long, long time ago, as you have often heard, Jesus lived on this earth. Very busy he was, too, going about from city

to city, from temple to house, and from hillside to seashore. His work was to teach people everywhere many things about God the Heavenly Father which they never knew before. He told them beautiful stories, and wherever he went the people followed him to hear him talk. Sometimes he would go up on a hill, and when the people gathered about him he would stand where all could see him and talk to them in his strong, quiet voice about God. Sometimes when he was by the sea and the people came, he stepped into a boat and pushed out until he could see them all. Then he taught them again. Everywhere he went his helpers went with him. They were men who loved him and wanted to help him in his work.

The people loved him, too, and whenever anyone was sick or in trouble they came to him. Jesus loved them so much that he healed them,—made sick people well, and lame people walk, and blind people see. Wherever he went, men came bringing their sick friends, and women came with their little children, and he helped them all.

But this is not all that Jesus did. Whenever he saw men doing things that were wrong, he spoke to them about it. When he saw people cheating or taking things that were not their own, he tried to stop them. This made them very angry, and they tried to stop his work. At last they had him arrested, and then they killed him. Then his helpers came and took his body and put it in a clean cave in a beautiful garden, and rolled a stone against the door.

Then all the helpers and people who loved Jesus most went into a house and talked together about the Teacher they had loved so much and how they must go on helping people and teaching them about God just as he would do if he had been with them. And they prayed to the Heavenly Father about it, so that they might do his work well.

It was Sunday morning, three days after Jesus had been killed. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, Mary Magdalene, one of his friends, went to the place where they had put his body. She wanted to see him again. The tears came to her eyes as she thought about the happy times they

had spent together. Now she had come to leave a gift there to show her love. When she came to the door she saw that the stone was rolled away. She was frightened, and ran to the house of Peter and John, two of his helpers. "They have taken away our Jesus," she cried.

Then they all ran back to the beautiful garden, but Peter ran most swiftly. When he came to the cave he stooped and went in, and John followed him. And when they saw that it was empty they hurried back to tell the other helpers. When they had gone Mary crept close to the door of the cave and cried because she was so sad. Just then she heard a quiet, strong voice say, "Mary!" She knew at once that it was Jesus. She turned quickly and saw his kind, strong face, only now he looked happier than ever before. And Jesus said to her, "Go and tell my helpers to meet me in Galilee where we used to work together. I must tell them how to do my work, for now I must go to live again with God the Father. I was dead, but now I am alive forevermore. And because I live, all those who love me shall live forever."

BIBLE READINGS

Have the class read the story of the first Easter, as told in Mark 16:1–8 and John 20:1–16. Talk briefly about it, so that they understand and feel it. Call attention to the fact that we could scarcely expect the two stories to be exactly alike, since each person told it as he remembered it.

CONVERSATION ON EASTER

Ask if the story has told them why Easter is the happiest day in the year for Christians. Why does it make them glad? Get the ideas of joy in knowing that Jesus still lives and helps us and of gladness in believing that our own friends do not die but go on living. We do not know how or where, but we believe that they live just as Jesus did, that their bodies die but the part of them that loves and forgives and thinks beau-

tiful thoughts is still living. So the churches are full of glad music and of flowers on that day.

See if the children can tell you why we have so many flowers on Easter. They may be able to see the relation between the on-going life of Jesus and of people and the new life for plants and trees that have seemed dead. If they cannot, do not tell them, but tell the story to see if they can discover its truth. If they do, the story will be so much the more inspirational.

Story—THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED THE SPRING

This story will be found in Raymond Alden's *Why the chimes rang,* and can be shortened in telling. It holds, however, the fundamental message of Easter and means a great deal to the children.

HYMN STUDY

For the more mature classes the first two stanzas of *Christ the Lord is risen to-day* will be very valuable. Have them read and interpret carefully. The word "alleluia" means "praise to God." How is the whole first stanza trying to say this? What does it mean when we say that death has lost its sting? What is the victory of the grave? Now we see that the grave does not rob us of friends; it has only given to them a more beautiful way of living, if they have been trying to live like Christ. What would the music of this hymn be like? We shall want to sing it as triumphantly as we feel on Easter.

For the less mature classes use *Easter flowers are blooming bright.* The writer of this hymn thought how all the world seems to be telling us the Easter story. What two ways are mentioned? "Risen in might" means that he was so strong and fine, so much like God, that he could not die but went on living. Get the sense of "alleluia" and the triumphant music for this hymn.

NOTEBOOK WORK

Have the children make little corner illustrations of flowers with butterflies fluttering over them. Let them write a good paragraph on *What Easter means to me.* Talk this over before they write, so that they include the ideas of new life for Jesus, for all of us, for flowers and trees and all of nature. If desired, they may make this into an Easter prayer.

Close with a moment of worship, using the hymn and prayers.

CHAPTER XXV

SPRINGTIME

Aim:

TO AWAKEN a sense of wonder in the pupil's mind as he thinks of the mystery and beauty of growth in God's world.

Chapter Outline:

REVIEW CONVERSATION
CONVERSATION ON GOD'S CREATIONS, WITH POEM 'TIS GOD WHO MADE THE SPRING
STORY—THE MINSTREL'S SONG
DRAMATIZATION
HYMN—THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD
NOTEBOOK WORK
WORSHIP

REVIEW CONVERSATION

Let the children share with each other some of the experiences they had in attending church on Easter Sunday. Help them to sense the joy and meaning of the service as you ask questions which make them discover the purpose of each element of the service which they mention. Close by singing the Eastern hymn learned last week.

CONVERSATION ON GOD'S CREATIONS

One reason why we do not succeed in creating that imporant sense of wonder when the child thinks of nature is because we try to look at too much at a time. Develop the sense of wonder now in some of the following ways:

Take one tiny brown seed and look at it. Think of the

mystery that God hid in the seed. If we should cut it open, we could not see it. No man can make another like it. But put it in the ground and we discover that life is there. Only God can put life into it.

Take one flower and see how wonderfully it is made. A dandelion, for instance, is marvellously beautiful when one looks at the hundreds of dainty petals, the little seed cup which God gave that it might create more flowers for him, the hollow little stem for drinking water from the ground.

Look at one cloud and talk about what it really is, where it is, what it is going to do. Or talk about one star or one of anything, so that the majesty of the creation behind it is seen.

Help them to develop the feeling that God is very wonderful to be able to do such great things. Read the following poem for appreciation, or have them read it together from the board.[1]

I'm very glad the spring has come,
  The sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees
  Are singing with delight.

I love to see the pretty flowers
  That rain and sunshine bring,
When all things seem just like myself,
  So glad to see the spring.

God must be very good indeed
  Who made each lovely thing,
For flowers and birds and sunshine say,
  "'Tis God who sends the spring."

IDA F. LEYDA.

STORY—THE MINSTREL'S SONG[2]

Once, long, long ago, there lived in a country over the sea a king called Rene, who married a lovely princess whose name

[1] By permission of the author.

[2] By Maud Lindsay in *Mother Stories*, published by Milton Bradley Co., and used by permission. With slight adaptation.

was Imogen. Imogen came across the seas to the king's beautiful country, and all his people welcomed her with great joy because the king loved her.

"What can I do to please thee to-day?" the king asked her every morning; and one day the queen answered that she would like to hear all the minstrels in the king's country, for they were said to be the finest in the world.

As soon as the king heard this, he called his heralds and sent them everywhere through his land to sound the trumpets and call aloud: "Hear, ye minstrels! King Rene, our gracious king, bids ye come to play at his court on May-day, for love of the Queen Imogen."

The minstrels were men who sang beautiful songs and played on harps; and long ago they went about from place to place, from castle to castle, from palace to cottage, and were always sure of a welcome wherever they roamed. They could sing of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles. They could tell of the mighty hunters who hunted in the great forests, and of fairies and goblins, better than a story book; and because there were no story-books in those days, everybody from little children to the king was glad to see them come.

So when the minstrels heard the king's message they made haste to the palace on May-day; and it so happened that some of them met on the way and decided to travel together. One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel; but Harmonius whispered, "Listen! Listen!"

"Oh, we hear nothing but the wind in the treetops," said the others. "We have no time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard something very sweet. At last he knew that it was the wind singing of its travels

through the wide world; telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships, and hurried on to the hills where all the flowers danced gayly in time to the tune. Harmonius could understand every word:

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valleys below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow,
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

That was the chorus of the wind's song. Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song from beginning to end; and then he ran on and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see.

"We shall see the king and speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

"And his golden crown and the queen's jewels," added the youngest; and Harmonius had no chance to tell of the wind's song, although he thought about it time and time again.

Now their path led them through the wood; and as they talked, Harmonius said, "Hush, Listen!" But the others answered, "Oh! that is only the sound of the brook trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun,
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever, though none be near,
For God in Heaven can always hear."

sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the king and queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried, "Listen! Listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird!" the others replied. "Let us make haste to the king's court!"

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing of green trees, and in every tree a nest, and in every nest, eggs! Oh! the bird was so gay as it sang:

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me,
Flitting and flying from tree to tree,
Nothing fear I, by land or sea,
For God in Heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades, for by this time they were near the palace.

When they had gone in, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came before the king. The king and queen sat on their throne together. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home, and the butterflies she had chased when she was a child.

One by one the minstrels played before them. The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, just as he had said he would; and the youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, which pleased the court ladies very much.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking; then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook dripping on stones and running over little pebbles; and while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius' song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in Spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from Fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered:

"Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now all the other minstrels looked up in surprise when Harmonius said this; and the oldest minstrel said to the king, "Harmonius is dreaming! We heard no music on our way to-day." And the youngest minstrel said, "Harmonius is surely mad! We met nobody on our way to-day."

The queen said, "That is an old, old song. I heard it from the wind and the water and the birds when I was a little child. Harmonius shall be our court minstrel and sing to us every day of this great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world."

DRAMATIZATION

The children will enjoy playing this story. It will add a worshipful atmosphere to the whole if the leading part is taken by a quiet child who feels deeply and loves beauty. This might be one of the dramatizations that would work out nicely for a closing program or a public worship service.

HYMN—THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

The children are fond of this hymn. Take up one stanza at a time and help them to discover its meaning. The first two tell us that we can see God in his growing beautiful world of nature. "Spheres" means the many worlds God made—our stars, that move so harmoniously together that some people think they make music as they go. Let them name the different things that remind us of God,—rocks and trees, the morning and evening and night skies, the smooth or restless waters of the seas, the birds in our own trees—robins and blue-jays. Help them to feel the quiet of rustling grass. How does God speak to us in all these? With these stanzas, use a number of nature pictures, such as can be found in copies of *National Geographic* and other magazines. There are some good nature pictures to be purchased, such as those by Corot and other sources named in Index 3.

The last stanza tells us how we can see God in the lives of people as well as in nature. Sometimes people say, "It seems

that the mean and wicked people get the best of everything, after all." What shall we think about that? Can we always tell who gets the best of things by judging the very same day? Give an illustration, perhaps from some of the stories we have studied, of incidents which show that those who did right really got the best. The hymn says that Jesus will be satisfied that what he lived and died for was the finest, best way of living after all. What is it that will convince him? Can we help to do that? What will earth be like then? What have we called that in our study together?

NOTEBOOK WORK

Make a springtime poster or picture for the notebooks. It may have a tall birdhouse, drawn or cut on the fold, with a flower bed at its base. A watering pot can be cut or drawn beside it, and birds flying through the air. Let the more creative children make an original poem to write under it, and the others may copy the stanza, "God must be very good indeed."

WORSHIP

Have a brief period of worship at the close.

Hymn—*The Easter hymn.*

Read from the Bible, interpreting as you read, the spring poem from the Bible—*Solomon 2:11–13a.* Interpret in this way.

A king went walking in his garden one beautiful spring day. He was a rich king, with much gold and silver, with hundreds of servants, with a great palace and many fine robes. Yet he thought that what he found in his garden was lovelier than all these. So he wrote this poem. Shut your eyes and imagine yourself in a garden as I read, then tell me what you saw, what you smelled, what you taste. It is no wonder that many people feel that God is speaking to them when they stand in a garden.

Hymn—*This is my Father's world.*

Prayer—by the teacher.

STORIES OF VALMAR

Story 1. VALMAR STARTS A JOURNEY

ONCE, a long time ago, there was a boy named Valmar. He lived in a beautiful old home with his father and mother, his older sister, Elizabeth, and his little brother, Cedric. He had a number of boy friends, too, who lived nearby and played with him in the long summer days and in winter after school. Except for one thing, Valmar was like all the other boys. Sometimes as they played together there were quarrels and even fights when one boy made the others angry. After a fight they always forgot their trouble and were as good friends as ever. But Valmar could never forget. It made him sad, though he did not know why. When he saw men quarreling in the streets or women exchanging angry words in the market-place he walked home slowly and thought for a long time. He never told his thoughts to anyone but Cedric, the little brother who loved him devotedly, though he did not always understand.

One warm summer day they were playing together by the creek. Valmar did not remember having had such a happy day for a long time. They were building a dam to see if they could make a little lake on which they could sail their boats. Once Valmar said, "I am glad that just you and I are playing together to-day Cedric. Yesterday the boys had such a quarrel, and it hurt so many people. I wish boys could play together without fighting. I wish everybody could live together without quarreling or doing mean things to each other. But then I suppose nobody does." Cedric was too busy to reply, or perhaps he was too little.

The dam was finished except for one stone. Cedric saw one at the edge of the stream and began to tug at it with all his might. It came loose very suddenly, and he was surprised to see that one whole end of the dam caved in, too. He gazed

at it in astonishment and then turned with dismay to Valmar.

"Look," he cried, "our dam is broken and the water is all running away!"

Valmar saw in a moment what had happened. He forgot that Cedric was so little. He forgot, too, the wish he had made. He was so angry that he cried out, "Of course the water is running away! Why did you pull out that stone? You don't know anything."

"I didn't know it would break," said Cedric, beginning to cry. "I thought that would be a nice big stone for the other end, and I wanted to finish it."

"Well, you finished it, all right! You've spoiled the whole thing, and it will have to be done all over again. You can do it by yourself now. I'm not going to. All you can do is to spoil things!"

Valmar turned and walked toward the house, leaving Cedric sobbing by the broken dam.

As he neared the house he looked unhappily about him, and the frown on his face deepened.

"Nothing to do here," he muttered, throwing himself down on a stone bench under one of the shade trees. "I know what I'll do. I'll go for a walk in the woods." He ran into the house, threw his cape around him, seized a staff that was used for long walks, and started out. Down the street he went and through the lanes until he came to the gates of the city, and then on out into the open country.

The afternoon was more than half gone, but the sun was still shining brightly. Birds were darting swiftly here and there, and once in awhile a rabbit ran quickly past without giving him a glance. The boy had often walked this way before. He liked the little wild animals of the woods, the contented chatter of the squirrels and the songs of the birds. So, watching and listening, he wandered on until at last he was so tired that he threw himself down at the feet of a great old oak tree. Looking up through the green leaves at the blue sky, he fell to thinking. "I suppose people ought to be like that,—just happy and busy and contented, helping each other.

How nice it would be if I never quarrelled with my little brother. I wish I hadn't to-day. It really wasn't his fault. But I don't care! He does spoil things, and I can't help quarrelling with him. I guess nobody can help it. Everybody quarrels."

As if in answer to his thought, he heard a soft, rich voice say, "No, laddie, not everyone quarrels. There is a city where people live together happily."

Valmar looked up and saw beside him a tall, strong man dressed as a traveller, with a plain cloak over his shoulders and a staff in his hands. The boy saw all this at a glance, but he looked long at the man's face. There was something so fine and strong and peaceful in his eyes and about his mouth that Valmar felt that here was a man who had travelled far and overcome great difficulties. In a moment he managed to say, "Tell me about the city."

"Have you never heard of the city of Avalon?" asked the man, sitting down beside the boy and slipping the cloak from his shoulders. "Perhaps you have heard tales of the great king who long ago came to this country and established here the Kingdom of Love and Peace. The other cities have forgotten him, but Avalon was his home, and there the people will never forget what he taught them about the best way to live."

"What difference has it made in the city?" asked Valmar with interest.

The man smiled. "You see, this is a Christian city. We seem to have learned to live happily together because we love each other," he said thoughtfully. "There are no quarrels or angry words or mean tricks. The city is ruled by a meeting of all its citizens and instead of a king the wisest man is chosen as Counselor.

"I should love to live there," cried Valmar enthusiastically. "Is it very far away?"

The man's kind eyes looked keenly into the bright, eager eyes of the boy. "I do not know whether you could enter that city or not," he said slowly. "They admit only those who have

proved their strength in showing love toward others. Could you do that?"

The boy colored and looked away. "No, I couldn't," he admitted. "Only this afternoon I was mean to my little brother, and now I am so sorry for it." There was silence, but presently Valmar said hopefully, "I am willing to learn, though, no matter how hard it is. Do you think I could learn while I am on the way?"

"Yes," said the man. "It is a long journey and a hard one, too. There are many, many things for you to learn. There will be things to fight which you cannot fight with swords. The way is steep and rocky, and you will have to do many hard things. But you will grow stronger each time you choose the right. In the end if you are strong and brave you will understand what it means to be a Christian. Then you will be able to live in the City of Love."

The thought of such a journey thrilled the boy, and he stood up.

"Are you brave enough? Will you go?" asked the man.

The light had come again to the boy's face, and his eyes glowed as he said simply, "Yes, I can be brave, and I will go to find this fair city. Only—I do not know the way. Will you show me?"

"Of course I will guide you. You start here and go straight ahead. Remember, straight ahead," he repeated earnestly.

"And what is your name?" asked the boy as he turned to go

"Call me Friend," said the man simply.

"I want to start at once," cried the boy. "But one thing I must do. I must go to tell my mother, so that she will not be anxious."

"It is right for you to think of her," answered the Friend. "If you like, I will go to your home this very evening and tell her of your journey. I will promise her that I will help you, and then she will be happy. To-morrow night I shall meet you at the first crossroad and visit with you again before you journey on, for I must stop there on my return.

"Very well, sir," said the boy gratefully. "I shall start at once and go straight ahead toward the City of Christian Love." And Valmar took his staff and his cloak and was off.

Story 2. VALMAR DISCOVERS THAT GOD IS A FRIEND

VALMAR swung along through the woods, his head held high, his eyes bright and eager. He was on his second day's journey toward Avalon, the City of Christian Love.

A little song was singing itself over and over in his heart. "I shall find it, I shall find it, they who seek shall surely find." He did not know where the song came from, but he felt that it was true. His vision of the beautiful city where everyone acted with love seemed so wonderful that he walked along as if on air. His mind was crowded with happy thoughts and bright plans for the days when he might live in that wonderful place. So absorbed was he that he did not notice how the time was slipping away. His golden dreams matched the golden glow of the western sky as the sun sent its last long rays through the trees and then slowly sank below the horizon. Gradually the soft dusk and hush of the twilight stole through the forest, broken only now and then by the soft low note of a bird song. Then as the shadows deepened, one after another the sounds of the night began and the day was done. Still the boy walked on unheeding.

Suddenly a cool little breeze sprang up and went rippling through the grass and leaves. It mischievously lifted a corner of the boy's cape. He shivered a little, drew his cape closer, and began to look about him. He was quite alone. He gripped his staff a little tighter and lengthened his stride. Presently the stars began to send down their faint glimmering light and the moon sailed up into the sky flooding the earth with its radiance but casting long shadows through the forest.

It was very still, and Valmar was keenly alive now to everything about him. He felt the beauty of the night, but he

wished that it was not all so big and so quiet. To be sure, there were all of the night sounds, but the silences between were too deep and too empty. Everything was different at night, it even felt different. He was getting tired, too. It was very hard to walk. Often he stumbled, and once his foot turned on a loose stone and he was thrown to his knees, but he got up again in a moment and went on. At last he was so tired that he could go no further. He wrapped himself in his cape, put his staff close at hand and curling up at the foot of one of the big, friendly trees, he was ready to go to sleep.

Tired as he was, sleep would not come as it had on the first night of the journey. He moved restlessly from one position to another. Thoughts came crowding through his mind. He did not want to think, he wanted to go to sleep. Still the thoughts came and he could not drive them out. He saw his home with the soft, cheerful lights and the laughter; he saw himself playing with Cedric and having a jolly time. He remembered how his little brother had looked lovingly at him that afternoon as they were talking by the dam and how he had slipped a little hand into his. As he thought of all this, the loneliness and silence of the forest seemed to surround him, and he buried his head in his arms.

"I wish he were here. Oh, I wish he were here. I want my little brother," he cried aloud. "I wish I had stayed with him yesterday. I should never have gone away. But I'll go back to-morrow. Early in the morning I'll go back. I can't go on alone, I can't!" A sob shook him, "I'm out here all alone!"

"No, you are not alone, Laddie, I am here as I promised you I would be." It was the same rich, tender voice of the day before.

"Oh, Friend, I'm so glad, so very glad that you are here," he sobbed.

"I am glad, too," came the answer, and then there was a little silence,—a little waiting silence, not the big empty loneliness that had surrounded him before. This was friendly,

and somehow the boy felt as if a big, kind hand were clasping his.

It filled his heart with wonder, and he lay quiet, the loneliness gone and a great contentment in its place.

At length Valmar broke the silence. "It seems so different now that you are here," he said softly. "If you could go with me all the way then I wouldn't have to go back. I do want to reach the wonderful city. Can't you go with me?" he asked wistfully.

The Friend smiled. "I wonder if you remember what the Bible tells us about Jacob, the man who left his father's house to take a long journey. He was as lonely and frightened as you are, but God showed him that he was not alone. And Jacob went on, you remember, knowing that God was watching over him as a Father."

There was silence for a moment before Valmar said, "He wasn't afraid or lonely any more, was he?"

"No," said the Friend, "he was not afraid after he talked to God. You see he could talk with him every day whenever he wished and he knew God could always guide and help him."

"Was his journey very long and very hard?" asked the boy anxiously.

"Yes," the Friend answered. "Very long and very hard. Why do you ask?"

"Because," answered the boy slowly, "I was thinking that maybe after all I won't have to go back home. Maybe I can go on and find the beautiful city. I could ask God to go with me, and then I wouldn't be afraid."

"Yes, Laddie, you must talk often with God." The voice of the man was very low and tender as he answered. "In the morning before you start on your day's journey, or at any time in the day when you need strength to do the right thing or when you cannot decide what is right, you will pray to him. He is always close to you, and it will make you feel close to him."

"Then," said Valmar, his face full of new happiness, "I think I'll ask him now." So with his eyes raised to the stars

that gleamed through the leaves he prayed, "Oh God, help me to feel that thou art near. Help me to do the right. Guide me all the way to the city of Love."

After a moment of silence the Friend said gently, "Long before you waken in the morning I shall be on my way. My path will probably cross yours again before you reach Avalon. Until then, farewell. Do not forget to follow the main road and to talk often with God. Good-night."

"Good-night, my friend. Thank you for helping me."

Then pulling his cape more tightly about him, and lying close to the roots of the friendly old tree, he fell asleep.

Story 3. AN EXPERIENCE IN BEING HONEST

THE morning sun shone through the trees and made little spots of light on the dark ground. One sunbeam played about on the face of a boy who lay wrapped in a cape at the roots of a great tree. At last Valmar awoke with a start. He rolled over, stretched himself and began rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Then he sat up and looked about. Where was he? What had happened? Why was he sleeping out here in the woods? In a moment the events of the last two days came crowding back into his mind. He sprang up with a smile and reached for his staff, "Oh, it's true! It's true!" he exclaimed. "I thought it must have been a dream. Now if I'm ever going to reach Avalon I'd better be on my way."

With that he started down the road, whistling merrily as he went. Suddenly his whistling stopped. "I'm hungry," he announced to the woods in general. "I wonder where I'll get my breakfast to-day." A bird flew past holding a struggling worm in its bill. A squirrel frisked up a tree with his mouth full of food. Everyone seemed too busy to give him any attention.

"Everyone is getting his breakfast but me," he complained, looking about him, "and I'm hungrier than any of them." He spied some berry bushes, but the fruit was hard and green, so he

could not eat it. Presently he came to a sparkling little spring. He fell on his knees and drank eagerly. The water was cold and refreshing, but it only made him feel hungrier than before. "What shall I do," he cried, still on his knees. He sprang up as a sudden thought struck him. "I know what I'll do. Old Timmons, the woodcutter, lives somewhere nearby, and I'll find him." So he turned off the road into a by-path. As he went along he thought, "Perhaps old Timmons won't give me anything to eat. He surely won't if he knows I'm one of the boys who threw rocks at him when he came to market. He hates us all. Perhaps he won't be at home. Then I'll just help myself."

Soon he found himself in a small clearing that surrounded the cottage. Smoke was coming from the chimney, and the door was open. Valmar hesitated a few minutes, dreading to ask anything of the gruff old man. At last he mustered up his courage and approached the door of the tiny house. As he came nearer, he saw that the place was quite deserted, and his heart gave a throb of relief. "I'm glad he isn't here. I'll just look around." On the table he found a couple of eggs in a pan. "I'll have to have some," he thought. "The eggs will do for food and the pan for carrying the coals." Taking his hat off, he put the eggs carefully into it and tucked it under his arm. Then he quickly pushed open the door, knelt before the open fire, and helped himself to some live coals, covering them carefully with ashes. He was just on the point of leaving when he saw a large, crusty loaf of bread on the table. The sight of it seemed to increase his hunger. He had not intended taking so much. "They'll never miss it," he thought as he broke off a generous chunk and thrust it into his hat. "He's so stingy anyway. It will be a good joke on him." Then partly closing the door as he had found it, he hurried away.

He soon came to a little cleared space which he thought would do very well for his fire. It was the work of a moment to gather dry twigs. Then, carefully uncovering his coals, he blew them to brightness again. Soon his fire was crackling

merrily. He looked about until he found some large, tough leaves. Wrapping the eggs carefully, he placed them in the hot ashes. "I never thought when Grannie told me how they used to roast eggs that I'd be doing it myself sometime." He waited patiently while his eggs cooked then raked them out to cool. While he was waiting he suddenly heard the snapping of a dry stick and looking up he beheld an old woman approaching, carrying a bundle of fagots. When she came near, she stopped and looked at him with some surprise in her twinkling blue eyes.

"Why, good morning to you, Laddie," she said, "and what might you be doing away in the forest like this, cooking eggs over the fire?"

"Good morning," answered Valmar, looking up at her. "I'm taking a journey. Last night I slept in the woods, and now I'm cooking my breakfast."

"And is that all you brought with you from home?" exclaimed the woman. "Just eggs and a bit of bread!"

The boy's face flushed, and he began trampling out the fire. "Yes," he mumbled, "that's all I brought."

"Well, well, 'tisn't much for a hungry boy, to be sure," said the old woman kindly. "You must be fairly starved after being out all night. But you shan't start off hungry. You'll come along with me and carry my wood and I'll give you some breakfast."

The boy looked away for a moment hardly knowing what to do. He would like to go. The woman went on talking. "My house is just yonder. I'm Dame Timmons." Valmar was glad that she could not see his face. He turned toward her, but his eyes did not meet the kindly blue ones. "Thank you, Dame Timmons," he said in a low voice, "but I'd better not go with you. You see, I must be on my way, and I'll eat as I go. You are very kind, but I—I guess I'd better not."

Without waiting for an answer, he seized his staff, picked up his hat into which he had put the eggs and the bread, and started on a run toward the road. "Oh, dear," he sighed, kicking at a loose stone in his path, "What a kind old soul

she is. If she had only been at home when I got there, I wouldn't have had to take her things without asking. Well, I don't care, I had to have something to eat and I didn't know she'd give it to me. I suppose after all my trouble in getting my breakfast, I'd better eat it. I'm hungry enough to eat twice as much."

When he was out of her sight, however, he stopped running and walked slowly along thinking of what had happened. He dropped down on a grassy little knoll that was near and ate his breakfast hurriedly. He brushed away the crumbs and rose to make up for lost time. "I'll never reach Avalon at this rate. I guess the first thing to do is to find again the road that goes straight ahead."

He started on, but he had not gone far when his steps became uncertain. He hesitated and looked all around. An anxious frown appeared on his face. "I hope this is the right direction," he thought, going on a little further and looking eagerly for something familiar. But it was all strange, so he turned off into another path. At last he had to admit to himself that he was lost. "What shall I do now?" he cried in despair. "I'll never get anywhere at this rate. If only my good friend were here, he could help me. How I wish he were here."

No one came in answer to his wish, so Valmar sat down to think. He must find some way out of the woods to the main road. What would the Friend advise him to do if he were here? With a sudden sense of shame, he said to himself, "He would tell me to talk with God. Perhaps that is the trouble; I forgot to talk to him this morning before I started. So he closed his eyes to pray, but at once he could see the kindly face of Dame Timmons and the feeling of guilt he had had when she invited him to her home. He opened his eyes and said to himself miserably, "I can't ask God to help me when I have done wrong to someone else. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

It took several minutes of thinking before Valmar could decide on the wisest thing to do. He could go back and tell her he was sorry he had stolen from her, but that didn't seem enough. Perhaps she was going to take the eggs to market

and needed the money. He ought to pay her for them, but he had no money. At last a good idea came to him. "She will surely be able to find some work for a strong boy to do, and I could stay with her until I have paid for the breakfast."

When he had decided this, he felt better than he had all day. He rather dreaded to meet Old Man Timmons, for he would not be nearly so kind as his wife. He might even punish him or turn him over to the nearest village. But Valmar felt sure now that this was the best thing to do. So before he rose to find his way back to the cottage, he closed his eyes and whispered, "Dear God, I thank thee for helping me to think of the best thing to do. Help me to remember to start my day right after this." He remembered now that the sun was rising behind the cottage when he was there, so he turned toward it. As he hurried on he thought, "It will take me a long time to reach Avalon at this rate. I don't like to wait a single day." But as he thought it over he added, "Still, Avalon is the City of Love, and perhaps I shouldn't have been ready to live there if I hadn't made this right. I must show my love to others on the way."

Story 4. VALMAR KEEPS HIS PROMISE

AT THE cottage of the woodcutter Valmar found the man friendlier than he had expected. He was given work stacking the chopped wood into great piles in the forest. On the evening of the second day Valmar had paid for his breakfast and was free to leave. He had worked so hard that he was stiff and sore, but he was happy, for now he was not only ready to start again toward Avalon, but he had made two fine friends. He liked Old Timmons, who was not really gruff but only timid from living so long in the silent woods. And Dame Timmons was as sweet and motherly a person as anyone he had ever seen. When he left he carried not only a fine package of lunch and a new wool scarf, but the good wishes of the two old people.

With their help he found his way back to the road that went straight ahead. He walked on eagerly now, whistling a merry tune. All day he travelled and rested at night. But when he started again the next morning he felt lonely. "I wish I were not alone," he thought. "I wish Cedric could be with me." But on he went, thinking of the wonderful city he would some day reach and often making little prayers to God that he might always stay on the right road.

All day the road was unusually quiet and lonely, but late in the afternoon he found himself passing a tiny cottage. The yard had long lines of bright-colored flowers, but the thing he noticed almost at once was the lovely face of a little girl. She was sitting in the doorway in a low chair piled about with cushions, and Valmar saw that she could not walk. She waved at him gaily, however, and called out a greeting. It was such a pretty place that he stopped a moment to enjoy it. He walked up the narrow path and sank down on the large stone doorstep. Soon they were talking eagerly. He told the child all about his journey and about the friend who had started him toward the wonderful city.

Her eyes grew large and bright and a bit wistful as she listened. At last she said shyly, "I think I know your friend. He stops to talk with me whenever he passes here in his travels. So I am not lonely any more, at least not often, because he told me a secret one time." Her voice sank to a whisper as she leaned forward to finish. "The secret he told me was—how to be happy." Then she laughed merrily and shook her finger at him, "Did you think I was going to tell you the secret?" she asked, her eyes dancing. "No, I can't do that, for the friend said that no one could understand it until he was ready and then he would find it out, just as I did."

So they talked until the flowers began to close their eyes for the night and the sun was painting the sky rose and gold. Valmar rose to his feet.

"Must you start on your journey again so soon? I wish you could stay longer," said the little girl.

"I think," Valmar answered gently, "that I shall go no

farther than across this meadow to the forest. There I shall have my supper and spend the night. But early in the morning I must go on, for I am eager to find happiness too."

"Promise me you will come back for just a little visit in the morning," the child coaxed. "The flowers are prettiest in the morning when the dew is sparkling on them."

Valmar thought for a moment as he looked at her eager face. Then taking off his hat and making a low bow as he had one time seen a knight do, he said with his eyes full of fun, "I promise, Fair Lady, to visit your palace in the morning."

The child waved a gay farewell, and the boy went out the gate and down the road. As he passed the meadow and came to the forest, he fell to thinking again of the city of Love. "I wonder how far it is, and how long it will take me to reach it," he thought.

Just at that moment he saw a man in the robes of a traveller coming toward him on a horse. "If I had a horse to ride, how fast I could go," he said to himself. "I should soon reach Avalon."

When the rider came near he drew rein beside the boy. "Are you going far, my lad?" he asked kindly.

"Yes, I am on a long journey," answered Valmar.

"Then give me your hand and jump to the saddle, and we shall soon reach the next town." And before the boy could think, he was sitting on the saddle in front of the man, and they were galloping down the road at a great rate.

No sooner had they started than Valmar thought with dismay, "I promised the little girl that I would come back in the morning, and now I shall be so far on my way that I cannot return." He felt badly about this, but he comforted himself with the thought that the little girl would be glad that he had a chance to ride. The fields and fences seemed to fly by, and the sky was rapidly getting dark, but somehow Valmar did not feel happy. It seemed to him that he could see the little girl watching for him in the morning from her chair on the porch. She would look disappointed when he did not come and would say, "He seemed like a young knight—but a knight

always keeps his promises." Somehow he could not go on when he had thought this. He turned about in the saddle and said, "Please, sir, I shall have to get down. I cannot go farther."

The rider drew up the reins and the horse came to a stop. "I thought you were going a long way."

"I am, sir, but I shall have to go back. I promised a little lame girl that I would visit with her in the morning, and I feel I cannot break my promise."

The rider smiled. "Of course you may get down if you like, but you are quite foolish to keep a promise like that when you have a chance to ride."

Valmar thought a moment. "I think I'd better go, sir. I am a Christian, and I think a Christian's word should be trusted." When the boy jumped to the ground the rider said, "Well, good-bye. You won't get far in this world if you think more of your promise than of getting ahead for yourself. You'll find that the girl will never think of you again." He turned to pick up the reins, but added more slowly, "I sometimes wish that everyone could be trusted—I suppose we would all be happier." Then he rode away into the night.

Valmar found himself near a wood. He soon found a tree under which he could make his bed for the night, and before falling asleep he said in his prayer, "I hope, God, that I did the right thing in keeping this promise."

In the morning he started early on his journey back over the road to the little cottage. It seemed a long time before he reached it. The little girl waved when she saw him, and her face seemed happier than ever. "Oh, I'm so glad you came. I knew you wouldn't forget," she called, as he opened the gate. "We shall have breakfast together at this little table."

When he came near he saw that the table was set for three.

"You needn't look so puzzled," laughed the girl. "Another traveller came by last night and visited with me. I have invited him to eat with us. Ah, here he comes now." She looked toward the gate.

As Valmar looked his heart stood still. The boy entering

the gate was his own little brother. He ran to Cedric and threw his arms lovingly about him. "Oh, brother, how did you come here?" he asked.

Cedric smiled up at him triumphantly. "I knew I would find you," he said. "Mother said I might go with you, and the friend told me the way." Valmar was so overjoyed that he could scarcely eat the dainty breakfast that was set before them, but he managed to talk with the little girl, and he and Cedric recounted their adventures for her. When they had finished she said, "I shall not keep you any longer, for I know you are eager to be on your way, but I want to thank you for coming. I shall think of you often and pray that you may find your way to the wonderful city." And when the boys had bidden her farewell they went out the gate and down the road.

When they were well on their way and were still talking of their joy in being together, Cedric stopped suddenly and looked at his brother very gravely. "Perhaps I would never have found you if you had not kept your promise to the little girl."

"That is true," agreed his brother. "But I am glad for another reason. I know now that she will always think of me as a boy whose word can be trusted." And quietly he thought a prayer, Oh, God, I thank thee for helping me to keep my promise, even when it was hard."

Story 5. VALMAR AND CEDRIC GO TO CHURCH

THE morning sun was shining brightly in the clear blue sky. Valmar and Cedric were walking silently along when suddenly they heard the clear chiming of the church bells not far away. "Why, this is Sunday morning, little brother," said the boy. "There must be a church yonder among those trees."

"Yes, there it is," cried Cedric. "I can see the top of a gray stone tower covered with ivy. We ought to go to church this morning."

"It would be nice," replied Valmar. "But aren't you eager to get to Avalon? It seems to me I just can't wait."

"Yes," said the little brother. "We can go to church every Sunday after we get there, and it does seem more important to travel now while the sun is shining." They talked it over for some time, but they could not decide.

"Have you noticed," asked Cedric slowly, "how quiet everything is on Sunday? The birds are singing such sweet songs. Do you suppose they are worshipping the Father?"

"I think they must be," replied Valmar thoughtfully. "It would be very ungrateful of us not to show him special thanks now and then, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Cedric. "I feel as if we really ought to go into the church and tell our Father how happy we are and thank him for helping us on our journey."

"Still, I would like to hurry on. We just can't spare the time," continued Valmar thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what we might do," he added. "We can go in for just a few minutes and slip away when the hymns are over. We shall have done our duty. When I nod to you we will leave," said Valmar. So they agreed to do this.

Just then they passed three boys who were marking in the dirt with a pointed stick. The boys were laughing as they planned their game. As the travellers passed, they were sure they heard the names of Jesus and God. They paused to see if the boys were praying, but they saw them still laughing.

"How could they use the name of God so lightly when he is so good?" asked Cedric. "Let us tell them how wonderful he is."

Just then a quarrel arose among the three boys, and angry words filled the air. Again the travellers heard the name of Jesus spoken angrily. Valmar could stand it no longer. Stepping closer to the boys, he said, "I wonder if you know how great and how loving God is. If he were a friend of yours, you would not speak of him in that way."

"Run on and mind your business," said one boy angrily. "We have a right to say whatever we please."

"Yes, you have," agreed Valmar stoutly. "But you are

ungrateful for this lovely day and all that God has given you when you do it."

"Well!" cried one boy, "I must say that I admire you for sticking up for your friend. I never thought of God that way."

Valmar had an idea. "Why don't you go to the little stone church with us and see if you don't feel that way about him, too?"

The boys hesitated a moment. Then they decided to go with the two strangers. Valmar was glad then that he and Cedric had decided to take time to go to church.

The door was wide open and people were going quietly in. The five boys entered together, passing from the brightness of the sunshine into the cool, soft light of the church. They found a place to sit and slipped quietly to their knees to offer their prayer.

When they arose the minister had come into the pulpit and the choir was softly chanting a beautiful hymn. Presently all the people sang together, and though the boys did not know the words of the hymn, they could feel the happiness of the people as they sang their praise. Valmar thought he had never heard anything so beautiful.

Then everything was hushed and solemn as the minister knelt to talk with God. The people bowed their heads and closed their eyes. The boys felt as they sat there listening that the Father was very near to them. When the prayer was over Valmar noticed how peaceful and happy their faces looked. "That is because they have talked with God," he thought.

There was another song and this time it was about Jesus' love. Valmar and Cedric looked at each other with shining eyes as they remembered when their mother had taught them the song. As they sang with the others they saw that the three boys were listening to the words about Jesus as if it were all very new.

When they were seated, they listened carefully to the minister while he stood before them to preach. Valmar glanced

at his brother. Cedric was looking intently at the minister, and his face looked rested and happy.

As the minister talked, the boys began to see pictures. They saw a great crowd of people beside a lake of blue water. The people were listening eagerly as one man who stood in a little boat at the water's edge talked earnestly with them. And when they had listened, they, too, wanted to go home and live as beautifully as Jesus did. They wanted to be loving and helpful, strong and pure, so that everyone who knew them would know just what God is like. The preacher's voice grew very soft and solemn, and Valmar knew he was talking with God again. So he bowed his head, and this time he prayed his own prayer, "Oh God, our loving Father, help me to grow like Jesus, to keep my body strong, my mind pure, and my heart full of love toward everyone."

While their heads were still bowed, the choir sang again, very softly, a song full of joy and praise. Then very quietly the people arose and left the church.

The two boys went to speak to the minister as he stood by the altar with its bowls of flowers. The minister saw that they were strangers and greeted them in so friendly a fashion that they felt very happy. "We wanted to tell you," said Valmar simply, "how beautiful it was. We are on a journey and could scarcely spare the time to stop, but now I feel so rested in my mind."

"I understand my lad," answered the minister with his hand on the boy's shoulder. "That is what the Sabbath is for. God sends rest and joy when we worship in his house. May the blessing of God go with you on your journey."

Outside the church the three boys said good-bye to the travellers. "We are glad we came here with you," they said. "We shall never want to use the names of God and Jesus in play or anger again."

"Good-bye," said the boys. "We are glad we could worship together." As they walked down the road no word was spoken, but their hands were clasped tightly and all around them they felt the beauty of the world and the Father's love.

Story 6. A LESSON IN OBEYING THE LAWS

FOR many days Valmar and Cedric had been following the road that goes straight ahead. They were very glad to be together and very eager to find the City of Christian Love, where every one was happy.

The road was interesting, full of unexpected curves and turns, winding in and out among the woods and hills but always leading them on and on.

"Why is it called the road that goes straight ahead," asked Cedric, "when it turns so much?"

"Because," answered Valmar, "as long as we keep on this road it leads us straight to Avalon."

"I wish we were there," sighed the little brother whose short legs were weary with tramping all day. "Look," he went on, pointing ahead, "the road turns again way up there by that hill. Don't you suppose we could cut through these woods by that little path and come to it sooner than by going all the way around?"

"Perhaps we might," said the older boy, for he too was tired of the hot dusty road. "It would be nice and cool in the woods. We might find a soft green bank where we could rest for awhile, too."

But when they came to the little path they saw at once a large, painted sign,—"Keep out. No poaching."

"What does it say?" asked Cedric, watching Valmar's face anxiously.

"It says that we can't go into these woods," he answered. "It is a place where rich people go hunting and they're afraid someone else will kill the game."

"We wouldn't touch anything," Cedric protested, catching hold of Valmar's hand as he turned away. "Come on. We'll go through just as fast as we can. We won't even stop to rest."

The older boy eyed the cool depths of the wood longingly and seemed undecided. "We would be breaking a law."

"Please come," urged the little brother. "I'm so tired of walking in the dust and the sun."

Valmar's eyes rested on the flushed face of his brother and again on the path that led to the inviting shade. "Very well," he said, "it will surely do no harm if we hurry through."

Once within the coolness of the forest, their weariness seemed to vanish. They raced and played down the little path, sometimes stopping to roll over and over in the green grass, but jumping up at once to go on again.

Suddenly they both stopped. Far away they heard the deep baying of a hound. They looked at each other in dismay. "They're hunting! They're coming this way! What shall we do?"

They looked around,—up and down, on either side, and back over the path up which they had come so merrily. The sounds came nearer.

"We haven't time to go back. There's no telling what they'll do," cried Valmar. "We'll just have to climb. Get out of your shoes and up into that tree as fast as you can. If they see us they'll think we are poaching, even though we aren't."

"Oh, dear," cried Cedric, fumbling with his shoes, "I wish we'd stayed in the road."

"So do I," answered Valmar shortly, "but we didn't. Hurry now. I'm coming right behind."

Scrambling and panting, they managed at last to reach the lowest branches of the tree, where they stopped a moment to listen and regain their breath.

"Up higher, little brother," urged the boy looking down. When they had found a comfortable place where they were safely hidden, they waited anxiously.

For awhile nothing happened. The sounds of the hunt had gone farther and farther away, finally dying out altogether. Valmar had just opened his mouth to say that they might as well go down, when they heard a rustling in the grass. He put his fingers on his lips and peered anxiously down. Suddenly a red-faced man burst into view, carrying a dead rabbit. He had evidently run a long way, for he was breath-

ing hard and seemed exhausted. As he ran under the tree in which they were hidden, the boys heard the hoof beats of a galloping horse. The man heard it, too, and determined to make a last desperate effort to get away. Throwing the rabbit from him, he made for the thickest part of the forest, knowing that the horseman could not ride so swiftly where the trees were thick.

The boys were holding their breath and a look of terror had come into the face of Valmar. He knew what it would mean if they were found hiding in the tree with a dead rabbit lying below.

A few minutes later, the horseman dashed past. He caught sight of the fugitive plunging into the dense growth of trees. He slackened his pace somewhat but continued the pursuit and the boys strained their ears to listen as the sounds came from farther and farther away.

When they could no longer hear them, they drew a long breath and looked at each other. "I guess the best thing we can do is to get out of the woods as quickly as we can. We'll get back to the road and stay there. Do you still have your shoes, Cedric? Let us hurry."

So intent were they on getting away that they did not see a tall man walking toward them. So it happened that as they slid down the tree they landed almost in his arms. Then they heard his big voice. "Bless me, what is this!"

It was too late to retreat, so they stood before him, miserable and frightened, while the man looked them over. There was a long silence but when the man spoke, they wished that the silence had been longer.

"So it is you who have been snaring my rabbits. Do you know what the law says about poaching?" His voice sounded very stern and gruff.

Valmar's face went white, but he lifted his head bravely and kept his clear eyes fixed on the man's. He said in a low steady voice, "Sir, we have not been poaching. We have never been here before." The man looked at him intently.

"Then how came you to be here?" he demanded.

"We were journeying along the road and we thought it would be shorter if we came through the wood."

"Did you not see the sign?" asked the man.

"Yes, we saw it," answered Valmar, feeling very uncomfortable. "but we thought it would do no harm to come, since we intended only to walk through to the road on the other side. You see, we want to reach Avalon as soon as possible."

The man smiled. "I would never know that you are going to Avalon," he said. "That is a Christian city, and Christians never break the laws of the land for their own convenience."

Valmar hung his head and Cedric looked away from the man's face, but they said nothing.

"Laws are made and signs put up to help people, to protect people and property," explained the man in a kindlier voice. "It is not for you or for anyone who does not know all about the matter to decide whether you will obey a law or not. When you disobey, you make it easy for everyone else to do the same, and then no one would be safe. It is because Christians want the world to be safe and happy for everyone that they can be trusted to keep the laws, even if they do not like them."

Valmar looked up. "You can trust me when I tell you that we are innocent of killing the game."

"But how do I know?" asked the man, still a trifle stern. "If you broke one law, how can I trust you?"

Though the man's piercing gaze was keen and almost stern, it was kind too, as if he wished only to be just.

Valmar looked about desperately, not knowing how to convince him.

Suddenly there was a crashing in the bush at the side of the path and the horseman was almost upon them before he saw them. He reined in his horse in astonishment, leaped down and came over to the older man. "What is the trouble, Father?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on excitedly, "I left the hunt because I saw a poacher who has been robbing our forests. I gave chase as soon as I saw him, but I could not catch him. He has had a fine scare, though, and I think he will not trouble us again for awhile."

The father's face cleared. "I am glad you came just as you did, my son," he said. "You are just in time to save these two lads." His grave voice paused for a moment.

"Are we free to go now, Sir?" Valmar asked, a bit unsteadily. He studied them a moment. "You are free to go back the way you came. Remember that honest travellers follow the road, and obey the laws."

"Yes," murmured Valmar, taking Cedric's hand tightly in his own and the two boys walked swiftly away.

Story 7. AN ADVENTURE IN BEING SELF-CONTROLLED

"TRULY, the friend was right when he said the road to Avalon is a hard road to travel," said Valmar as he trudged wearily along with his little brother. First it turned and twisted in every direction and now it is just one hill after another. "Cedric," he exclaimed impatiently, "don't pull on me so."

"But I'm tired," wailed Cedric wearily, "and it's so hot."

"I'm tired, too," answered Valmar sharply, "and it's all I can do to drag myself up these hills without dragging you, too."

"Let's stop and rest awhile," pled the little boy. "There is a big shady tree."

"No," answered Valmar doggedly, "we're going on. The hills can't last forever and if we stop so often, we'll never get there."

"I think you're not one bit kind," Cedric cried out angrily. "You don't do anything I ask of you."

"Well, what a mean thing to say!" exclaimed Valmar. "But I don't care! If you don't like my way, you can do as you please. I'm going on."

Just as they reached the top of the hill, they saw a tiny black dog racing toward them. They were delighted when he

stopped abruptly before them and began tearing about in circles and jumping up on them.

"He is lost or is hunting a new master," cried Cedric happily. "Let's take him with us for company."

Valmar called the dog to him, patted him on the head and spoke kindly. The dog was too excited to stand still for an instant. He rushed at Valmar, then dashed down the road for a few feet and back again. At last Valmar said, "I believe he will follow us if we go on."

"So they started down the hill in the direction from which he had come. The little dog darted ahead, turned about swiftly and circled about their feet. For a few minutes they travelled on forgetting their weariness in their interest in the dog, but before long they felt as tired as ever. The dog kept rushing at them so that they often had to stand still to keep from tripping over him.

"We'll never get anywhere if we are bothered like this," complained Cedric. "I'm getting more tired every minute."

"I wish he'd never found us," agreed Valmar. "He's a nuisance. Let's try to drive him away."

The boys spoke sharply to the wriggling little dog and finally drove him away by pretending to strike at him with their sticks. For a moment they went on in peace, but very soon the dog was back, getting between their feet as before. At last Valmar was so tired and annoyed that he could stand it no longer. He struck sharply at the dog with his stick. In a second the little black body lay in the road.

Valmar bent sorrowfully over it for an instant. Then he straightened up, saying to Cedric, "Well, we just couldn't be bothered. I suppose I shouldn't have lost control of myself, but I'm glad to be rid of him."

For several minutes they travelled on in silence. Just as they came to the foot of the hill, the silence was broken by a low moan. They stopped. "Someone is in trouble," whispered Valmar, listening. The moan came again. They left the road and went in the direction of the sound. Lying under

a tree a few feet away, they found a boy of about Valmar's age. Valmar stooped and lifted the boy's head. The boy opened his eyes and gasped, "My leg is broken. A coach came down the road very fast and ran over me. My little dog has gone to find help. I suppose he has brought you."

In an instant Valmar understood everything. The little dog had been trying to lead him toward his master, and now he was dead because Valmar had lost control of himself. There was no time to explain or to feel sorry, for Valmar arranged to leave Cedric with the wounded boy while he hurried back to the town a half-mile away to bring help. But as soon as men came back and tenderly carried the boy to town, Valmar said to Cedric, "I'm going straight back to where the little dog is. I can never forgive myself for what I did."

When they came to the little black body, Valmar leaned over it. He discovered with joy that the little dog was breathing. Tenderly he lifted it in his cloak, and together they started on toward the village. "If I stay with this little dog for two or three days and tend him carefully, I can give him back to his master," he said sadly to Cedric. "It will delay us on our journey, but it will make me remember never to lose control of myself.

"Yes," said Cedric, "I guess we both lost control of our tongues just before that. We couldn't live in a Christian city until we could take care of our tongues, even if we were tired."

Valmar held the dog more tenderly as together they entered the village.

Story 8. A THOUGHTFUL BROTHER

EARLY one bright morning the two boys started once more on their journey toward Avalon. "A morning walk before breakfast is very good for your health," sail Valmar jokingly. Cedric laughed, but he held his head high and said nothing lest he should confess how hungry he was. "I can be as brave

as he is," he thought. After a long hour, the boys saw a village in the distance. They hurried on joyfully.

When they entered the village, Valmar saw that Cedric lagged behind and realized that he was so weak that he could scarcely walk. "Sit here on this grass, little brother," he said gently. "I will stop at the first little shop and bring the food here to you."

Cedric did sit down, but he still smiled bravely. "I shall be alright as soon as we have breakfast."

It seemed to Valmar that he was gone only a few minutes, but when he returned, Cedric was not there. Laying his packages on the grass and covering them with his cloak, he ran about looking in every direction. When he could see no sign of his brother, he was so frightened he could not think what to do next. Just then he heard shouts around the corner, and running in the direction of the noise, he saw a great crowd of boys. They were jeering and laughing, and Valmar heard the sobbing of a little child.

"The cowards!" he said to himself. "They are tormenting some little child. They must stop it, if I have to fight the whole crowd." He clenched his fists and started for them. Suddenly he halted as he thought. "Fighting is not the best way to help. That would only make them more rough and unkind. I must make them like the little child. What can I do?"

He stood very still and studied the crowd for a moment. They were a rough set as they tumbled about together. He closed his eyes and thought a prayer, "Help me, Father, to think of the best way."

In a moment he threw back his head and laughed aloud. Instantly the boys turned to look at this stranger.

"I know a good game," Valmar shouted. "It is a new one. Whoever beats me racing to that tree yonder may be the leader." He started to run and wondered as he ran whether the boys would follow. They might be angry with him and start a fight, or they might only laugh at him and continue their sport. He looked back. For an instant the boys stared,

then they ran. One very swift runner reached the tree first, and Valmar appointed him the leader. Then he explained the game. It was one he had often played at home but it was new to these boys, and soon they were running and shouting together.

When Valmar saw that they were busy in the game, he ran back to where the crowd had been. A little child was lying face down on the grass, still crying. As he came closer, he found that it was his own little brother. The little boy was too worn out to explain, but Valmar ran to where he had left the packages. He broke open a bun and coaxed Cedric to eat. When they had almost finished, Valmar saw the boys gathering around them again. He put his arm tenderly around Cedric and faced them, but they only said, "That was a good game. Teach us another."

So Valmar taught another game, but this time Cedric was the leader. The big boys were surprised to find themselves playing with a little boy and enjoying it. Indeed Cedric did his part so well that when the game was over, the boys gathered about him, slapping him on the shoulder and showing their friendliness as best they could. "Let's play it again," they cried. "The little fellow was good."

"We cannot stay any longer," said Valmar, "for we are on our way to the City of Love. I am glad you liked the game." He smiled in a friendly way as he added, "I hope you like it better than the one you were playing when I came. Perhaps there are some little boys in your own village who will be glad to play with you." The boys looked ashamed as they saw his arm still thrown around the little boy.

We are sorry we were so thoughtless," the boys said. "Tell us about the city you are seeking." So Valmar told them as much as he could, and when he had finished and turned to go, he smiled. "Perhaps we shall come back some day and tell you where it is. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," called the boys, "we will not forget." And they watched the travellers until they were out of sight.

Story 9. VALMAR PROVES THAT HE CAN BE TRUSTED

ONE day Valmar and Cedric were walking down the shady road that led toward the City of Christian Love. They had not gone far before they were overtaken by a coach drawn by four beautiful horses. They stepped to the side of the road to let it pass but it stopped beside them. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw a fine-looking man lean from the coach to address them.

"Where are you going?" he asked in a low pleasant voice.

"We are journeying, Sir," answered Valmar with a bow. "We are going to a beautiful city called Avalon."

"Ah, I thought as much when I saw how you managed those rough boys in the village. That was very well done." He paused a moment before he said, "I should like to have you ride with me today. My coach is going toward Avalon."

The boys were as pleased as could be, not only because a ride in a beautiful coach was much nicer than walking all day, but because the face of this new friend was so fine that they knew they would have a happy time. "He looks as if he always lived with love to others," thought Valmar, looking at the kindly eyes.

It was not long before the boys were telling the man all the experiences of their journey, for he proved to be very much interested. "You are brave boys to continue such a very long journey," he remarked at the close of their story. "You are not far now from Avalon, and I know you will be happy there."

"We should never have been able to come so far if it had not been for the wonderful man who told me about the City of Love and who has taught me so many helpful things," said Valmar gratefully. "I do not know his name, but I call him Friend."

"Yes, I'm sure he was a real friend," answered the man with twinkling eyes. "I know him very well." Valmar was silent, hoping that his companion wold tell him more, but the man only looked out the window of the coach and called the

attention of the boys to a flock of birds that soared through the air.

All day they rode, stopping at a comfortable inn for a dinner which was the heartiest and most delicious meal the boys had eaten on their long journey. Just as the sun began to drop low in the rosy sky, the coach drew up before a handsome castle with tall white towers. A great wall about the castle protected it from enemies, but the gate stood open and a servant bowed when he saw the man in the coach. The man turned to the boys. "In this castle lives a friend of mine who will be glad to care for you to-night. This servant will show you in."

Before the boys knew what was happening, the coach was gone, and they were following the servant into a long hall. For a moment they were a bit frightened in this great strange place, but when the servant brought them into a large square room, the master of the castle rose to greet them. Timidly they looked up, but they were overjoyed to see that the Master was their own old Friend.

"Do you live here?" they cried in astonishment.

"Yes," smiled the Master. "I was hoping you might spend a night with me before you reach the end of your journey. I am often away on business, but I thought you might be here today. Come, for the evening meal is almost ready."

A servant in a splendid uniform conducted them to their room where they made themselves ready for supper. Then the servant took them through long halls hung with beautiful pictures and rich draperies, until at last they came to the dining hall. There they were taken to the table to meet the Master. There were so many beautiful things in the room that they could scarcely eat. During the meal, the Master told them about the village which lay back of the castle. "I am Master of the village," he said. "You shall see something of it before you leave."

Directly after supper Cedric was so tired and sleepy that he went quickly to bed and then the Master led Valmar to a great room where there were rows and rows of books. A bright fire crackled in the grate.

The Master was carrying a small brass-bound box. Going to one of the book shelves he took from one end four large volumes and placed them carefully on the table. He pressed hard on what looked like the head of a small nail in the wall where the books had been. An astonishing thing happened. The whole section of book shelves swung open toward him like a door and he stepped back quickly so that they might open wide. Inside were many curious looking things. Valmar had not time to see much, however, for the Master quickly placed his small chest on one of the shelves and taking the key from the lock, stepped back. The book shelves swung noiselessly into place again and the four books were replaced. No one would ever have guessed that the secret closet was behind them.

The Master led Valmar to a shelf of brightly bound books. "I find it necessary to go away tonight on an errand to the village," he explained. "I think you will find here enough to entertain you until I return, and I am sure I can trust you to look after my valuables." Then he went away, and Valmar heard the iron gates clang shut in the court below.

He took a book and tried to read, but he could not think. He walked about looking at the strange and beautiful pictures on the wall, and imagining stories about them. Just then the door opened and a servant entered. He came up to Valmar and in a confidential tone said, "You saw the Master open the secret safe. There are wonderful things stored there. If you will open the safe, I can tell you many an interesting story while you await his return. Come, open the safe."

Valmar looked steadily at the man. "I think the Master will show me those things himself when he is ready," he said.

"He will not care if we look at them," insisted the servant. "He trusts me with his valuable things. Come, open the door." But Valmar saw that the servant did not know how to open it, so he was sure that the man was not telling the truth.

"No," he said quietly, "I can wait."

The servant's tone changed. He crept closer and whispered,

"You think this man is your friend. Yo do not know what he is planning to do with you and your brother. If you were wise, you would open the safe and divide the valuable things with me. We would slip out of the castle and be far away before he returns."

Valmar could not imagine the Master as anything but the kind friend that he had seemed to be, but he drew himself up straight as he replied, "I know the Master well, but even if I were not sure, I would stay until he returns. A Christian can always be trusted. I shall be true to his trust even though it put me in danger."

The servant used every other method,—coaxing, bribing with a piece of gold, threatening, but the boy stood firm. At last the servant ran toward the boy to catch him. Valmar had a good idea. He ran swiftly out the door, but as soon as the servant was out, he doubled and shot back into the room slamming the door, and bolting it from the inside. Then he sank down on the rug before the fire, tired out and frightened. He heard the servant pounding on the door, but just then the gates at the entrance slammed shut, and the servant ran away.

When the Master entered, Valmar was still breathless. "Tell me what has happened," said the Master kindly, and Valmar told all about it. The Master smiled approvingly, and said, "I have thought for some time that this servant is the spy of my enemy. It is well for all of us that you guarded the secret. It is well that you can be trusted if you are to live in Avalon."

And Valmar, thinking of all he had learned since the day when he had stolen a breakfast and returned to pay for it, was glad that he had become a person who could be trusted.

Story 10. VALMAR KEEPS CONTROL

THE next morning Valmar awakened with a feeling of content and happiness. He rolled over toward Cedric, who had slept with him in the great wide bed in the beautiful room.

"Come, little brother, get up quickly!" He called joyously. "You remember we are in the castle of the Master of the village and any wonderful thing may happen today.

When they had made their way to the lower hall they found the Master waiting for them, but greatly to their surprise he was in cloak, boots and spurs, apparently ready to go out on an all day's trip.

"Ah, I am glad to see you looking so happily and rested," he said to them as they approached. "I am sorry to be leaving you alone but I have an important engagement which will keep me away all day. I only waited to say to you that I wish you to remain as my guests until tomorrow evening. I am determined to have one day with you undisturbed, so that we can get acquainted. I am sure you will not refuse to grant my request."

"Of course not," answered Valmar, "you have been so good to us that we want to know you better."

The Master smiled and said, "I suggest that during the day you go about in the village and see the sights. I am here to teach these people to make their village a City of Love. You will see many things that have been accomplished and perhaps many others that need to be done. I hope you will get acquainted with some of the fine boys of the village. Your breakfast is waiting now." He waved his hand in farewell as he went down the broad steps and mounted his horse.

"Let us go to the village first," suggested Valmar as they finished their breakfast. "If once we start to explore the castle we will become so interested that we will forget all about the village."

Cedric agreed, so they started. As they wandered about, they noticed that though the houses were small, they were clean and well-built, with tidy little gardens and lawns. The village had not the poor, tumble-down appearance of many through which they had passed on their journey.

"That is because the Master wishes his people to have self respect," said Valmar wisely. "He knows it is easier for

people to do right when they are comfortable and warm and have pretty things around them."

They wandered about the village all day, seeing and hearing many things. Sometimes it was a cheery voice or a gay little song from a cottage. Sometimes it was the sight of the children playing happily together or working contentedly in the gardens. Now and then it was two women chatting in a friendly way as they sat on their tiny porches and sewed. Then Valmar would say, "I guess that the Master need not worry. The people are learning to show love to one another."

But their hearts were sometimes heavy because of other things they saw and heard. Harsh, scolding voices came from some of the cottages. Here was a group of boys teasing a smaller one until he cried. There was a big girl dragging her little sister along because she could not hurry fast enough. At noon they passed a park where children were playing happily. When they stopped to watch, the children invited them to play and to share the lunches which their mothers had packed for them. As they ate, the children pointed out to them a big boy wandering about in the park. "Nobody ever plays with him," they explained. "He's rough and horrid and sometimes even cruel. He pushes little girls into mud puddles and torments animals. His father beats him for it, but he goes on being as bad as ever. We leave him alone." Valmar said nothing, but looked after the boy thoughtfully.

Late in the afternoon Valmar said, "Come, Cedric, we must be getting back to the castle." At one place the road to the castle had a deep mud-hole and a sign requested them not to walk through the mud but to take a little path that led through the woods. They had obeyed this request in the morning, but now as they approached, they saw the big boy whom the children had pointed out. He was standing by a big tree, directly in the little path they were to take. As soon as they stepped off the road, he called to them, "I saw you spying in the village today. You think you are important because you are visiting in the castle. I'll show you. You'll have to walk

through the mud hole and get your feet dirty and sticky. It will serve you right."

Valmar looked straight at the boy. "I refuse to go through the road, not because of my feet, but because I obey all laws which are made for the good of the village. If we walked through it, it would only invite others to do so."

The boy laughed disrespectfully. "I don't care about the village. You're going through the mud-hole or fight me to get on this path."

"I don't fight, either," retorted Valmar.

"I knew you were sissies, too nice to fight," he sneered.

Valmar's face grew red and Cedric crept close to him. The older brother stood quite still for a moment, thinking. Then he put his mouth to Cedric's ear. "I shall start around the right side of the tree. When he starts after me, I want you to run around the left side and on down the path toward the castle." The child said nothing, but he looked so frightened that Valmar added, "Don't worry about me, I shall not fight."

He straightened suddenly and darted to the right. The boy was too quick for him, for he slid over and stood directly before him, fists up. As soon as Valmar saw that Cedric had obeyed and was already speeding down the path beyond the tree, he began darting back and forth around the tree. He was a little smaller than the other boy, and quicker in his movements. In a moment, he had the big boy confused. With one quick dash, he sped past him and down the road.

"Coward," called the boy after him angrily. But Valmar only ran on.

That night as they sat with the Master at the fireplace and talked of many things, the Master said, "Valmar, I want to congratulate you for not fighting this afternoon. I was just behind you. What made you decide not to fight?"

"He is so used to fighting that it would not have taught him anything for me to have beaten him," explained Valmar. "And then, I wanted to fight so badly that I knew I must rule my own spirit. I had to say to myself the verse about

ruling a spirit being greater than ruling a city, and then it didn't seem so hard."

The Master said nothing, but later when they said goodnight, he put his hand on Valmar's shoulder. "I am proud of the journey you have made, my lad," he said, "but I am more proud of the way you are learning to prepare yourself for the City of Christian Love."

And in Valmar's ears, there could have been no greater praise, so he went to bed with a happy heart. But when he whispered his goodnight prayer, he was not thinking of himself, for he said, "Help the boy who likes to fight and torment to find out how much nicer it is to help others.

Story 11. VALMAR SHOWS CHRISTIAN LOVE

THE next day was a great day at the castle. The Master wakened the boys early. "Every year there is one great day when the whole village is invited to the castle," he explained to them. "There are games and contests and good times for everyone. The quilts and handwork of the women are in some booths, and the whittling and carving of the boys and men are in others. Late in the day we give medals, not only for the work they have done, but to the people who have shown in some way that they are learning to live with love."

"Oh, it all sounds so wonderful," exclaimed Valmar. "I am so glad we shall be here to see it all."

"The servants have been working since daybreak to prepare the grounds and the food," continued the Master. "We will eat a hasty breakfast and go out to help them."

It was a day of excitement and happiness for the boys. They enjoyed helping the servants arrange bowls of food on long tables, put up the handwork of the villagers, and run errands back and forth. They watched the games of the children and soon joined them.

Once the boys were playing with a ball, striking it with their fists to throw it from one group to another. Suddenly,

the big bully with whom Valmar had had trouble the day before came over near them. No one invited him to play, for they knew he would only make trouble. He stood sullenly nearby, watching them. At last the ball was knocked to one side and it fell into a field of deep grass. The boys rushed in to find it, but it seemed to have disappeared. When they returned to the grounds, there was the bully with the ball in his hands, tossing it up and looking teasingly at the boys. Some of the boys were angry and gathered at once to decide what to do. "There are so many of us that we can get it away from him if we surround him and force him down," one said. But Valmar immediately made a suggestion. "I think the very best thing to do is to start a new game without the ball."

The boys agreed and before long they were playing a new game that Valmar had played in his old home. The boy went off, taking the ball with him. Some of the boys were still angry and wished they had fought him, but most of them said, "Valmar was right. We can better lose a ball than lose our tempers."

All day the bully was at his worst. He bothered the older people who sat talking in groups, the young women who moved busily about, and the children who were making their own little games. At last everyone was so annoyed at his tricks that several came to the Master and complained. Valmar, who chanced to be near, heard them say "That boy is certainly not trying to live in the right way. Can't we put him off the grounds?" Valmar saw that the Master looked sad and troubled, as he replied, "No, not yet. I still have some hope." Valmar walked away thoughtfully.

Late in the afternoon, a signal brought all the people together before a stand that had been built. Here the Master stood, and on a table before him were the medals that were to be awarded to the people who deserved them. He talked with the people now, reminding them of their effort to make their village a City of Christian Love. He praised them for many of the changes that had come to the village during the

year and pointed out some of the things in which they would need to try harder in the coming year. When he had finished, he said, "In giving out the prizes, I need two people to help me. One will be the boy Valmar, who with his little brother, Cedric, is nearing the end of his journey to Avalon, the City of Love. I shall let him choose the other person."

The people cheered as Valmar went to the platform. He stood looking over the great crowd. He could see one after another of the splendid boys he had met and played with that day, so that he could not decide whom to choose. Each one looked hopefully at him, wishing that he might be chosen. In the far edge of the crowd, Valmar saw the bully. He was looking idly about him, the same look of discontent and sullenness on his face. The eyes of Valmar sparkled. Perhaps the boy was horrid because he knew no one liked him. Perhaps if he had a chance——

"I choose that boy," he cried, pointing directly at the bully. A murmur of astonishment ran through the crowd as the boy after a moment's hesitation came to the platform. The Master said nothing, and the awarding of the medals began.

Valmar and the boy worked side by side, Valmar taking the medals from the Master and handing them to the boy, who pinned them on the blouses of the villagers. When they had finished, Valmar looked at the boy and was astonished at the change in his face. His eyes were eager and interested, a smile touched his mouth, and his cheeks were flushed. As their eyes met, the boy turned away for an instant, then he came nearer. He took from his blouse the ball he had taken and held it out silently. Valmar smiled and tossed the ball down to the boy who owned it.

The people saw it and were glad. The Master put a hand on the shoulder of each boy and they went down among the crowd.

At evening when most of the people had left, Valmar and the boy came together to the Master. "Master, I want to ask a favor of you," said Valmar with his hand on the boy's shoulder. "This boy wants to learn more of the City of

Christian Love. I have been wondering if he could sometimes work with you, so that you could help him. Then I could send him messages after I reach Avalon, and perhaps some day he could come to see me there. I'm sure we should enjoy being friends, for he knows some very interesting things."

The Master's face was full of joy as he took a hand of each boy into one of his. "Your new friend shall indeed be my friend and work with me, Valmar. And to-day you have learned the greatest lesson of all—you have shown Christian love when it was not easy. To-morrow will be your great day—you will reach the city of Avalon."

Valmar's eyes shone like stars and the face of his new friend shared his happiness. "To-morrow!" cried Valmar, "after such a long journey, to-morrow."

Story 12. VALMAR REACHES THE CITY

IT WAS the end of the long holiday at the castle. Valmar and Cedric went to bed thinking of what the Master had said, "To-morrow you will reach the city."

Very early the next morning they were awake, "Come little brother," called Valmar. "To-day we start again on our journey. Let us dress quickly, for it seems to me that I cannot wait."

"Yes, yes," cried Cedric, his eyes sparkling. They hurried down to breakfast in the great hall. Early as it was they found the Master waiting for them. There was something in his face and smile that set their hearts to beating faster and deepened the glow in their eyes and cheeks. This feeling of something-about-to happen increased as the Master led the way once more into the library. Cedric went dancing along, clinging to the Master's hand and looking up into his face with eyes that were bright with questions.

Going to the secret closet, the Master brought out the little treasure chest which Valmar has guarded on that first night.

Before opening it, he said, "As you may have guessed, these last three days I have been watching to see if you are ready to go on to the City. Every citizen in Avalon tries always to be trustworthy and obedient to laws and self-controlled. And because Jesus is his Master, his heart is full of love for other people. During the time you have been in my castle, you have shown that you have learned how to live in that wonderful city. There is just one more thing to tell you before you go."

The boys leaned forward with wonder and eagerness as the Master opened the chest. Inside lay two sparkling circles of gold, carved into a beautiful pattern. They hung from gold chains, long enough to wear about the neck. When the Master took these carefully from the box and slipped them about the necks of the two boys, they were too happy to say a word. Then he said quietly, "When you enter the city, show these charms to the watchman at the gate and ask to be taken directly to the Counselor of the City. Show them to him and tell him that the Master of the castle sends you. Then in the name of our great king who taught us the Christian way of living, he will receive you."

Suddenly the boys remembered that the Master, too, had lived in Avalon and the knowledge seemed to bring them closer together. With a hand on the shoulder of each, he walked with them toward the door. He conducted them out through the court yard, even to the great gate and stood with them on the road that stretched out before them.

"This is the road," he said, "The city is set on a hill and it will not be long now before you reach it. But there is one thing which you must remember as you journey today," he went on earnestly and gravely. "Now that you know you are ready to live in this city, do not stop or turn aside until you reach it. For whoever stops or turns aside will find it harder to reach the goal. Farewell, my lads, and God be with you as you journey."

"Master," said Valmar, his voice trembling with earnestness, "I don't know how to thank you but our hearts are full

of gratitude. If we can reach the city and be like you, I shall be content," he ended in a burst of boyish enthusiasm.

All day long they travelled. Yet the day sped swiftly and the way seemed short, for they travelled with hearts that were light with hope and happiness. The day ended in the splendor of a golden glowing sunset. When the soft hush of twilight came the boys looked at each other questioningly, for they had not yet come to the hill whereon was the city they sought.

They set their lips resolutely, however, remembering the Master's instructions and went bravely on though they were beginning to be very tired.

"Surely we will come to it soon," said Valmar encouragingly. "Hasn't it been a wonderful journey, little brother?"

"Yes, it has," said Cedric, "and the best part is that we are almost there."

As they went on, the night became darker and darker. If the road had not been plain before them, they might have missed the way, for there was no moon, only the faint glimmering light of the stars.

"See," said Cedric, "that star is beckoning to us telling us to come on." The hours went by, and the boys grew weary.

"Couldn't we stop just for a little while?" asked Cedric at last. "I am so very tired."

"I'm sorry, little brother," Valmar answered. "But you heard what the Master said. We must not stop. I think there must have been a reason for it that he didn't tell us."

"I thought the worst part was over," sighed Cedric.

"I did too, but I guess we shall always have to keep on overcoming things. Take hold of my hand and let me help you." So they journeyed on, weary yet undiscouraged.

Suddenly Valmar exclaimed, "I know why it is so hard, little brother," and there was a note of exultation in his tired voice. "It is because we are climbing. We are *climbing,* Cedric. Do you know what that means?"

"The city is set on a hill," said Cedric softly.

The thought gave them renewed strength, and they went on, up and up and up until they wondered when it would end.

"I cannot go any farther," whispered Cedric.

For some time Valmar had been praying, "Heavenly Father, give us strength to finish our journey."

Now he slipped his arm about Cedric's shoulders saying encouragingly, "Just a little farther. See, the sky is gray with dawn."

A few steps farther on he cried out in ringing tones of triumph. "It is the top of the hill!"

As if by magic they forgot their weariness. The eastern sky grew steadily brighter until it flamed in the most radiant colors of dawn.

Standing on the hill-top, they looked out, their faces filled with awe and wonder and delight.

There before them lay the city of their dreams.

For a long moment they stood motionless, their faces transfigured by the joy that swept over them. Then reverently they bowed their heads and from hearts overflowing with gratitude came the prayer, "God, we thank thee."

All at once the sun blazed forth in all its shining glory and in the light of the new day Valmar and Cedric entered Avalon, the City of Christian Love. The adventures of the day will never be forgotten by the two boys, but as they went about in the streets they saw what it meant to have a city where people love each other as Jesus taught, for everywhere there was laughter and happiness and love. They were welcomed by the Counselor of the city, and when they looked at his kind, wise face they said to each other, "The journey has been sometimes very hard, but the nicest thing in the world is to be a citizen of the City of Love."

PUPIL'S BOOK

BUILDING A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

"THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT" *Copping*

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PUPIL'S BOOK

for the course entitled

BUILDING A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

BY

BLANCHE CARRIER

AND

AMY CLOWES

DAYTON, OHIO

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CHAPTER I

A STORY TO READ[1]

JERRY rushed into the house all out of breath. He was in a big hurry, for Bill and Harry were going to fly their kites, and it was such fun that he wanted to go, too.

Mother gave him permission but asked him to be sure to get back by four o'clock, as she wanted him to go to the grocery store for her.

Jerry answered with a sulky, "All right," and a slam of the door. "Pshaw," he said. "Mother always has something for me to do. I'll hardly have time to get my kite clear up before I have to come in. I wish she'd let me stay as long as I want to for once."

But all the way to the big field something inside of Jerry kept saying, "That wasn't a nice way to answer mother. I know she, too, has to do lots of things that she doesn't want to do."

He started whistling, trying to forget how ugly he had been. Before he knew it he was whistling a song his sister had been singing around the house for several days. He had fussed about it because it had bothered him while he was trying to study.

"All through the year I'll try to do
The things to show my love to you;
And not be happy just to say,
'I love you, mother,' on Mother's Day."

He wanted to forget, but couldn't. He tried to excuse himself with the thought that his mother certainly did expect a lot of him; but that didn't help at all.

[1] Published by permission of the author and the *Elementary Magazine*, the Methodist Book Concern.

He wasn't having a very good time. Even his kite didn't fly as it usually did.

Then Harry and Bill started telling about what they were going to do for their mothers on next Sunday, which was Mother's Day. This made Jerry even more uncomfortable, for he couldn't forget how badly he had acted.

Bill said, "I'm going to buy the prettiest flower I can find and send it out to mother by a messenger boy."

Harry told of a beautiful motto he had bought with a verse on it about "mother" which was to be his gift.

The boys wanted to know what Jerry was going to do. "I don't know what I'm going to do, I haven't decided yet," he said, and he didn't look at them for he was very unhappy.

All at once Jerry felt that it must be getting very late, and he pulled his watch out of his pocket to find that it was nearly five o'clock.

How he dreaded to go home. "What will mother say? Oh, why did I forget?"

Jerry quickly wound in his kite and ran as fast as he could all the way home. He hurried into the kitchen expecting to find his mother, but she was not there. Instead, his sister was busy about supper, and softly singing,

"All through the year I'll try to do
The things to show my love to you;
And not be happy just to say,
'I love you, mother,' on Mother's Day."

"Where is mother?" called out Jerry excitedly.

"She has gone to the store for some groceries," answered his sister, not even looking up from her work.

Perhaps he wasn't too late, even now, to meet her and carry the packages. But when he opened the front door his mother was already coming up the steps, both arms full, and looking, oh, so tired.

In spite of himself, the tears started trickling down Jerry's face. "Oh mother, I'm so sorry, honestly I am. I didn't mean

to forget. *Please* forgive me, mother, this one more time."

And a happy smile, which made her look less tired, assured Jerry that he was forgiven.

After supper Jerry sat down to study. He could hear his sister singing in the next room. It was the same song which had bothered him so much last night, but now it had a new meaning; it seemed to have a message especially for him.

He put down his book and sat thinking. At last he was planning a gift for his mother on Mother's Day. The words of the song seemed to lead him as he planned:

"All through the year I'll try to do
The things to show my love to you;
And not be happy just to say,
'I love you, mother,' on Mother's Day."

MABEL V. BALLARD

A question for you to think about:

Does this story suggest to you any reason why it is helpful for people to study the best ways of living?

CHAPTER II

JESUS MAKES LIFE BEAUTIFUL

1. Find in your Bible these stories and sayings of Jesus. They are in—

Luke 13:10–17. Jesus giving new strength to an old woman.

Matt. 21:12, 13. Jesus standing against the wrong.

Matt. 22:35–40. Telling the two most important things to do.

Matt. 18:21, 22. Teaching a great lesson to his friends.

Luke 19:1–8. The story of Zaccheus.

2. See if you can remember and tell your mother the other stories you read in class.

Jesus the friend of those whom others dislike.

Jesus helping others by doing the simple little things for their comfort.

3. See if you can find two everyday things to do at home to make your family more happy or comfortable.

CHAPTER III

JESUS TEACHING ABOUT GOD

How strong and sweet my Father's care
That round about me, like the air,
Is with me always, everywhere,
He cares for me.

ANONYMOUS.

Here is a list of four questions which will help you to review the lesson. Write the answer to each in one sentence and bring your paper to class.

1. What did Jesus say that God is like? See if you remember two things about God to put into your answer.
2. What did the story of the Father tell about God?
3. How do you think God feels when people do wrong?
4. How can we work with God when people are sick or poor?

CHAPTER IV

JESUS AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD

THY KINGDOM COME[2]

Dear Lord, each selfish thought we think
  Puts us afar from thee,
Each pure, unselfish thought or deed
  Helps us like Christ to be.

Help us to show our love to thee
  And neighbours far and near,
That we may ever work with thee
  To build thy kingdom here.

Try to see how many things you can do which will help the Kingdom of God to grow in your home this week. It is important, too, how you feel about your work or toward your parents, brothers, or sisters. Pray every morning that God will help you to remember to be strong all day, and think over the day at bedtime to see how you could have helped God more. If you like, keep a little secret list of what you have done in a Christian spirit. This will help you as you make it longer each day.

Memorize the beautiful words of Jesus about how to live in the Kingdom, Luke 6:27-35, beginning "But I say unto you," and studying to "toward the unthankful and evil."

[2] The first two lines are from a hymn by Lucy Larcom, published in *Worship and Song* by the Pilgrim Press, and used by permission.

VALMAR

CHAPTER V

BEING HONEST

STORY 1.[3]

Lester had his head buried in the book of "Tales of Arabian Nights," which he had brought home from the library the night before, when he heard a sharp whistle outside the window. He pulled aside the curtain and saw that Tom was on the sidewalk. Lester dashed for the door, leaving his book in the big arm-chair where he had been sitting. He would be gone only a minute.

When he came in again he looked for his book but it was gone. He couldn't imagine what had happened. Then he saw sister Jane, who was only two, quietly sitting on the floor and enjoying herself by tearing out the pages.

Lester's heart seemed to jump into his mouth. He snatched the book from her in spite of her protests. "Jane," he cried, "you mustn't do that." Then he thought, "Of course it would have to be a library book that she'd get. Now I'm in for it. Why did I leave it on the chair? What will I do? I wonder if they'll make me pay for a new book." And then a thought came to him. "I know what I'll do. I'll just slip it in with a pile of books on the librarian's desk, and after my card is marked off she'll never know who did it."

What do you think he finally did? Why did he decide to do that? How did he feel about it later?

STORY 2.

Mamie's class had planned for a picnic at the park Saturday afternoon, and Miss Logan, their teacher, promised to meet

[3] First two stories written by Ruth Mistele.

them at the corner near the school. On Friday all the girls were talking eagerly about the good times they would have. They would swim and play ball and have a picnic supper. They began telling each other how much money they were going to have to spend for ice cream and pop. Mamie had asked her mother for spending money, but mother had said, "I am sorry, dear, but I can let you have only enough for the street-car fare and another nickel for an ice-cream cone. Now be careful that you don't lose the nickel you will need in coming home on the car."

The school corner was swarming with a noisy, chattering bunch of girls, when at last the car came clanging down the street. Everybody was pushing and scrambling to get on. Mamie was anxious to sit with her chum, Ethel, and was trying to keep near her when suddenly she realized that she had been pushed past the conductor's box and had not dropped in her nickel.

Her heart pounded in her side and her face grew red as she said to herself, "Now I'll have another nickel to spend for myself." And then something was saying within her, "Oh, no, I could never do that. I'd feel like a cheat." But the other thought came back again. "I don't care. The old street-car company doesn't need it. What difference would one nickel make? It isn't fair. I ought to have as much money to spend as the other girls have."

How do you suppose Mamie finally decided? Why?

Story 3.

Ellen went to the grocery for her mother. It was an A. & P. store. While she was waiting for the clerk she walked about and looked at all the baskets of good things. A woman near her picked up a strawberry from a basket and ate it. Just then Ellen saw the clerk put a cooky in his mouth before he closed the box from which he was filling a bag. At the meat counter she saw the clerk hand a woman a bit of cheese to taste. It seemed that everyone was tasting. Ellen looked down at the big juicy strawberries. The box didn't seem very

full anyway. So she picked out a nice one, snipped off the stem and popped it into her mouth. She had hardly swallowed it when the clerk frowned at her and said, "Little girl, you mustn't steal berries." What did Ellen say? Was it right for the woman to take the berry? for the clerk to take a cooky? for the woman to taste the cheese? for Ellen to take the berry?

Story 4.

Hayden was saving money to buy a ball glove. Now there was a big sale at the store, and he saw the very kind he wanted marked 85 cents. He hurried home to get the dollar bill he had in his bank. He ran all the way to the store, and in a moment the glove was in his hands. He waited impatiently for the change and ran off toward home as soon as he had it. In a moment he stopped and looked down at his hand. Why, the clerk had given him a quarter. That couldn't be right. He should go back and tell him. Just then he thought how badly he needed a new ball. With a little more he could buy one. If the clerk was stupid enough to make a mistake, it wasn't any of his business. So he ran on. He showed the glove to his big brother and gleefully told him about the quarter which would start a fund for a new ball. His brother admired the glove, but just as he was getting on his bicycle he called back to Hayden, "What would you have done if the clerk had not given you enough change instead of too much?" Hayden sat down on the step to think.

What do you think he decided? Why?

Story 5.

Tom and Ernest had been playing ever since school. Tom had taught Ernest a very fascinating game a week ago, and they had played it every night since. It was a new game of marbles, and one boy could win the other's from him. For a few nights Tom had won all the marbles and Ernest had spent all the money in his bank buying new ones. But to-night he was very much excited for he had won twenty of Tom's marbles. He had cheated a little once, but Tom hadn't seen it.

Now he would play so carefully that he would win and win until he had hundreds of marbles. He could imagine a big box of them that he would keep in his room. He emptied his pockets and put all the marbles on his bed. Then he washed his hands and ran down to dinner.

The family was excited, too. They were asking his big brother Harold about the tennis game he had played. Then Ernest remembered that Harold had hoped to win a silver cup, a lovely cup that would make any boy proud. But he heard Harold say, "No, I didn't get the cup. There was once that I could have won if I had cheated a little, but I didn't. I would rather never have a silver cup than to win by cheating." "Good for you, son!" said his father. After dinner Ernest went up again and looked at his marbles. What did he do and say? Why?

CHAPTER VI

BEING TRUTHFUL AND KEEPING PROMISES

1. You will enjoy finding in your Bible and reading some of the verses we have talked about and some that are new to you.

Proverbs 6:16–19. God hates wrong-doing.

Psalm 40:4. The man who does not respect a teller of lies is a happy man.

Psalm 34:14. The word "guile" means deceiving.

Proverbs 12:22. God cannot respect lies.

Memorize the two of these verses which you like best.

2. Find in a magazine a picture that suggests to you a story about someone who was honest or truthful, or who kept his promise. Write this story and bring it to class next week.

CHAPTER VII

CHOOSING TO DO THE RIGHT

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE[4]

Bert and John Lee were delighted when Gordon, their little Scotch cousin, came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell some curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, so he advanced rapidly.

Before the close of school the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Gordon understood that he was to say "ten" if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered." "More than once?" asked the teacher. "Yes, ma'am," answered Gordon. "As many as ten times?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said John after school. "Well I did," said Gordon. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book. Then I asked a boy for a pencil, another for a knife, and I did several such things. I supposed it was allowed." "Oh, we all do it," said Bert, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule. Nobody can keep it; nobody does." "I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Gordon. "Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?" "Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered John. "There

[4] Adapted from story in White's *School Management,* and used by permission.

wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict." "What of that, if you tell the truth?" said Gordon bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with the Scotch boy. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his reports, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the other boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to, and yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Gordon's mark was lower than usual the teacher would smile peculiarly, but she said no more of disgrace. He never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves to see that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. They felt like cheats and story-tellers. They loved him though, and before long they nicknamed him "Scotch Granite" because he was so firm about the truth.

At the end of the year Gordon's name was very far down on the credit list. When it was read he almost cried, for he was very sensitive and had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that closing day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. She was passing him without a look, when she was told that the man was a great general, a famous hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a present to the most faithful boy in school, the one who really stands highest in deportment. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once, for the boy whose name was so low on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.

Let us read some of the things that Jesus and his friends said about doing the things which we know are a great part of the best way of living, about what is necessary in the building of a Christian character.

Luke 6:46–49. Jesus told this story to the people.

John 13:17. Jesus said this to his closest friends.

James 1:22. One of his friends wrote this in a letter to all the Jewish people.

Choose the one of the last two verses you like the better and make a motto or a chart for your room. Get a piece of white paper about 9 by 12 inches, print this in large letters, and put a fancy border around the edge.

CHAPTER VIII

TALKING WITH GOD

Our Father's love is sure,[5]
And very wise his care;
He gives us what he knows is best,
And hears our every prayer.

ANONYMOUS.

Make a table prayer of your own. If you like, try making a verse, having the first two lines rhyme and the last two, or the second and fourth. Or write it in two or three sentences. Perhaps other members of your family will write some, too, so that each one may offer the prayer at some meal.

In the seven days of this week it will be nice for you to explain to your family the seven sentences in the Lord's prayer. You might tell one just before the table prayer each morning or evening.

Memorize Matthew 7:7–11.

TROT HELPS GOD ANSWER PRAYER[6]

Little Trot was playing on the beach near his home. He had made a big mountain of sand. It was almost as high as the rocks.

When Trot had worked for a long time, Jane, his nurse, brought him a roll and a piece of chocolate. Trot turned the mountain into an armchair and sat happily biting his roll and nibbling his chocolate.

[5] Copyright by Mary L. Butler, and used by permission.
[6] From *Mon Petit Trot*, by A. Lichtenberger. Translated and adapted. Reprinted from the *Mayflower*. Used by permission of the Pilgrim Press.

A little boy came wandering down the beach. Trot stopped eating and stared. He had never seen a boy so dirty before. The boy's feet were bare and his shirt was torn. The boy stopped and looked at Trot. Trot crammed the last bit of roll into his mouth.

"Have you had your lunch?" he asked.

"No," said the boy. "There wasn't any."

"Did your mother forget to go to market?" Trot wondered how a mother could forget her little boy.

The boy did not answer.

Trot sat thinking. "Then you are hungry. If I had known you were coming I could have saved my roll."

The boy made holes in the sand with his bare toes.

Then Trot asked, "Do you ask God to give you your daily bread?"

"No," said the boy. "Is it true about God?"

"Why, of course," said Trot. "We talk to him every day, and he takes care of my daddy when he is on the sea, and he gives us our daily bread, and jam, and chocolate, too."

Trot looked at the boy and decided that he really did not have much to say thank you for. He had no hat, no shoes, and no lunch.

"Where is God?" asked the boy.

"Everywhere, 'specially in churches," Trot answered. "He hears everything you say. To-night before you go to bed, ask him to send you a roll for lunch to-morrow, and you will get it."

"Where shall I find it?" and the boy looked doubtful.

Trot looked around for a good place. There were little caves in the rocks where the water never came.

"Ask God to put it in that little cave in the rock," said Trot. "When you go to bed to-night say to God, 'Please put a roll for me in the little cave in the rock where Trot keeps his spade. Amen.'"

The boy nodded and ran down the beach the way he had come.

The next day when Trot went to play on the beach he ran

to the little cave in the rock. He looked in and put his hand in and felt around, but there was nothing there but his spade. He wondered.

Then Jane came calling, "Trot, Trot! here is your lunch."

Trot ran and took the roll Jane offered and put it quickly into the cave. When he turned, the little ragged boy was coming, hungry for his roll.

When the boy had swallowed the last crumb Trot asked, "Was it good?"

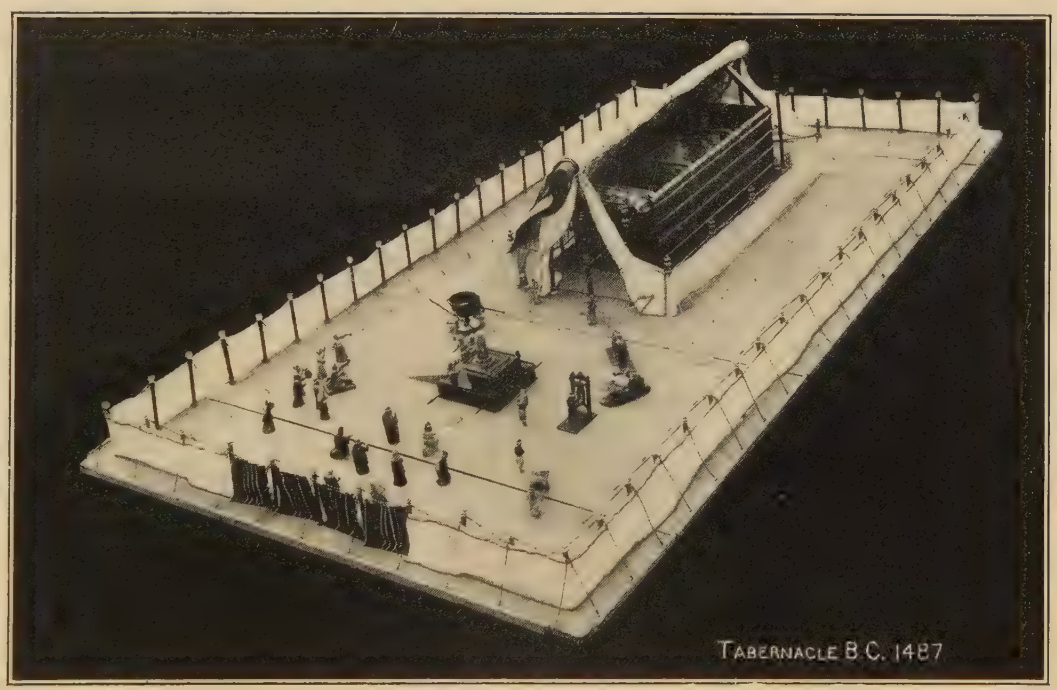
"Yes, very," said the boy. "But God did not put it there. You did. I saw you."

Trot was very solemn. "Yes, I did," he said, "but I think God told me to. He needs us to help him sometimes. My mother told me so. I help him plant seeds and feed chickens, and I suppose he wanted me to help him with that roll."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Shall I say it again to-night?"

"Yes, do," said Trot. And the boy ran off.

"Jane," said Trot, when he was ready to play on the beach the next day, "please bring two rolls this morning," and Jane did.



THE TABERNACLE

CHAPTER IX

WORSHIPPING IN GOD'S HOUSE

Find these places in your Bible and read them:

Exodus 35:29 and 39:32, 42, 43, and 40:34–38. This tells you a little about the building of the great tabernacle.

Psalm 5:1–3. David talked with God every morning.

Psalm 100. This is a song that the people sang as they entered their temple to worship.

Matt. 7:7–11. This is what Jesus told the people about talking to God about the things we need.

James 5:13–16. James, one of the friends of Jesus, was writing this to some of the first Christians. They did not have many doctors in those days, so they had to depend on God for healing more than we do to-day, but we now ask God to work with the doctors. This tells us, though, of the lovely spirit that Christians have in praying together for each other.

Philippians 4:4–6, 19. Paul, in writing this letter, thinks that prayer makes people happy because they know that they can depend on God to give them all they need.

We love thy church, O God,
The house of prayer and praise,
From far and near we gather here
To worship thee this day.

Within our Father's house
We children love to stay,
For here we learn how best to love
And serve thee day by day.

E. McDowell.[7]

[7] Published by Methodist Book Concern and used by permission.

This week you may be interested in making a Go To Church poster. It may show why people should go to church, or show people entering a church, or anything you think would remind people of the splendid habit of worshipping God.

CHAPTER X

REVIEW

I will bless Jehovah at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
PSALM 34:1.

Write a description of the church service you attended last Sunday and take it to class. Tell each thing that was done and what it meant to you; whether you liked it or not.

This is an old, old hymn written over a thousand years ago by Christians who loved their church. Do you like it?

To this temple where we call thee
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls to-day.
Translated from the Latin by J. M. NEALE.

CHAPTER XI

BEING OBEDIENT

Write a story about a boy or girl who found it hard to be obedient, either because he did not understand why it was important or because he was selfish. Tell what he decided to do and what helped him to decide. If you like, you may look through a magazine to find a picture that makes you think of a story.

Or make a poster showing a boy or girl obeying or a place in which you want to remember to obey. Get a piece of paper about 9 by 12 inches. You may draw and colour the picture or get another paper of different colour and cut out the picture, pasting it on the first large sheet.

Here is a poem by John Martin, who writes for boys and girls. It is so helpful that you will want to know it.

Dear God; teach me the reason why[8]
I should not always have my way.
God, show me plainly that it is
A great *mistake* to disobey.
Deep in my heart I want to know
That older lives more clearly see
What is the greater good and right,
And what is really *best* for me.

May I *respect* experience.
Teach me to fully understand
That by obeying when I'm young,
I grow up worthy to command.
Dear God, you are my friend and guide;
Your goodness leads me, day by day;
Your loving guidance makes me see
That it is *wisdom to obey.*

JOHN MARTIN.

[8] From *Prayers for Little Men and Women.* Used by permission of John Martin.

Find in your Bibles these verses which tell us about how men of long ago felt about obeying God's laws and controlling themselves.

Psalm 119: verses 1, 10, 11, 34, 97, 113, 114, 115.

Colossians 3:20. This book is almost at the end of the New Testament and is a letter written by Paul to some people who were just learning to be Christians.

Proverbs 15:1 and 16:32.

Psalm 141:3 and 133:1.

CHAPTER XII

BEING SELF-CONTROLLED

You will want to memorize this prayer hymn:

Father, lead me day by day
Ever in thine own sweet way,
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
When in danger, make me brave,
Make me know that thou canst save:[9]

If you enjoyed making the poster last week, you probably have new ideas for a poster on being controlled. This might show something such as a ship, a horse, a kite, an engin in control, or it might show a boy or girl being self-controlled. You might make one about either of these two rhymes. Make two pictures, one for the first line and one for the second.

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds—[10]
You can't do that when you are flying words.

"Careful with fires" is good advice, we know,
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.

[9] From a hymn by John M. Hopes.
[10] Published by Lippincott and Co., and used by permission.

CHAPTER XIII

SHOWING LOVE AS JESUS DID

Read the following stories and decide what you think are the best ways of doing.

STORY I.

Tom's pencil was gone and Arthur had one exactly like it. Tom accused Arthur of taking it, and of course Arthur was very angry. The next day Tom found a rotten potato in his desk. Now he was angry. He told his mother about it, and she said, "The best way to get even is to be so kind to Arthur that he will want to be your friend. Love stops more quarrels than fists." But Tom said, "I certainly won't try being kind to Arthur. He would just laugh at me and say that I was afraid of him. He would think he could do anything he wanted to then. No, that's no way." His mother smiled, "Did you ever try it?" Tom wouldn't answer, but hurried scowlingly off to school. He hid Arthur's ball-glove so that he couldn't find it for three days. Arthur said he would get even and show Tom that he couldn't play with him, so one night Tom came home with a bruised face and bleeding nose. After that the boys left each other alone, though Tom always felt that if he ever got a chance, he would do anything mean that he could to the boy who used to be his friend.

Had the boys chosen the best way to settle a quarrel? How did it make Tom feel? How did Arthur feel? From things which have happened to you can you think whether this is always the result of mean things that are done? What could they have done that would have really settled the quarrel?

STORY 2.

A group of boys ran one day over a lawn where an old lady had just planted a bed of pansies. Their feet made great holes in the bed, and they had no idea how she was counting on the lovely flowers she would have. She was very cross and came out and scolded them. They thought it was funny to see how cross she was, so the next day they went again. Again she came out and scolded. Soon it grew to be their regular sport, and she grew crosser every day. One day she had a policeman there, and he told them he would arrest them unless they stayed off. They did not dare go on the lawn after that, but they planned to do other things that would annoy her just to get even. How soon do you think the trouble was settled? What did all this do to the old lady? to the boys? Had either of them found the best way?

STORY 3.

The ruler of one country was angry at the officers of another country because they refused to pay the high prices for some goods that were made in the first country. So the ruler watched for a way to make the other country sorry. One day in an accident on the ocean one of his ships was run into by one from the other country. The ruler was pleased. He pretended to be very angry and declared war at once. He told his people that they were planning to steal their ships and make slaves of the sailors. This made the people so indignant that they went to war. The ruler's army, being the stronger, won the war, and the other country had to pay him a lot of money. What was the real result of the war—how did the winning country feel? How did the other one feel? How would they treat each other in the future?

CHAPTER XIV

SHOWING OUR LOVE AT HOME

God bless my home and help us [11]
To love each other true,
To make our home the kind of place
Where everything we do
Is filled with love and kindness,
A dwelling place for thee,
And help me, God, each moment
To live most helpfully.

All week you will want to try to do the little helpful things at home in a cheerful and glad spirit as Christians do. Perhaps you would like to keep a chart in your room, marking each night the number of times you have forgotten to show the Christian spirit. Try to make the number smaller each day.

[11] Author of words unknown to writers.

CHAPTER XV

SHOWING LOVE BY BEING THOUGHTFUL

You will enjoy reading the stories of when Jesus was thoughtful.

Matt. 14:18–20. Jesus knew how tired the people were.

Luke 8:49–56. He thought of how hungry she would be.

John 19:25–27. Jesus thought of the comfort of his mother even when he was suffering.

John 21:3–15. Peter was very sad because he had said that he did not know Jesus on that dreadful night when Jesus was being captured. Now Jesus is thoughtful enough to make him feel better by giving him a special work to do for him, so that he may know that Jesus counts him still a friend. This is one of the times when Jesus talked with his friends after his death.

CHILDREN SHARING

CHAPTER XVI

SHOWING LOVE BY SHARING

Write a story about this picture. Tell the names of the children and what they are doing. Tell of something that made it hard for one to share and tell how he settled the matter and what happened.

If you would like to read the story of Peter, you will find it in Acts 10:1–33.

> Not what we give, but what we share,[12]
> For the gift without the giver is bare.
> Who gives himself, with his alms feeds three,—
> Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me.
>
> JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

You will want to learn this poem and try to find as many times and ways of sharing as possible during this week. Think about some of the times when it is hard to share and see if you can think of something that will make you give because you really want to.

See how many stories you can find in your school books, your magazines, or any other book about men of other nations who have done lovely or great things. Be able to tell at least one of these in class next week.

[12] From the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, and used by permission of Macmillan Co., Publishers.

CHAPTER XVII

BEING TRUSTED

There was once a great woman whom everyone loved and who was always happy. She told some children from poor homes how they might be happy, too. They should do three things every day—see something beautiful, learn something beautiful, and do something helpful. Sometimes the beautiful thing they saw was only a dandelion in the grass or a sparrow taking a bath in the rain, but they learned to be happy over the little things of God's world.

One lovely thing to do is to notice and remember all the strong and beautiful things you see others do. You could keep a list of these in a diary.

A diary is a record of the happenings of each day. Perhaps you would enjoy making such a diary.

To do this you may buy a small book with blank pages or make one by folding about fifteen sheets of paper, 8 by 11 inches, so that you will have thirty pages when your book is completed. Your cover may be of heavier paper and of a darker or prettier colour. Tie all together with a ribbon or a coloured cord. You will want to print a title on the cover. It may be "A Diary of Beautiful Deeds." Below, in smaller letters, you may print Jesus' words, "Blessed are ye if ye do them."

Be watching all week for people who show that they are worthy of trust, that they—

have been honest,
have been truthful,
have kept a promise,
have chosen to do the right when no one was there to tell them.

One nice way of writing about these deeds is to tell it in a story. Or you may write just a few sentences.

At the close of each week choose the page which you think tells of the most beautiful deed for that week. Take your diary to class and be prepared to read the page you have chosen.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOVING AND WORSHIPPING GOD

Glad in the house of God[13]
Upon his holy day,
We lift our hearts in song,
His wondrous praises say;
And while we sing he hears,
And when the song is done,
Oh, very, very near he seems
To every listening one.
NANCY BYRD TURNER.

At church this week watch for some people who are doing things that make you think they are truly worshipping God. During the week you may see people who are showing their love for God by the things they do. These reports will be splendid for the records in your diary for this week.

[13] From *Song and Play for Chidren* by Danielson and Conaut, used by permission of Pilgrim Press.

CHAPTER XIX

BEING OBEDIENT AND SELF-CONTROLLED

Teach me, O Jehovah, the way of thy statutes;
And I shall keep it unto the end.
Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.
Make me to go in the path of thy commandments;
For therein do I delight.

PSALM 119:33–35.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.

PROVERBS 16:32.

This week you will keep a record in your diary of people who are cheerfully and willingly obedient at home, at school, in the rules of the game and of the city. You may be watching also for people who control their tongues when they are angry, or when they are ready to tell something unkind about another person.

We know that God wants us all to live happily together, so that these laws of the home, the school, the game, and the city are really God's laws for us.

CHAPTER XX

SHOWING LOVE

Our Father, you have given me[14]
So much of love and joy to-day,
That I am thinking joy and love
To other children far away.
Wherever they lie down to sleep,
Happy and tired with work and play,
Yellow and brown and black and white,
Our Father, bless us all to-night!

This week's record of acts may be the most beautiful of all those you have made. You will be watching for people to show their love to others. They may do this—

1. At home.
2. By doing little thoughtful things which save work, by sparing little children from unhappiness, or by seeing that everyone has a good time.
3. By sharing with friends who are near and with those who are far away.
4. In many other ways.

Be prepared to leave your diary with your teacher this week. She will be glad to read this record of beautiful deeds. Be sure to write the letter about which your teacher talked with you.

[4] Published in Sept., 1927, *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher*, Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

CHAPTER XXI

During the summer you will want to read some fine books. You can probably secure many in this list from your library.

A Child's Garden of Verse—Robert L. Stevenson.
The Listening Child—Thatcher and Wilkinson.
Heidi—Johanni Spryi.
The Japanese Twins—Perkins.
The Eskimo Twins—Perkins.
Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe—Yonge.
The Popover Family—Phillips.
Pinocchio—Collodi.
Mopsa the Fairy—Ingelow.
Uncle Remus—Harris.
A Christmas Carol—Dickens.
At the Back of the North Wind—MacDonald.
Poems of a Little Girl—Hilda Conklin.

CHAPTER XXII

THANKSGIVING

Praise to God for things we see,[15]
The growing grass, the waving tree,
Our mother's face, the bright blue sky,
Where birds and clouds come floating by,
Praise to God for seeing.

Praise the Lord for things we hear,
Voices of our playmates dear,
Merry bells and songs of birds,
Stories, tunes, and kindly words,
Praise to God for hearing.

HETTY LEE.

See how many times this week you can show your thanks by using your eyes, your ears, your hands for someone in a new way. Write about one or two times when you did this and take it to your teacher.

[15] From the *Christian Nurture Lessons,* published by the Morehouse Publishing Company, and used by permission.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS STORY [16]

"When Christmas stars are shining
On snow fields calm and white,
Then burn a tiny candle
And by its friendly light
Ask mother for the story
Of that first Christmas night.

"And as she tells the story
Of shepherds, and the star
That led the wondering Wise Men
Across the night afar,
Perhaps your little candle,
Just like that star agleam,
Will bring your heart glad tiding,
Until you almost seem
To see that lowly stable,
The mother, sweet and mild;
You, too, will wish for treasures
To give the Holy Child.

"Well, you have golden treasures
To give him every day—
The love you show for others,
Each friendly word you say
Is just the gift of Christmas
Shown in a different way."

ELIZABETH CUSHING TAYLOR.

[16] Published in the Elementary Magazine of the Methodist Book Concern, and used by permission.

Plan to go with some other boys and girls to sing carols for some people who are ill or shut-in. Sing under their windows at dusk, so that Christmas will be more beautiful for them.

Plan to make with your own hands some nice little gift for each member of your family, or at least for your parents. Let them see that you love them enough to work hard at something for them.

CHAPTER XXIV

EASTER

Be sure to attend the church service, so as to get the joy and beauty of the Easter time. Invite the fifth grade class to go with you to an institution where you can hold an Easter worship service. Sing the hymns, read the Easter story from the Bible. and have someone tell the story of the Boy Who Discovered the Spring.

CHAPTER XXV

SPRINGTIME

Plan a little garden of your own, of flowers or vegetables or both. Look closely at the seeds and study the directions for planting them. Watch for the wonderful way in which God makes the new life grow. Remember that you are working with God and must do your share by keeping the ground soft, the weeds pulled, and the plants watered.

THE END.

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